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THE HISTORY OF THE

WAR WITH RUSSIA

FROM 1854 TO 1856

Operations of the Allied Armies

By Henry Eyre, Esq.



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GIVING FULL DETAILS

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OPERATIONS OF THE ALLIED ARMIES.

BY HENRY TYRRELL, ESQ.

Illustrated by a Series of Steel Engravings,

COMPRISING PORTRAITS OF CELEBRATED COMMANDERS; EVENTS OF THE WAR; BATTLE SCENES;
VIEWS OF CELEBRATED PLACES IN THE SEAT OF WAR; MAPS, PLANS, Etc.

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PORT ROSEHORN

AND THE MOUNTAIN HILL





THE

HISTORY OF THE PRESENT WAR WITH RUSSIA.

CHAPTER I.

STATE OF AFFAIRS AT SEBASTOPOL; SKIRMISH AT THE OVENS; NEGLECT AND SUFFERINGS OF OUR TROOPS; REVOLTING CONDITION OF BALAKLAVA; AUSTRIA ENTERS INTO AN ALLIANCE WITH FRANCE AND ENGLAND; CONDITIONS OF THE TREATY; OPENING OF THE ENGLISH PARLIAMENT; DEBATE CONCERNING THE WAR; THE FOREIGN ENLISTMENT AND MILITIA BILLS; THANKS OF PARLIAMENT VOTED TO THE ARMY AND NAVY AT THE CRIMEA; ADJOURNMENT OF THE PARLIAMENT; FEARS FOR THE STATE OF OUR ARMY; ORATION OF THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON ON OPENING THE LEGISLATIVE SESSION; PROPOSED RAILWAY FROM BALAKLAVA TO THE CAMP AT SEBASTOPOL; DEPARTURE OF THE NAVVIES; SAD CONDITION OF OUR SOLDIERS AT THE CRIMEA; LETTER OF THE QUEEN COMMISERATING THE CONDITION OF HER TROOPS.

BRIGHT, and clear, and cold broke the morning of the 15th of November; the day after the storm. The prospect that presented itself was a gloomy one. The roads were lost in mud; dead horses and cattle lay about the country; and here and there might be seen the suffering soldiers carrying the body of an insensible comrade to the hospital tents. "Passing by the heavy cavalry camp," said Mr. Russell, "I saw the officers and men wading through the mud, from tent to tent, like cranes in a marsh. It would have been a strange sight for their friends. The draughts of the regiments which I met on their way out to join, looked with a curious air of disgust and horror at 'this charming paradise of the Crimea;' but they were stout young fellows, and would soon get accustomed to all the combinations of earth and

water which it is possible for natural chymistry to effect." An unimportant skirmish of pickets took place on the night of the 15th between the French and the Russians, and ended in the retirement of the latter.

The siege of Sebastopol went wearily on without making much progress. The ability of the Russian gunners,* the dogged resistance of the Russian troops, and the enormous resources of the Russian empire, had been greatly underrated. It is the fault of Englishmen that they always commence by despising the enemies whose courage and ability they at last learn to respect. It was so with regard to the Americans in the eight years' struggle for independence; it was so with the gigantic war against the first Napoleon; and it was so in this crusade against Russian domination. That the Russian soldiers are bar-

* The Paris correspondent of a leading journal observed:—"It is not, I believe, generally known, that the officer who directs the engineering works of Sebastopol is a Frenchman, General Destrim. At the period of the treaty of Tilsit, after the celebrated interview on the raft constructed on the Niemen, it is known that not only between the emperors Napoleon and Alexander the greatest cordiality prevailed, but also between the French and Russian officers who formed the suites of the monarchs. The feeling extended even to the soldiers of the two armies, and the days and nights were spent in feasting by those who had so lately been arrayed in mortal combat against each other. In this effusion of good-will and friendship, the Emperor Alexander, who seemed so fascinated by the overpowering genius of Napoleon as even to neglect the interests of his unfortunate ally, the king of Prussia, begged, as a

favour, that his imperial brother would permit a few young men of the polytechnic school to enter the service of Russia. Napoleon at once consented, and selected four of the most distinguished pupils of that celebrated establishment, whom he presented to Alexander. The young officers had just issued from the school, each with a first class number in science. Their names were Bazaire, Fabre, Potier, and Destrim. The first three died many years ago, and the last is the general of that name who has had so great a share in the construction of the fortifications of Cronstadt. He is spoken of as an engineer officer of the greatest merit, and, what is rather rare, he has a remarkable talent for poetry, united to profound mathematical knowledge. He is the author of several beautiful compositions; but his best work is said to be a translation into French verse of the fables of the Russian Lafontaine, Kriloff."

barous, ignorant, and superstitious, must be conceded; but it is equally true, that Russia is a great military power, whose strength especially lies in her capability of resistance. In the Crimean campaign, the English commanders were blinded by self-love and a proud confidence in their own talents. They permitted earthwork batteries to be thrown up around Sebastopol without interruption. They confidently believed that these works would be levelled almost as soon as our guns opened fire upon them. The result proved how much our army leaders were deceived: after the siege had continued for a month, the embrasures in the mud batteries were nearly as perfect as ever, and the guns in them had never once been wholly silenced.

A correspondent of the *Daily News*, writing a month after the cannon of the allies first thundered against the granite walls and towers of Sebastopol, thus describes the appearance of the town and fortress:—"If a traveller, familiar with Sebastopol and its environs, were to take his stand on one of the heights held by our outposts, and to look down upon it knowing all that has occurred, undoubtedly one of the first impressions made would be that resulting from the little change effected in the appearance of the town and its fortifications, notwithstanding the number of shot, shell, and other destructive missiles discharged against it for more than a month past. The next thing that would attract his notice, perhaps, would be the number of earthworks and batteries erected on the south side of the town and dockyards, and on the high points as far as Carcening Bay, also on various prominent positions in the town itself, and again on the north side of the roadstead and heights above. But the principal forts remain unchanged, and apparently as perfect as ever. The great Fort St. Nicholas, seen in reverse, with its stone arcades, extending in long concave lines one story above another; the lofty, but comparatively narrow stone tower of Fort Paul, with its two wings, exhibit no change. The rows of dockyard buildings, the storehouses, the loftier and more spacious buildings in the town itself, preserve their original outlines. Three buildings, from their elevation and structure, particularly attract the gaze in looking at the town. One of these, the loftiest, is crowned by a dome covered with bright lead or other shining metal; another has the appearance of a Gothic church with

several pinnacles rising from its roof; the third has the form of a Grecian temple, and, from its proportions, portico, and columns, appears to be a copy of the Parthenon. These seem to have been untouched; but the last-mentioned building exhibits, by its partly stripped roof, the effects of the late hurricane. The nearer buildings, consisting of private residences, public offices, or warehouses, show here and there an opening made by the entrance of a shot, but seldom exhibit any more extensive damage. To the left, the work of destruction is more manifest. Several lines of one-storied barracks, a considerable number of houses and other buildings—a few large, but generally of an inferior character—in their rear, are here in a state of ruin. The only works or a more imposing kind which show the effect produced upon them by the guns of the besiegers are—on the right, the Round Tower, battered by the English, and on the left, the 50-gun fort, which terminated the south end of the loopholed wall of the town, and which has been destroyed by the French. These are the only two stone works which are in a delapidated condition. Of course the forts on the north shore of the roadstead show no change, as they have not been touched—excepting Fort Constantine at the entrance; and from the distance, although it is said to have been severely shaken and to be propped up within by timber, no alteration can be perceived. The heavy guns on its roof remain as before. The effects of the firing are manifest only in the immediate neighbourhood of those points against which the efforts of the besiegers, as well as of the besieged, have been concentrated—namely, the earthwork batteries which each antagonist has mutually raised in the course of the period which has elapsed since the 28th of September."

Skirmishes were of frequent occurrence, but they were seldom attended with results which, in so vast a struggle, could be called important. One took place on the night of the 20th of November, in which the Russians were repulsed with considerable loss by three companies of the rifle brigade, under Lieutenant Tryon. This brave soldier, after a display of remarkable courage and energy, was shot through the head, and five-and-twenty of his men were killed or wounded. The following incident was the cause of this petty encounter. In the ravine towards the left of our attack, about 300 Russians had planted themselves in

some caves, from whence they kept up an incessant fire of rifles upon our working and covering parties. It was, of course, necessary to drive the Russians from these caves, and at seven o'clock in the evening, the three companies of the rifle brigade were dispatched upon that duty. They succeeded in driving out the Russians and taking possession of the caves themselves; but they were, in turn, assailed by the enemy, whom, after a sharp contest, they compelled to retire. Lord Raglan, in a brief despatch to the English minister of war, spoke very highly of the unfortunate Lieutenant Tryon, who was, his lordship said, "considered a most promising officer, and held in the highest estimation by all." The caves which were the object of this contest, afterwards became known by the name of "the ovens."

The English army had hitherto been exposed to a full share of the usual casualties of active service in an enemy's country, but the news which reached home from the camp began gradually to assume a more serious and painful character. The heavy rains had deluged the country with mud, which frequently lay near a foot deep on the track from the camp to Balaklava. Winter brought with it the miseries that must have been foreseen, but were not provided against, and the troops suffered bitterly in consequence. The trenches were often turned into dykes, the tents were frequently flooded, the promised wooden huts for the men were not provided, and the warm clothing necessary for the preservation of men in health, was equally neglected. To these miseries the occasional pangs of hunger were added. The filthy state of the *track* from Balaklava (for, strange as it may seem, no road had been made to connect that place with the camp), rendered the passage of carts and arabas almost an impossibility. The storm of the 14th had also caused a deficiency, for the troops received their stores from our ships. The result was, that the rations delivered to the soldiers were miserably reduced; and such little comforts as tea, coffee, or sugar, were frequently not issued at all for more than a week together. So far as the coffee was concerned, it mattered little; for the berry was given out in a raw state, and the poor soldiers, who had no means of roasting it, often threw it away. On the 29th of November, the second division had no rations given them until three o'clock. Still the poor soldiers bore this privation with

unmurmuring patience. One of their captains having called his men together, told them that no rations had yet arrived, but the moment they did they should be distributed. "Ay, sir," was the reply; "you needn't be telling us that; we've some bits of biscuit left yet."

"Disease and death," said a writer from the spot, "have been doing their work fast, especially among the new comers. Salt rations without vegetables, the constant exposure to rain and cold, constant fatigue and broken rest, and a general absence of sanitary precautions, have naturally brought on disease. The continued rain has prevented the men from lighting their fires on the ground; no attempt has been made to provide covering or cooking sheds, even of the roughest description; and, in instances without number, the men have been content to eat their salt pork as issued, in a raw state, with their biscuit. They have a long distance to go for their fuel, and they can only then obtain a stunted brushwood, which is itself, of course, in any but an inflammable condition. The water, which is found in small streams down the ravines, is muddy, and not, at any rate in appearance, very wholesome. In the same wet clothes, with the same wet blanket which he has worn round him in the trenches, the soldier has to lie down on the wet ground of his tent. Where are all the boasted improvements of science, where the ingenious contrivances, the increased care, which were to mark our progress and diminish the evils of war almost to the mere injuries inflicted on the battle-field? Our losses in the field have been great, but greater still have resulted from sickness; and sickness, very much of which might have been prevented by due precaution."

The result of this state of things may be imagined. The pinched and starving soldiers fell victims to sickness, and the dreaded cholera once again attacked their thinned ranks. This fearful pest broke out again in the British army on the night of the 28th of November, and the number of deaths arising from it, and other sources of sickness, averaged not less than sixty each day. During one night, as many as eighty-five perished.

"As to Balaklava itself," wrote Mr. Russell, "words cannot describe its filth, its horrors, its hospitals, its burials, its dead and dying Turks, its crowded lanes, its noisome sheds, its beastly purlieus, or its

decay. All the pictures ever drawn of plague and pestilence, from the work of the inspired writer who chronicled the woes of infidel Egypt, down to the narratives of Boccaccio, Defoe, or Moltke, fall short of individual 'bits' of disease and death which any one may see in half-a-dozen places during half-an-hour's walk in Balaklava. In spite of all our efforts, the dying Turks have made of every lane and street a *cloaca*, and the forms of human suffering which meet the eye at every turn, and once were wont to shock us, have now made us callous, and have even ceased to attract passing attention. Raise up the piece of matting, or coarse rug, which hangs across the doorway of some miserable house, from within which you hear wailing and cries of pain and prayers to the prophet, and you will see, in one spot and in one instant, a mass of accumulated woes that will serve you with nightmares for a lifetime. The dead, laid out as they died, are lying side by side with the living; and the latter present a spectacle beyond all imagination. The commonest accessories of a hospital are wanting; there is not the least attention paid to decency or cleanliness; the stench is appalling; the fetid air can barely struggle out to taint the atmosphere, save through the chinks in the walls and roofs; and, for all I can observe, these men die without the least effort being made to save them. There they lie, just as they were let gently down on the ground by the poor fellows (their comrades) who brought them on their backs from the camp with the greatest tenderness, but who are not allowed to remain with them. The sick appear to be tended by the sick, and the dying by the dying."

The siege was at a standstill; but preparations were being made for renewing it on a more tremendous scale than ever. The enemy also laboured with indefatigable energy. They were incessantly constructing fresh works in the rear of those which it cost the allies so much labour to destroy. Battering the walls of this tremendous fortification seemed useless, if not worse than useless. "The fortress," wrote a spectator, "is actually *getting stronger under our cannonade*; and if that cannonade continues (as it is likely to do) for another two months, Sebastopol will be impregnable." Throughout the camps the opinion spread, that if Sebastopol was taken, it must be by assault; and it was also felt, that the longer that assault was delayed, the greater would be the

sacrifice of the allies before it. In the meantime the Russians made frequent night sorties, in which they were almost invariably far the greatest sufferers. On the night of the 29th of November, the Russians made a desperate sortie. Their intention was to destroy, if possible, the centre battery of the most advanced parallel, which, though it only mounted ten guns, was in a position which enabled it to do considerable mischief. The French pickets in front of the works used to remain each night within ten yards of the Russian pickets, thrown out to guard the flagstaff battery. A little before midnight the French picket heard a more than usual amount of bustle going on in the flagstaff battery. One man crept stealthily forward and discerned through the darkness a body of Russians, between two and three thousand strong, forming in column to the rear of the battery. On returning he was seen by the enemy, and fired at. The Russians then began to advance in the direction of the French earthwork. The French, however, were on the alert, and, though not more than 700 strong, they mounted the parapet of the battery and awaited the assault. As the Russians advanced, the foremost ranks fired; but the volley was so ill-directed, that not a shot took effect. The French calmly taking aim from the parapet, replied with three volleys, which told with murderous effect upon the Russian ranks. The latter wavered, and the French, rushing from the battery, charged with the bayonet. The Russians rallied and checked the shock with a volley which would have been terribly destructive, had it been more steadily directed. Fortunately, it did but little mischief; and before the Russians could fire again, the French bayonets were upon them. A desperate hand-to-hand struggle succeeded: it lasted for ten minutes; when the enemy fled back to the town in confusion. The French pursued them to the very ditches of their batteries (it was not safe to go further), and then returned to the shelter of their own trenches.

As if to revenge themselves for the defeat they had experienced, the Russians then opened a tremendous cannonade against both the French and English lines. The allies, who were safely under cover, never returned a shot, and in about half-an-hour the Russians gave over wasting their powder. On the 2nd of December they tried a sortie, at six in the morning,

against the English. The object was to obtain possession of the cover or "ovens" we have already mentioned. In the darkness, about 1,500 Russian infantry contrived to approach, undiscovered, to within fifty yards of the position. The alarm was then given; instantly our men were in position, and a constant fire was poured upon the advancing Russians from under cover of the ruins and broken ground. The enemy did not return the fire, but strove to close with the place and drive our pickets from their shelter. About a hundred succeeded in the attempt, but were soon driven out again by the steady and appalling fire of their sheltered foes. The Russians hesitated for a moment, and then again returned to the charge, only again to retreat in disorder. Our pickets advanced upon them with the bayonet, and made a few prisoners, but were soon compelled to abandon the pursuit, as the Russian reserves and batteries were close at hand.

Very melancholy, all the while, was the news received in England concerning the condition of our brave soldiers at the Crimea. It was a painful task to read all the letters that arrived from the camp and were published in the daily papers. One officer said, in speaking of the men: "Their feet are never dry; some of them have no soles to their shoes, and no socks; others

no shirts; and I would defy any one who saw the regiments leave England, to recognise the careworn, half-starved skeletons of which they now consist. We are encamped on a clayey piece of ground, which is now mud up to the knees; and the tents are as wet within as on the outside." The same writer relates that, going in a case of illness to the medical department in the camp, he received a few drops of tincture of opium in a quart-bottle without a cork. "It seems quite like murder," says another officer, "sending fresh troops out to this climate at this time of the year." As to the roads, they were covered with such a depth of mud, that the attenuated horses, exhausted with drawing the heavy carts, frequently fell dead in the slush they were vainly attempting to get through. No attempt was made to bury them; the harness was merely taken off, and the carcass left to putrefy. Some raw recruits, who had lately arrived, suffered so much, and died so rapidly, from the frightful life of hardship and exposure they had to encounter, that Lord Raglan humanely ordered that they should not be sent into the trenches until they were acclimatised.

For a time we must leave the scene of actual war, and record the proceedings of diplomacy. Austria,* who had so long held aloof from the allies, thought fit to enter

* We take from the columns of the *Daily News* the following interesting and condensed account of the empire, government, and resources of this German state, which exercises so much influence on the affairs of Europe:—"Austria differs from every other state in Europe—perhaps in the world. It is a government without a nationality. The population numbers between thirty-seven and thirty-eight millions, of which the governing race (the Germans) do not exceed 7,000,000. The greater number of people are Slavonians, 17,000,000; next the Magyars, 5,000,000, and the Italians, 5,000,000; Wallachians, 2,000,000, and the remainder consists of Jews, Greeks, Armenians, and Gypsies. These people have not one religion, one language, nor one literature. The bulk of them—26,000,000—are Roman Catholics; 7,000,000 belong to the Greek church; the Protestants may be 3,000,000, and the other 2,000,000 are Jews and sectarians. Though German is the language of the ruling classes, it is not generally understood by the multitude of the Slavonians, Magyars, or Italians, most of whom hate it as the tongue of a foreigner and oppressor, and despise it, believing it to be less musical, soft, sonorous, and refined than their own. The literature of the ruling classes is not the literature of the Slavonians, the Magyars, or Italians. Efforts have been made to incorporate it with their literatures; instruction has been limited to the knowledge it contains; education is given in it; but the result has been only a little spasmodic life, more like a galvanised corpse than the stately vigour imparted

by the spark sent from heaven. Not being one by literature, language, religion, or race, these several peoples are bound together only by a system of government. One prominent feature of its financial system, and which has been, if it be not still, the great hidden source of the strength of the government, is the large mass of property which the imperial family owns in every one of the provinces except Italy. With matrimonial crowns and dukedoms, it inherited all the land that belonged to the several families whose dominions were united to the crown, and comparatively little of this has been at any time alienated. Though in some finance accounts the income of the state domains is put down at £300,000 a year, this sum represents only a very small part of the amount which the government actually disposes of. Some mystery is thrown over these matters in Austria; but in the early part of the century the domains yielded more than a fourth part of the whole revenue of the state. Notwithstanding an immense increase of taxation, and the abolition of some tolls and other dues paid by the tenants of the crown estates, these domains still supply a considerable part of the revenue. As in the case of the cost of collecting our customs, a great portion of the revenue of the domains never makes its appearance in the exchequer. It goes to defray the government expenses and the expense of management in the province in which the domains are situated; it pays numerous servants and dependents; and thus the property which the government pos-

into a treaty with them. This treaty was not dictated by any enlarged motive, but by a cautious desire to provide for her own safety. The position of Austria had been extremely equivocal, and she had incurred the anger of the Emperor of Russia, as well as the suspicion of the government and people of England. Russia desired her complete neutrality; the Western Powers desired her assistance; and she had complied with neither. Steadily refraining from adding her military power to that of the allies, for the purpose of speedily terminating the struggle, she yet frowned, or seemed to frown, upon Russia; and her ministers congratulated the allies upon their victory at the Alma. Austria wisely calculated that, at some future day, Russia would have a debt of vengeance to settle with her; and, to protect herself against such a casualty, she entered into a treaty with France and

England—not, be it observed, to promote their interests, but to protect her own.

Actuated by these motives, Austria entered, on the 2nd of December, into a triple alliance with England and France, for the ostensible purpose of checking the aggressive spirit of Russia, and bringing about such a state of things as should result in restoring tranquillity to Europe. Prussia—so greatly interested in the struggle—stood timidly aloof; and Frederick William, its sovereign, continued to profess that the restoration of peace was the object of his most earnest solicitude. Prevaricating as his conduct had been, he was probably sincere in this statement, as he had frequently expressed his belief, that in the event of a war between Russia and Germany, the heaviest blows would fall on Prussia. The King of Prussia's sentiments are clearly expressed in the following passage from his

speeches in each province, supplies it with a large portion of the power which it exercises from a common centre to keep the whole obedient to its will. Independent of the domains, the revenue of Austria, gathered from the taxes, now amounts to about £22,000,000—a small sum to be paid by 37,000,000 people, compared to the £60,000,000 levied in France, or the nearly equal sum levied on 28,000,000 of people in the United Kingdom. The actual revenue in Austria is, however, a great increase on its former revenue. The average of three years prior to 1848, was £16,000,000, and the average of the last three years nearly £21,000,000. One consequence of the revolution of 1848 has been an immense increase of government expenditure. The increase of revenue from increased taxation, large though it be, has not equalled the increase of expenditure. Since 1848, including the expense of that year, the expenditure has exceeded the revenue by nearly £30,000,000, or at the rate of nearly £5,000,000 a year. Nor is there much prospect of its increasing in wealth and power. All the land, all the means of communication, nearly all the sources of enterprise, are in the hands of the government and the nobility. Manufactures are all patronised, and commerce of all kinds is licensed and controlled. The first step towards improved agriculture is an increasing demand for its productions. Hence the growth of a manufacturing and town population not only enriches a nation by its own labours, but enriches it doubly by stimulating the agriculturist to activity. Now the town population of the whole empire of Austria scarcely amounts to 3,000,000, and of these a fourth are to be found in Italy. Besides Vienna, the only towns of more than 100,000 inhabitants are Prague, Buda and Pesth, and Milan, not one of which is flourishing. The commerce of Austria is, for so large an empire, and such a numerous population, insignificant. The value of its imports is about £14,000,000, and of its exports, £12,000,000, making together £30,000,000, or less than one-third of the value of our exports. It has seaports, and its shipping amounts to about 600 vessels, of a tonnage less than 200,000. In a very extensive terri-

tory, embracing different distances, yielding almost every useful vegetable product of Europe, abounding in excellent timber, rich in minerals, containing some coal, Austria has all the natural elements of great prosperity. Nor are her people—the lively, intelligent Italians; the steady, thinking, intellectual Germans; the acute Slavonians, the noble Magyars—deficient in the qualities which make a nation great. They have natural abilities equal to any portion of the human family, and their home is fixed in the fairest portion of Europe. But a government having no sympathies with any part of the people, constructed on the principle of governing the whole by using the power it has in each province to constrain every other—having no confidence in any, mistrustful and jealous—suppressing or regulating every natural growth lest it should split the cumbrous fabric to pieces—limiting the press, limiting education, and limiting religion and knowledge by the narrow view of what may serve its own interest—suffices to stifle skill and stop the natural progress to wealth. It keeps all central Europe in a comparative condition of ignorance, of want, and of poverty. With natural resources almost infinitely small compared to Austria, our 28,000,000 of people place in the hands of their government a power, as measured by its revenue, threefold greater than that of Austria, and capable of a large increase, while the power of Austria is already stretched to the utmost. Of the army of Austria, numerous as it is—amounting to not less, in all, than 400,000 men—we shall only say that it is nearly all required for internal purposes, and to guard the frontier. The complex nature of the state makes it rather powerful at home than formidable to other states. It could easily put down the insurrection at Vienna, for that was a movement of only a portion of the metropolis, while all the nobility of all the provinces, except Hungary, from whose dependents the soldiers are taken, were all in favour of the government. Their interests were bound up with it; they control the population in every district; and, united, they give it great power in comparison with the capital, or with any single part of the Austrian dominions."

speech on the opening of the Prussian chambers, on Thursday, the last day of November:—"A bloody conflict has broken out between three powerful members of the family of European states. Our fatherland is not yet affected; I have fresh occasion to hope that the basis of a further understanding will soon, perhaps, be obtained. Closely united with Austria and the rest of Germany, I shall continue to look upon it as my task to plead for peace, the recognition of the independence of foreign states, and moderation. Should I subsequently be compelled to add force to this attitude, Prussia and my faithful people will bear their inevitable burdens with resignation, and know how to meet such eventualities. The army shall be made ready for war."

The treaty between Austria and the Western Powers was signed at Vienna on the 2nd of December, and the ratifications were exchanged at the same city on the 14th. It consisted of seven articles, the sense of which is as follows:—

Art. 1. The contracting parties (*i.e.*, the Queen of England, the Emperor of France, and the Emperor of Austria) claimed the right of proposing such conditions as they might judge necessary for the general interests of Europe; and they engaged, mutually and reciprocally, not to enter into and arrangement with the court of Russia without having first deliberated thereupon in common.

Art. 2 declared that the occupation of Moldavia and Wallachia by the Austrian troops, in virtue of the treaty between Austria and Turkey, should not interfere with the free movement of the Anglo-French or Ottoman armies upon those territories against the military forces or the territory of Russia. It added, that a commission should be formed at Vienna between the plenipotentiaries of Austria, France, and Great Britain (to which commission Turkey should also be invited to send a plenipotentiary), for the purpose of regulating every question relating to the exceptional state of the principalities.

Art. 3 provided that, in case of war breaking out between Austria and Russia,

the three contracting sovereigns should mutually enter into an offensive and defensive alliance; and each provide such an amount of military and naval forces as should be determined upon by subsequent arrangements.

Art. 4 arranged that, in the event of the alliance contemplated by the preceding article taking place, the contracting sovereigns should not entertain any proposition for peace, on the part of the Russian court, without having come to an understanding thereupon between themselves.

Art. 5 declared that, unless the re-establishment of a general peace were assured in the course of the year, the contracting sovereigns would deliberate, without delay, upon effectual means for obtaining the object of their alliance.

Art. 6 stated, that "Great Britain, Austria, and France, will jointly communicate the present treaty to the court of Prussia, and will, with satisfaction, receive its accession thereto, in case it should promise its co-operation for the accomplishment of the common object." The seventh article merely referred to the ratification of the treaty.

This treaty was communicated to the Prussian government; but the king still stood aloof, and declined to join the triple alliance. The treaty was correctly regarded less as an immediate step to an early peace than as a preparation for a more efficacious war. The Prussian sovereign was well aware of this, and seemed resolved, if possible, to avoid war, even at the expense of a dangerous isolation. The Prussian government had never ceased to labour for peace; and at its exhortation the czar had, on the 28th of November, declared an ambiguous acceptance of the four points,* as a ground from which to commence negotiations for a cessation of the war. The King of Prussia, besides being acted upon by his own ardent desire for peace, was said to be surrounded by a party devoted to the interests of the Emperor of Russia. Though favourable to Russia, the Prussian monarch was anxious to remain well with the allies. For this purpose he sent, during the month of December, a diplomatist or envoy-extraordi-

3. That the treaty of 1841 be revised in the interest of the balance of power in Europe.

4. That Russia give up her claim to exercise an official protectorate over the Christian subjects of the Sublime Porte; and that France, Austria, Great Britain, Prussia, and Russia lend their assistance to obtain from the latter a confirmation of the religious privileges of its Christian subjects.

* These four points are described in full at page 152, Vol. IV. It may be convenient to repeat them here in an abbreviated form:—

1. That the protectorate exercised by Russia over the principalities of Wallachia, Moldavia, and Serbia be discontinued.

2. That the navigation of the Danube, at its mouth, be freed from all obstacles.

nary, on an amicable errand to the courts of England and France. Herr von Usedom, who visited this country, seems to have been dispatched with the object of learning, as much as possible, the intentions of our government and the disposition of our people, and to see if there was any probability of England's being induced to adopt the pacific conduct of Prussia in reference to the northern despot. In this country and in France, the proceedings of Prussia were viewed with feelings varying between anger and disgust. A general impression existed, that if Prussia had, from the first, made common cause with the other great powers, Russia must at once have yielded, and the horrors of war would have been avoided. We confess to a doubt that this happy conclusion would have followed.

We have just mentioned that the czar had stated he would accept the four points as a basis for the consideration of peace. In pursuance of this idea, the following note had been addressed, by Count Nesselrode, to the Russian minister at the court of Prussia. It is probable that the object of Russia, in this proceeding, was not so much a sincere desire for peace as the hope of inducing the great German states to observe a neutrality during the war.

"St. Petersburg, Oct. 25th (Nov. 6th.)

"M. le Baron,—The information which we receive from every side proves to us that, at the present moment, the German governments are pretty nearly all pre-occupied with one and the same apprehension,—that of seeing a rupture, occasioned by the eastern affair, break out between the two great powers of Germany, which may endanger the peace of their common country, and the existence even of the Germanic confederation. Faithful to the policy which he has pursued from the commencement of this deplorable complication, and desirous of circumscribing the disastrous consequences within the narrowest possible limits, the emperor, our august master, wishes in the present conjuncture, and as far as in him lies, to preserve Germany from the scourge with which she would be threatened in such an event. Consequently you are authorised, M. le Baron, to declare to the Prussian cabinet that the emperor is disposed to take part in any negotiations which may have for their object the re-establishment of peace, and for which the four undermentioned propositions may serve as a point of departure.

"These propositions are as follows:—

"1. A common guarantee by the five powers of the religious and civil rights of the Christian population of the Ottoman empire, without distinction of worship.

"2. A protectorate of the principalities, exercised in common by the five powers, on the same conditions as our treaties with the Porte have stipulated in their favour.

"3. The revision of the treaty of 1841. Russia will not oppose its abolition, if the sultan, the principal party interested, consents to it.

"4. The free navigation of the Danube, which exists of right, and which Russia has never had any intention of interrupting.

"This determination is founded, not unreasonably, on the supposition that the Western Powers will faithfully fulfil the engagement which they have contracted in the face of Europe, to assure the future of the Christian population of the Ottoman empire—that their religious and civil rights shall be placed henceforth under the guarantee of all the powers, and that so the principal object which Russia has had in view in the present war shall be attained. If the sentiments which have dictated to his majesty the present declaration are appreciated in Germany, as we have a right to suppose they will be, we think we may indulge in the hope that the confederation, united on the same ground, and entirely reassured as to the German interests engaged in this quarrel, will profit by its unanimity to throw its weight into the balance of Europe in favour of a peace, for which Austria and Prussia have spontaneously presented to us, in the four points, a basis which would satisfy them completely.

"If, on the contrary, there is any wish to make use of the union—maintained once more by the care of Russia—to put forward new conditions incompatible in substance as well as in form with his dignity, the emperor does not doubt but that the states of the confederation will reject all such pretensions, from whatever side they may come, as contrary to the sentiments of good faith with which they are animated, as well as to the true interests of Germany. It is a neutrality maintained with firmness and perseverance, such as has been proclaimed since the origin of this contest, that the emperor thinks he has a right, in all justice, to demand from her, in return for the deference with which he has received the

wishes which have been addressed to him in her name.

“Accept, &c.,
“DE NESSELRODE.”

About ten days after the date of this note, the Austrian minister at St. Petersburg was informed that the Russian government was inclined to accept the four points without the proposed modifications. This conciliatory policy did not, however, prevent Austria from entering into the treaty of the 2nd of December with the Western Powers.

We must turn now to the political proceedings connected with the war, which took place at home. The English parliament was opened by her majesty on Tuesday, the 12th of December. The speech, read by the queen from the throne, was brief, and scarcely rose to the dignity of the events then transacting in Europe. She said she had called the lords and gentlemen composing the parliament together, that they might take such measures as would enable her to prosecute the war with the utmost vigour and effect. She alluded to the victories already obtained in the Crimea, to the hearty co-operation of the French troops, and to the circumstance that, together with the Emperor of the French, she had concluded a treaty of alliance with the Emperor of Austria, from which she anticipated important advantages to the common cause. She added, she rejoiced to observe the general prosperity of her subjects remained uninterrupted.

Upon the address in reply to her majesty's speech, followed that debate in the House of Lords, to which, at page 269, we have already referred. Neither house of parliament seemed satisfied with the proceedings of the government, or with the condition of our troops in the Crimea; but most men withheld their opposition, that they might not, by distracting the attention of the government, weaken its power. In the upper house, the Earl of Derby was the most serious opponent of the government, and he upbraided the whole conduct of the ministry as tardy and short-sighted. He doubted the sincerity of Austria. “That state,” he said, “has been playing a dangerous and not very dignified game, and has played it with considerable dexterity up to the present time. She may now feel it her interest and safety to throw off that doubtful mask she has hitherto worn,—throw herself frankly into the arms of the

allies, and join in a sincere confederacy with the Western Powers.” He, however, doubted that England had derived any benefit from the protracted engagements with which she had endeavoured to secure the co-operation of Austria and Prussia; and he doubted that any advantage would result from the treaty that had been lately entered into. The earl, however, declared that he would not place any obstacle in the path of the ministry. “I think,” he added in conclusion, “I am speaking the sentiments of the country, and of my own friends and supporters, when I say that, so far from grudging them any supplies—any support which is necessary for the successful prosecution of this great and important war, it will be the country which will urge forward the ministers to spare no pains, to omit no exertion, to make every sacrifice and every effort for the purpose of securing a just and honourable peace, in consequence of a successful and vigorously prosecuted war. And to those gallant men who are at the present moment, under circumstances of considerable difficulty, gallantly fighting the battles of their country, and who have exhibited indomitable perseverance and a noble courage under all the circumstances of difficulty and discouragement to which they have been exposed,—to them I would say ‘Yet a little more patience, a little more courage, a little more perseverance: the end is not yet; but the end is approaching; the eyes of the country are upon you, and the united hearts of your countrymen are with you; their sympathies are with you in your unparalleled exertions; men, women, and children are collecting stores to alleviate your distress, to minister to your comfort, and to assuage your sufferings: fresh reinforcements are at hand; and your unflinching courage and perseverance, during your obstinate resistance, shall serve as a model to them, exciting them to emulate your glory, and prove themselves worthy of being your fellow-soldiers. Go on, I would say, in the gallant course which you have commenced, and believe that the hearts of your countrymen are with you; that there is a tear for those who have fallen in their country's service; and, when you return from this expedition—which, with all its difficulties, with all its glories, and with all its labours, must and will be successful—your example will inspire others; and you will be the men who will have brought peace to Europe, and maintained untar-

nished the honour of the British flag,—who will have defended the weak from the power of the oppressor, and who will deserve and receive the blessings of England and of the world.”

The Duke of Newcastle admitted there had been some shortcomings on the part of the government, which he hoped in the future progress of the war would be avoided. He had reasons for doubting if our troops had gone to the Crimea at an earlier period, whether they would have escaped the dreadful visitation of cholera which overtook them in Bulgaria. He admitted the government had underrated the military resources of Russia. With respect to reinforcements of our own army in the Crimea, he said that 20,000 had, since the month of June, been sent out from this country to Lord Raglan. The duke added, that the whole number of men which, from the time of the commencement of hostilities up to the close of the year, had been sent out, amounted to more than 53,000. This, he added, was an army raised almost on a peace establishment, and he doubted whether, on any former occasion, so many British troops had been sent out within the same space of time to the command of any English general. To refute the accusation of negligence, the duke brought forward the following statements:—“With regard to the provision of ordnance, sixty-two position guns were sent out at the commencement. Two complete battering trains of forty-two guns, with an enormous supply of shot and shell; seven 9-pounders, with two troops of horse artillery, were also sent; and I believe, as I have said before, on no former occasion was the same amount of ordnance supplied to any British army. The small-arm ammunition sent out amounts, on the whole, to the enormous quantity of 22,933,000 rounds, of which 18,000,000 rounds were for Minié arms. From Malta, besides what I have mentioned, there have been sent forty-two large guns and mortars, 9,000 shells, and something like 27,000 round shot, principally of a very large size.” With respect to necessary winter clothing for the troops, the duke declared, that but for the great calamity which befel the *Prince*, the whole

army would have been supplied before any suffering could have arisen. The duke further stated, that the troops, so far from being half-starved, as had been asserted, were well fed. “I admit,” he exclaimed, “that accidents have occurred; I admit that everything has not been perfect; but this I say—and I say it fearlessly—that no army ever was better fed than this army has been; and that is universally admitted by all officers and men with whom there has been any communication.”

In the House of Commons, the debate on the address to the queen was long, earnest, and interesting; but it would lead us too far from our immediate subject, or perhaps too protractedly into it, to dwell upon that debate in these pages. One passage, however, from the speech of Lord John Russell attracted much attention, especially upon the continent, and we will extract it as serving to throw a stronger light on the policy of Austria and her intentions, as expressed—or, rather, as half-concealed—in the treaty of the 2nd of December. “The position of Austria with regard to this country had been adverted to. He had never been satisfied that Austria had pursued that course which her duty to Europe ought to have induced her to take. But a cautious power like Austria was not likely to forget that her danger from a war with Russia was greater than that of England or France, neither of which powers had any reason to apprehend an invasion of its own territory. The Emperor of Russia had kept up an immense army upon a peace establishment, and after one or two victories upon the frontier, the road to Vienna would be open to him. It was not until Austria had increased her military force, and made other necessary military preparations, that she took the first step in concert with the allies. Austria had now advanced a step further than she had gone before, but she had not even yet gone the length of saying, that if before the end of the year peace were not made with Russia, she would be a belligerent.* She had only gone this length—that if she should be at war with Russia, a treaty offensive and defensive should, *ipso facto*, exist between Austria,

to believe so; but that article only bound Austria to deliberate, without delay, with the Western Powers as to what was best to be done to secure the object they all desired. Between *deliberation* and *action* there is a broad distinction. Austria was not required to deliberate: she had done that too long already; and she was too cautious to promise to do anything more.

* A large class of sanguine politicians, especially upon the continent, confidently predicted that it was the intention of Austria to take the field with the allies at the beginning of the year 1855, unless before that time the Emperor of Russia accepted the conditions of peace proposed to him. The fifth article of the treaty of the 2nd of December led them

England, and France. She had likewise agreed, that before the end of the year she would take into further consideration what steps she would be prepared to take with respect to terms of peace with Russia. Now, he understood the meaning of that article—certainly not containing anything very precise in itself—to be, that if England and France propose conditions of peace, which should be in conformity with the four bases, and that Russia should refuse to assent to them in a treaty of peace, then Austria would no longer hesitate, but be part of the alliance defensive and offensive. He did not wish to overstate the engagement in any way, and he quite agreed that Austria might still, at the last moment, say, ‘that those terms of yours, those four bases, *explained in a way I did not expect, would reduce Russia too much*, and diminish too greatly her weight in Europe; and she can never be expected to agree to them.’ Such might be the language of Austria, without any breach of faith, and she would then be released from the alliance; but his belief and expectation were, that she did concur in those bases which were necessary for the security of Turkey; and if Russia did not consent to a treaty of peace founded on those bases, then, in the next campaign, the forces of Austria would be joined with those of England and of France.”

On the termination of the debate, the address was agreed to; the expected political storm had passed over, and, for the time at least, the government was safe. The nation felt that its affairs were in a critical condition; misgivings, and in many quarters misgivings of a serious character, were felt as to the state of our army in the Crimea, and the final result of the expedition. Still it was deemed better not to place difficulties in the way of the government, but to give it every chance of providing better for the army in future, and of winning through that army the success that England not only desired but demanded. The imperfections of ministers at home, or of generals abroad, were overlooked in the more immediate desire of every one to bring the struggle to a successful termination.

The sitting of parliament was a very brief one, as its members speedily separated for

the enjoyment of Christmas. The business transacted before its adjournment consisted of the passing of two bills in reference to the war. The first was to enable the queen to enlist foreigners to serve in her armies. This was a power formerly vested in the crown, but of which it had been deprived, in 1794, by the natural and commendable jealousy of parliament. The Duke of Newcastle, in bringing forward the bill, made the following explanatory observations:—“It has always been found desirable to enlist foreigners, especially at the commencement of a war, on account of the difficulty which, in the first instance, must exist in this country, which has no immediate system for bringing into the field a large and trained force. The military systems give much greater facilities in that respect. We have no landwehr, as in Prussia, nor any other system by which men are trained for a certain number of years, and then returned into the civil community, always available with a sufficient knowledge of the art of war, and easily to be called together for further training in the event of hostilities occurring. Having no such system here, all that can be done when war breaks out, is to raise as many recruits as possible, who are of course completely raw, without any previous training; and, except in cases of emergency, it is not desirable that troops so raised should be sent out of the country without, at least, six or seven months’ training. That is necessary, not because they would not fight well, for I believe that British troops would fight as well on the day they are raised as they would after six months’ training; but on account of the advantage of discipline and habits of body requisite to be imparted by drill and the training of military life.”

The government proposed that any foreign troops which might be raised should be formed into separate battalions apart from the queen’s regiments, although by the act of 1837, permission was given for the admission of one foreigner to every fifty men in English regiments. The number of foreign soldiers to be drilled and trained at any one time in this country, was not to exceed 15,000. After great opposition, the foreign enlistment bill was passed and became law,* the number of troops to be

* On the debate preceding the third reading of this bill, Mr. Cobden, who had acquired much unpopularity by his steady opposition to the war policy, gave, in a review of the question, his reasons why

England should never have engaged in the war, and why she should seize the first opportunity of concluding an honourable peace. The reader may feel an interest in a statement of some of that gentle-

raised being limited to 10,000. As the English government did not proceed to act

man's opinions on this subject; for, be Mr. Cobden on this point right or wrong, he is unquestionably actuated by motives of the purest honour, and possessed of a powerfully comprehensive intellect, and a richly stored mind. "We are placed," said Mr. Cobden, "to the extreme west of a continent, numbering some 200,000,000 inhabitants, and the theory is, that there is great danger from a growing power which threatens to overrun the continent, to inflict upon it another deluge like that of the Goths and Vandals, and to eclipse the light of civilisation by the darkness of barbarism. But, if that theory be correct, does it not behove the people of the continent to take some part in pushing back that deluge of barbarism? I presume that it is not intended that England should be the Anarcharsis Cloots of Europe; but that, at all events, if we are to fight for everybody, those at least who are in the greatest danger will join with us in resisting the common enemy. I am convinced, however, that all this declamation about the independence of Europe and the defence of civilisation, will presently disappear."—"Why should we seek greater guarantees and stricter engagements from Russia than those with which Austria and Prussia are content? They lie on the frontier of this great empire, and they have more to fear from its power than we can have: no Russian invasion can touch us until it has passed over them; and is it likely, if we fear that western Europe will be overrun by Russian barbarism, that Austria and Prussia, who would be the first to suffer, would not be as sensible to that danger as we can be? Ought we not rather to take it as a proof that we have somewhat exaggerated the danger which threatens western Europe, when we find that Austria and Prussia are not so alarmed at it as we are? They are not greatly concerned about the danger, I think; or else they would join with England and France in a great battle to push it back."—"I hear many people say, we will take Sebastopol, and then we will treat for peace. I am not going to say that you cannot take Sebastopol; I might admit, for the sake of argument, that you can. You may occupy ten miles of territory in the Crimea for any time; you may build there a small town, you may carry provisions and reinforcements there, for you have the command of the sea; but while you do all this you will have no peace with Russia. Nobody who knows the history of Russia, can think for a moment that you are going permanently to occupy any portion of the Russian territory, and, at the same time, to be at peace with the empire. But, admitting your power to do all this, is the object which you seek to accomplish worth the sacrifice which it will cost you? That is the question. Can anybody doubt that the capture of Sebastopol will cost you a prodigious sacrifice of valuable lives; and, I ask you, is the object to be gained worth that sacrifice?"—"I utterly deny that Sebastopol is the stronghold of Russian power. It is simply an outwork and visible sign of the power in Russia; but by destroying Sebastopol, you do not by any means destroy the Russian power. You do not destroy or touch Russian power unless you can permanently occupy some portion of its territory, disorder its industry, or disturb its government. If you can strike at its capital,—if you can take away some of its immense fertile plains, or take possession of those vast rivers which empty themselves into the

upon this bill by the enlistment of foreigners, it was imagined that the measure was pro-

Black Sea, then, indeed, you strike at Russian power; but suppose you take Sebastopol, and make peace to-morrow, in ten years, I tell you, the Russian government will come to London for a loan to build it up again stronger than before. And as for destroying those old green-wood ships, you only do the emperor a service by giving him an opportunity for building fresh ones."—"Then comes the question, would the destruction of Sebastopol give security to the Turks? The Turkish empire will only be safe when its internal condition is secure, and you are not securing the internal condition of Turkey, while you are at war; on the contrary, I believe you are now doing more to demoralise the Turks and destroy their government, than you could possibly have done in time of peace. If you wish to secure Turkey you must reform its government, purify its administration, unite its people, and draw out its resources; and then, perhaps, it will not present the spectacle of misery and poverty it does now. Why, you yourselves have recognised the existing state of Turkey to be so bad, that you intend to make a treaty which shall bind the five powers to a guarantee for the better treatment of the Christians. But have you considered well the extent of the principle in which you are embarking? You contemplate making a treaty by which the five powers are to do that together which Russia has hitherto claimed to do herself. What sort of conclusion do you think disinterested and impartial critics—people in the United States, for instance—will think of such a policy? They must come to the conclusion, that we have been rather wrong in our dealings with Russia, if we have gone to war with her to prevent her doing that very thing which we ourselves propose to do in conjunction with the other powers. If so much mischief has sprung from the protectorate of one power, how much more will Turkey be to be pitied when the protectorate of the five powers is inaugurated."

Mr. Cobden considered the restoration of Turkey to an independent state, on the termination of the war, was the great difficulty of Europe, and he vehemently denied that the Turks were advancing in civilisation. He added—"Why, the testimony borne by every traveller from Lamartine downwards is, that the Mohammadan population is perishing—is dying out from its vices, and those vices of a nameless character. In fact, we don't know the true social state of Turkey, because it is indescribable; and Lord Carlisle, in his work, says that he is constrained to avoid referring to it. The other day Dr. Hally, who had lately returned from Turkey, where he had a near relation who had been physician to the embassy for about five years, stated in Manchester that his brother told him that the population of Constantinople, into which there is a large influx from the provinces, has considerably diminished during the last twenty years; a circumstance which he attributes to the indescribable vices of the Turks. It is because you don't sufficiently trust to the influence of the course of events in smoothing down difficulties, but will rush headlong to a resort to arms, which never can solve them, that you involve yourselves in long and ruinous wars. I never was of opinion that you had any reason to dread the aggressions of Russia upon any other state. If you have a weak and disordered empire like Turkey, as it were, next door to another that is more powerful, no doubt that tends

posed more with a view of stimulating recruiting at home, and of encouraging volunteering from the militia into the line, than with any intention of actually enrolling foreign troops. It was considered an appeal to the patriotism of the youth of the British empire, and probably, to some extent, acted as if the government had said, "If you hold back, we must look elsewhere."

The other measure passed by the parliament in this brief sitting was the militia bill. Its object was to permit her majesty to accept offers made by whole regiments, or portions of regiments, of militia for service out of the United Kingdom. This bill was brought forward by Lord Palmerston, who observed, that the government had been accused of entering into the war without having provided any reserve. To that accusation he replied, that the reserve upon which her majesty's government had counted, was the whole British nation. He expressed his conviction, that the expectations thus formed would not be disappointed, and that by voluntary offers of service, either from the militia or from civil portions of the community, ample means would be afforded of carrying on the war with all that energy which the circumstances of the case might require. The intention of the government was not to induce the militia to join the army under Lord Raglan, but to invite it to volunteer its services to do garrison duty in places in the Mediterranean, thus setting free such regiments of the line that were then required in those garrisons. His lordship spoke of Gibraltar, Malta, and the Ionian Islands, as the probable places for which offers of service would be invited, though circumstances might happen which would induce the government to ask militia regiments to do garrison duty in some of the North American colonies. On the second reading of the bill, Lord Palmerston stated it was most distinctly enacted, that no man should be taken without his free will and consent.

The legislature did not forget that, besides to invite encroachments; but you have two chances in your favour—you may either have a feeble or differently disposed successor succeeding to the throne of the present czar [this was spoken during the life of the late Emperor Nicholas; and it is to be hoped that Mr. Cobden's surmise may, in the course of time, be proved to be correct] of Russia, or you may be able to establish some kind of authority in Turkey that will be more stable than under its present rule. At all events, if you effect a quintuple alliance between yourselves and the other great powers, you will certainly bind Austria, Prussia, and

its general duties to the country, it had an especial duty to perform in reference to our brave and suffering army in the Crimea. On Friday, the 15th of December, a vote of thanks was decreed, in both houses of parliament, to the army and navy engaged in the war. The oration in the House of Lords was spoken by the minister of war, the Duke of Newcastle. Though, perhaps, not adorned by any brilliant eloquence or sonorous periods, there was in it a simple manliness, an earnest sincerity, that spoke home to the hearts of those to whom it was addressed, and subsequently found an echo in the hearts of the people. Feeling that the speech, dignified by the august occasion, possesses an historical interest, we introduce it here—though, on account of its length, in an abbreviated condition. The duke spoke as follows:—

"My Lords,—I rise for the purpose of performing a duty which, though difficult, is of the most grateful character—to move that your lordships should agree to resolutions which must combine in entire unanimity all noble peers on either side of the house. Fortunately for me, in the performance of this task no eloquence is needed to induce your lordships to agree to these resolutions. They must, I am sure, under existing circumstances, appeal to the hearts and feelings of all Englishmen—to those without as to those within these walls. My lords, I feel that any elaborate praises, unless adorned with oratorical powers and chastened by the purest taste, would be less calculated to influence your lordships' minds on an occasion like the present, than the simplest record of the deeds done and the services rendered which we now seek to reward. On former occasions, when it has been the duty of ministers of the crown to move the thanks of parliament for the services of the army and navy of England, similar to those which I am about to lay before your lordships, it has been customary to lay before the house a statement of the services which had entitled the army or the navy to this favour at your lordships' hands. On the present occasion, I feel that I should only be uselessly trespassing on your lordships' time, if I were to attempt to enter into detail.

France to support you in holding Russia to the faithful fulfilment of the proposed treaty relating to the internal condition of Turkey. Why not, then, embrace that alternative, instead of continuing the present war; because, recollect that you have accomplished the object which her majesty in her gracious speech last session stated that she had in view in engaging in this contest. Russia is no longer invading the Turkish territory; you are now rather invading Russia's own dominions and attacking one of her strongholds at the extremity of her empire; but, as I contend, not assailing the real sources of her power."

At the present time, those deeds have been recorded in a manner unknown to us in former times, and in terms so striking and so graphic, through the medium of gentlemen who have been eye-witnesses of them, that it would be the merest affectation in me to attempt to say anything new of them, or to pretend to give your lordships information which in reality is known in every circle and in every cottage throughout the country. It has always been considered that a vote of thanks for the services of our gallant soldiers and sailors, is the highest reward which it is in the power of parliament to bestow. It has always been looked upon as the greatest incentive to the exertions of the officers and the valour of the men. It has always been looked upon by the army as not only a proof of the gratitude of parliament, but as an expression of the opinion of parliament, that it had as much a reference to the future as it was a record of gratitude for the past. My lords, it is not for me, at this moment, to discuss an aphorism which has become so trite and prevalent as to be generally accepted, that England is not a military nation; but in this I am sure your lordships will agree with me, that the glory acquired by our armies has ever been dear to the people of England, and has always elicited the warmest expressions of gratitude from the parliament of the country—from your lordships as well as from the representatives of the people. But, so far as your lordships' house is concerned, I feel we must entertain still greater pride and pleasure when he who is in command of those forces is a member of this house, one whom we have been in the habit of seeing among us, and one whom I am certain your lordships will all agree with me in heartily wishing that we may again see among us on a future day, safe in health, and enjoying that increased renown which he has so justly won. My lords, I consider that Lord Raglan deserves the thanks and approbation of the country, not merely for his military prowess, but for the course of conduct which he has pursued from the first moment of his leaving England. I believe that a man of weaker mind than Lord Raglan might well, under the circumstances of the moment, have hesitated to undertake that great expedition—the invasion of the Crimea. I believe, that a man of less power of mind, of less moral courage than Lord Raglan, might well have been deterred by the circumstances of the case, by the disease which prevailed in the army, by various events which might almost have justified him in exercising that discretion which, of course, no government could avoid placing in a commander-in-chief, and have declined or hesitated to enter upon that great and important expedition. My lords, I said on a former occasion that I considered it would be almost an insult to speak of Lord Raglan's courage; but I say now, that if there is any

point upon which we should be justified in blaming Lord Raglan, it is the great indifference which on both occasions he has shown for his own personal safety—carried, perhaps, to an improper length. The way in which he on both occasions exposed himself, in the midst of a storm of bullets and under the hottest fire, is undoubtedly a proof of his calm and resolute character, but it might possibly have deprived us of his valuable and important services. My lords, one of the secrets of Lord Raglan's success I believe to be the generous reliance which, on all occasions, he has placed in his officers, his colleagues, and his soldiers; and, let me add without disrespect to him, in himself. I say that the modesty which Lord Raglan has evinced in those despatches which have been published, and which have been read by your lordships, shows him a worthy disciple of that great man whose simplicity and modesty are matters of history. It is not merely the greatness of his military successes which entitles him to the thanks of parliament, but in no less degree the generous and noble spirit—the moral courage which he has evinced on all occasions, whether on the field or in the camp. I say, moreover, the parental tenderness manifested towards the officers and men under his command, is the invariable characteristic of a great and distinguished man. I shall ask your lordships to vote thanks to the generals and officers under Lord Raglan's command—naming, as is usual, all generals, not merely veterans like Sir John Burgoyne and Sir George Brown, two men whom we all know to have advanced to that period of life which, as the Scripture tells us, is the term of most of us—who have passed that period, and unquestionably are entitled to that repose from labour which their years in most men would absolutely require. To them I shall ask your lordships to give your thanks for their distinguished services. In the next place, to the illustrious prince, also a member of this house, who has on this occasion endeared, if it were possible, still more to the people of this country the family to which he belongs, and who has proved that the ancient valour of his race has not degenerated in the present day. I am confident your lordships will rejoice—as I know her majesty does—that a member of her house has been entitled to share in the toils, the difficulties, the privations, as well as in the glory of the British army. My lords, I will ask you further to vote thanks to Sir De Lacy Evans. I shall further ask you to vote thanks to all the generals and officers, from the highest to the lowest, from the general at the head of a division down to those noble youths who, not yet arrived at years of maturity, stepped forth, one after another, to seize the colours riddled with shot from the hands of their fallen brother ensigns, and carried them triumphantly to the heights

of Alma. My lords, we shall not stop here. We shall, I am sure, with equal unanimity, vote our thanks to the non-commissioned officers and soldiers of that gallant army. We know how difficult it is, on many occasions, to reward individual private soldiers, but they deserve our most warm and hearty thanks. Perhaps at no battles recorded in the history of this country, did the private soldiers more justly entitle themselves to the thanks of parliament than at those which have recently occurred. Inkermann, especially, may be called, as I have heard it designated, the 'soldiers' battle.' That was an action in which no military strategy could be displayed; it was one of those fierce hand-to-hand encounters which remind us of the battles of which we read in classical times; it was a contest in which the individual bravery, perseverance, and fortitude of each single soldier were brought most severely to the test, and right well did they discharge their duty. Whether you look to the individual bravery displayed by our men upon that occasion—whether you look to their collective discipline—whether you look to the power of mind over matter, if I may use the expression, which enabled every man on that day to overcome, by a paramount sense of public duty, almost every human feeling, every regard for self, and even that dread of death which is natural to every human being—in whatever aspect you view the conduct of our troops, it is impossible not to admire and to honour every man who fought at Inkermann. My lords, whether you contemplate the storming of the heights of Alma, or the defence of Inkermann—two battles which present as remarkable a contrast, perhaps, as any that are recorded in history—you must recollect that the British troops by whom they were fought were men fresh from this country, the greater part of whom had never before heard a shot fired in anger; but I venture to say that, either upon the one occasion or the other, you must admit that no veteran troops, however practised in arms, however inured to contest, ever fought better, ever more distinguished themselves, or maintained the honour of their country. And let me observe, that it was no despicable enemy against whom they had to contend, for undoubtedly, whether from the excitement of fanaticism, or from some other influence, no men ever fought with greater desperation than did the Russians at Inkermann. I believe, my lords, that British troops never had to contend against more fearful odds than those which on that day they encountered and overcame. I will not enter further into that question upon the present occasion than to say that I must repeat, in the strongest and most emphatic terms, the praise which I believe to be most justly due to our troops for their moral conduct as well as their distinguished bravery. There is a test of a soldier's moral

conduct, not merely in a town which has been captured, but also in encampment in a country not his own; and the conduct of our men in Bulgaria, among a native population, alien to them in religion and in habits, was as creditable to them as their bravery in the field. I have the pleasure of stating to your lordships, that these are the sentiments of the sovereign; and her majesty has been pleased to signify her approval of the conduct of the army by conferring medals upon the whole of the soldiers and officers who were engaged upon those eventful days. The medal is to be inscribed with the word 'Crimea,' and, following what I think your lordships will agree with me are good precedents in such cases, clasps are also to be bestowed for the two great battles of Alma and Inkermann. Her majesty has further been pleased to order that the names of those battles shall in future be inscribed upon the colours which were already crowded with similar records of previous victories gained by our regiments which were engaged in the Crimea. My lords, it is further my duty to ask you to pass a vote of thanks to the naval officers and men who, as I stated a few nights ago, evinced upon these occasions the greatest devotion to the service, and the frankest and most honourable determination to assist the sister service—the army—to the utmost extent of their ability. I know that no one feels more than Lord Raglan and the soldiers under his command, how deeply the army, and, of course, this country, is indebted to the services of the navy during the recent operations. I will not dwell further upon them, but shall merely say, I propose that to the officers and seamen of the navy, and to the officers and men of the marines, your lordships shall convey the expression of your thanks. My lords, there are two other services which I believe it has never been usual to include in votes of thanks on these occasions, and I do not propose to ask your lordships to depart from precedents, but I cannot forbear from a passing remark upon the exertions of a large body of seamen who, though not engaged in her majesty's service, have most zealously performed their duties in this great undertaking—I allude to the officers and men of the large transport service now at the disposal of the army. I can assure your lordships that their exertions have been indefatigable, and deserve the warmest acknowledgments of parliament and of the country. The other body of men to whom I allude are the medical officers of the army. I speak not now, of course, of the medical organisation; but I must state, in justice to an honourable profession, that never were greater exertions made, never was more humanity evinced than by the doctors of the British army in the Crimea. I will only ask your lordships to consider for one moment the services performed by such a man as Dr. Thom-

son. He was left, under circumstances of the most painful nature, upon the field of battle, not to attend to the wounded of his own army, all of whom had been removed, but to a large body of Russians, many of whom—persuaded that an Englishman was little less than a devil—were prepared to murder any individual who might seek to render them succour and assistance. Among such men was Dr. Thomson left alone; he bound the wounds of some hundreds of these poor Russian soldiers at the great danger of his life, but nevertheless he escaped. He returned to his duties in his own army, but it pleased Providence to remove him from his sphere of usefulness two or three days subsequently. His death was occasioned by the immense exertions he had made, and a disease which he had thereby contracted. I must say, my lords, that if it has not been usual for parliament to thank such men as these, I consider that it is not wrong for a minister of the crown in this house to acknowledge their services. I am about, nevertheless, upon this occasion, to ask your lordships to depart somewhat from precedent. We are called upon to vote thanks to the men who have served their country, but I regret to say that a large body of those who left this country, high in expectation and confident of success, are not now within the reach of our mortal thanks. Their names are not in the list which I am about to submit to your lordships, but I am confident that they are not forgotten. With all our triumphs sorrow is inevitably mingled, and, when I look round upon your lordships at this moment, I see that there are some who bear the outward semblance of that grief which preys upon their inmost hearts for the losses they have sustained. I think, then, your lordships will not deem it unbecoming if, upon this occasion, departing from the dry rule of precedent, we should express our regret at the loss of those noble men, and our condolence with their relatives. I propose merely to ask your lordships so to do. I shall not in that resolution include any names, but it is impossible not to recollect the name of one whom, perhaps, above all others, the country most deeply mourns. My lords, I had the happiness to become acquainted with that gallant and noble man, Sir G. Cathcart, by official communications, before I ever saw him personally; and from the official communications which I held with him for a year and a-half, while he was governor of the Cape of Good Hope, I must say that I never was more struck with the ability, the honour, and the devotedness of any man. In common with the rest of those who were acquainted with him, I confidently looked forward to the time when he would take a position in the British army of the highest value to the country, and to that sovereign who, as much as any one of us, regrets his death. He and his companions sleep

on the green hills of a foreign coast, but I am confident their names will live for ever, not unhonoured, in the sad and grateful memory of the people, as well as in the military records of this country. I rejoice, my lords, that upon this occasion we are enabled to extend our votes of thanks beyond their usual bounds. We have had during this contest an ally such as it has rarely been our good fortune to possess in any former war, and I propose to your lordships that we should vote thanks to that gallant army which has shared with ours its labours and its triumphs. I need scarcely remind your lordships of that eminent man who undertook the command at the commencement of the operations,—though, under the circumstances of the case, of course, I cannot name him in the vote,—or of the distinguished general who so worthily succeeded him in command of the French army. Marshal St. Arnaud, as is well known, assumed the command of the army with the conviction that he had a mortal malady upon him, and that, in all probability, it would be impossible for him to return alive to his own country. He showed the greatest devotion to the service of the army; and Lord Raglan, in his private letters, repeatedly mentions that he carried on his duties in a spirit of the most entire harmony with him. In fact, Marshal St. Arnaud and Lord Raglan might have been brought up in the same service, and have been serving in the same army, so far as their communications were concerned. Marshal St. Arnaud left Varna with the French and English forces on the 7th of September. In the course of the short voyage to the opposite coast, he became so seriously ill, that the officer who had been sent by Lord Raglan to communicate with him, reported that he believed it to be impossible that the marshal could ever land on the shores of the Crimea. He, nevertheless, rallied for a time; he landed, he mounted his horse, and, though I believe that repeatedly during the battle of Alma he was obliged from intense suffering to dismount, he gallantly remained at his post, and, as you know, died almost in the hour of victory. He was succeeded in command by General Canrobert, whose frank and noble conduct has as greatly endeared him to the British army as to Lord Raglan and the British officers. They all respect his military prowess—they admire him as a soldier—they regard him as a man. Let me also add, though it may be uncommon to mention in a vote of thanks an officer second in command, that to General Bosquet a tribute of admiration is due. He has been brought into more especial contact with our troops; he has served with the English forces upon the right; and I can state—from information derived from the most authentic sources—that our troops look upon him almost as if he were a general in their own army, and I believe they would be as ready to follow him

to victory as they would be to follow any general who possesses the commission of the queen. Such has already become the feeling of affection and of concord which subsists between the two armies. I would also add that I propose to your lordships to vote thanks to the French navy, as I propose to do to our own navy, for the distinguished services they have rendered, and for the assistance they have afforded in all the operations of the war. The French army and the French navy, allied in the same efforts with ourselves, have, I rejoice to know, participated in the same triumphs; and I am confident you will as readily accord your thanks to these foreign corps as to our own. I feel, my lords, how inadequately I have submitted these resolutions to your lordships. Were it not that I am certain he is prepared to undertake the duty, I should invite the noble earl opposite (the Earl of Derby) to second the motion which I have had the honour to submit to your lordships. It has been my fate, during the few years for which I have occupied a seat in this house, to be frequently in collision—*impare congressu*—with the noble earl, but I feel certain that upon this occasion we shall be as completely agreed as any two peers on this side of the house. I invite—with confidence that it will be afforded—his fervid eloquence to strengthen my feeble voice in appealing to your lordships to give this vote the sanction of your unanimous approval. I am certain that your lordships will unanimously record your approbation and gratitude for the brilliant services rendered by the united armies, which have added fresh lustre to the military fame of England and of France."

The duke then moved the thanks of the house formally, mentioning by name each officer of distinction. The motion was supported by the Earl of Derby, by the Earls of Hardwicke and Malmesbury, Viscounts Hardinge and Gough, and Lord Colchester, and finally carried by acclamation.

In the House of Commons it fell to Lord John Russell to propose the thanks of the representatives of the people of England to their brave and suffering soldiers in the Crimea. We append the speech in a somewhat abbreviated form:—

"In rising to perform the task which I have undertaken, I have the satisfaction of knowing that, however feebly or incompletely that task may be performed, I shall have the sympathy of this house. I cannot doubt that all those who are concerned in and who approve the expedition that has been sent to the Crimea, will cordially join in acknowledging the deeds of valour, constancy, and fortitude, which have been, and which they had a right to expect, would be per-

formed, and I should say, still more strongly, that those who thought that the expedition was undertaken with inadequate means, and that our army was exposed to unequal odds, will still more be inclined to admire the superhuman efforts that have been made by that army. I therefore proceed with this task in full confidence that the house will heartily approve the motions which I am about to submit to them. In performing that task, I may, perhaps, say at the outset that I shall endeavour, as far as possible, to avoid repeating the details of actions, a narrative of which has been given by Lord Raglan in his own clear and admirable language. I shall also endeavour to avoid entering into any question of tactics, or of military criticism. I hold that we are none of us well qualified to perform that task—one which can only be adequately performed by those who are not only perfectly familiar with the art of war, but also who know all the circumstances of the operations which have been undertaken, and of the manner in which those operations have been conducted. If I were to give an illustration of my meaning, I would mention that in a *History of the French Empire*, the historian, in recounting the operations which occurred at the battle of Wagram, states that the First Napoleon, having carried the battle to a certain extent, and seeing the victory was inclined in his favour, ordered certain manœuvres to be performed, but that he said afterwards that there was another manœuvre which would have been far more decisive and would have led to far more splendid results, but that his army was not at that time composed of those veterans who were accustomed to war; that many of his troops were young and inexperienced, and that he could not rely upon their steadiness, or be certain that the manœuvre, which was of a difficult nature to be performed, would be effected by them. Now, sir, a military critic having discovered that such a manœuvre might have been performed, might have easily blamed the great commander for not having undertaken it; but he, knowing all the circumstances, and being aware of his position, the ground he occupied, and the temper and disposition of his troops, was no doubt very correct in the tactics which he adopted. So, likewise, in regard to every military operation: unless you know exactly the nature of the ground on which the general is placed, and unless you can count exactly upon the force which he has at command, and likewise upon the state and temper of his army, it is impossible for you to judge accurately with respect to the operations that are by him performed. Now, I say this, because it is my intention only to state what are the operations which have been performed, without making any comment upon them. I have no doubt that they were performed with very great ability. I have no doubt they were

performed according to the best judgment that could be arrived at under the circumstances. But I do not intend on this occasion to meet any objections which may be made as to any particular course of conduct taken by our army on any particular day. Let me proceed to state the position of Lord Raglan. Lord Raglan was chosen by her majesty to command the expedition which was sent to the East. That choice was dictated by the reflection of the services which he had already performed both in the army and in other capacities. Lord Raglan, when he was a young man, might, under the influence of a very powerful family connexion, have obtained any position he might have aspired to; but the only thing he asked of the government of that day was to be attached to the staff of Sir Arthur Wellesley. He was attached to that staff, and from that time every step that he has gained in rank in the army has been due to his merit, and to his merit alone. I remember him perfectly well, on several occasions, when I had the honour of being at the head-quarters of the Duke of Wellington in the Peninsula, performing all the duties of military secretary to that great captain, at a time when he had not only to conduct the military correspondence of the army, but also the correspondence with the government at home, with the secretary of state, with the secretary at war, and with the Portuguese and Spanish governments. This was business amply sufficient to employ any office in this country, and yet it was all performed by Lord Raglan, owing to the clear head and facility of dispatch which he possessed, amid the hurry of arms; and that without for a moment allowing his attention to be diverted from his duties in the field. After accompanying the Duke of Wellington in his long career, he was at length appointed to a position in the service in which he was called upon to perform other and more important duties to his country. And if the character of the army of this country has been in any degree exalted, and if the selection for promotion that has been made shows how much desert has been attended to, it is in a great degree to Lord Raglan that the country has been indebted for these results. Such was the man, therefore, who was appointed by her majesty to command the army in the Crimea; and let me say, further, that having been so appointed, he at once commanded the confidence and affection of the British army, and in a very short time he obtained the entire confidence and the hearty co-operations of the generals of our ally, the Emperor of the French. When we have to consider that our operations were to be conducted in common, and that they were to be conducted in common with the forces of an ally with whom we had not been accustomed to co-operate in the field, the house and the

country will see that it was not only by his decision of what was to be done in the field, but that it was likewise by other and no less necessary circumstances which he had to think of and decide upon, that Lord Raglan has been of service to his country. And now, sir, I will proceed to notice that expedition and those contests in which the best blood of this country has been shed; and when I say the best blood of this country, I by no means intend to refer to any particular rank, military or social; for I feel that among the best blood of this country is the blood of those sons of labour who, having entered the military profession, have devoted their whole hearts to their duties—men who have stood in the field of battle without the hope or expectation of being distinguished by those rewards by which men in higher stations are often swayed, but who have performed their duty nobly, reckless even of their lives, at the same time with a feeling of religious obligation that all must admire. For while they have endured, with the greatest firmness, the assaults of their enemies, they have shrunk with the utmost avoidance from committing the slightest outrage upon any one. I am confident that these children of the peasantry of England are of no less worth in blood and courage than the sons of the highest and the noblest of the land. The embarkation of the British troops took place towards the end of August, and in a despatch of the 29th of that month, Lord Raglan mentions the acknowledgments that he thinks are due to the officers of the British navy (of which I shall take notice hereafter, when I come to that part of the vote) for the assistance they had given in order to procure the embarkation of so great a number. The expedition proceeded to the Crimea. There was some question with respect to the place of disembarkation. Lord Raglan himself preceded the fleet in a swift steamer, surveyed the coast, and found that some points which had been thought of as landing-places for the troops were guarded by numerous redoubts and fortifications, and at length fixed upon a place for disembarkation, to which he obtained the assent of Marshal St. Arnaud, the commander of the French army. This selection was so judicious that the whole army was disembarked without opposition, and the important operation was effected safely and completely in the course of two days. Having landed on the 14th of September, the army proceeded, and effected a march of considerable length on the 19th. On the 20th of the month, they marched two miles further, and finding the Russian army intrenched on the heights above the Alma, they attacked it, and in the course of two hours made themselves masters of those heights, the Russian army making no further attempt to retake and occupy that position. It was a position well chosen and of great natural

strength—so strong that the right of the Russian position was quite unassailable from the nature of the ground; and it is generally believed that Prince Mentschikoff, who there commanded, said it was a position in which the allied army might be kept at bay for three weeks, and be thereby prevented from proceeding to the siege of Sebastopol. Yet such was the brilliant valour of the British and French troops that they carried those heights. The light division of the British army having encountered a heavy shower of musketry and grape which, for a time, thinned their ranks, the brigade of the guards and the highlanders came up and attacked the position with such vigour and determination, that the Russians yielded the heights, never again to attempt their occupation. I have already said that, with regard to the details of this action, Lord Raglan has told them in the clearest and fullest manner. I may mention, however, some circumstances relating to that noble lord himself. Marshal St. Arnaud carried at the same time the left of the Russian position. The charge of the French was so impetuous and so vigorous that the Russians yielded the ground, and the French army was established on the heights which they had occupied. On the British side great masses of troops were collected. Lord Raglan, seeing the great force with which he had to contend, desired an officer of his staff to go to a height which he pointed out, and see if there was any chance of approaching it with our guns. The officer returned and said he thought it was possible, and Lord Raglan immediately directed two guns to be carried to the height. The Russian artillery was so powerful and so incessant that many of the artillerymen who manned those guns were killed in scaling the height; but the guns were placed where Lord Raglan had desired, and an officer of his own staff fired the first shots that were discharged from them. They were not effective, but presently they got the range, and other shots were so well directed against the masses of the Russian infantry, and made such chasms in their ranks, that after a time the whole mass began to move, the columns were shaken, and the Russians compelled to retreat. This was a proof, as I think, conclusive of his skill as a general—his seeing with so much accuracy in what point the enemy could be assailed, and directing with that coolness which belonged to him, and with that decision which is likewise his characteristic, the mode in which the vast forces of the enemy might be most successfully opposed. While I speak of the coolness of Lord Raglan, I may perhaps be permitted to mention what has been named by an officer of his own staff—that, thinking he exposed himself too much—that he had gone too near a place where the Russian fire was exceedingly hot, and that the life of a commander ought not to be so

risked—one of his staff said to him that he thought he was exposing himself too much, when Lord Raglan's answer was, 'Don't speak to me now, I am busy.' There is nothing of epigrammatic wit, there is nothing perhaps of heroic sentiment in these words, but they were the words of an English gentleman, attentive to his duty and quite regardless of any danger while he was discharging it. After the battle of the Alma, the army halted for a time while both the military and the seamen of the fleet were employed in assisting the wounded, in carrying the wounded to the ships, and in burying the dead. The English and French army then proceeded, and the river Katcha was crossed without any difficulty, the Russians having given up all defence of that river; but when they came to the Belbek, they found on the course of that river certain works of defence which the Russians had constructed. A fresh consultation was accordingly necessary, when it was considered whether those works should be attacked—whether the army should proceed as originally intended to attack the north side of Sebastopol, or whether some other course should not be taken? It was decided that, instead of occupying themselves in reducing these works, the army should at once and at all risks, march across the woods to the south of Sebastopol, and endeavour to make themselves masters of Balaklava. That march was accomplished on the 25th of September with great skill, the army being exposed, of course, to the dangers of a flank attack while they were performing it; but it was successfully performed to the surprise of the Russian commander. The rear-guard of the Russian force was surprised on the right of Sebastopol, between Bakshiserai and that place, and the English and French army proceeded, without difficulty, to make themselves masters of the heights between Balaklava and Sebastopol—an operation which was performed with great skill and success. But immediately after this operation, Lord Raglan had to lament that the officer with whom he had co-operated, with whom he had consulted both as to the original decision and the undertaking of the expedition, the means of embarkation and disembarkation, and the fight of the Alma, was so reduced by illness that he could no longer continue the command. Marshal St. Arnaud, with that heroic spirit which distinguished him, determined to persevere to the last in performing his duty to his sovereign and his country. He was determined that, though in a few weeks, perhaps in a few days, nothing but his cold dust might remain, that dust should be covered with laurels. He retired from the field, went on board the fleet, and in a day afterwards expired. We must all lament an officer who showed so much gallantry and so much heroism, and with whom our own army had so much reason to be

satisfied, and we shall always acknowledge him as an officer who, to the last day of his life, performed his duty. The command of the French army then fell into the hands of General Canrobert, and it is with great satisfaction I can state that, both in previous concert, and ever since he has had that command, Lord Raglan and General Canrobert have acted together with the rivalry only who should best serve the common cause—with no other rivalry, with no species of jealousy, but each admiring and applauding the character and actions of the other. On the 28th of September, the army occupied the heights in the neighbourhood of Sebastopol; and ten days had elapsed when, after a full examination of the ground, the impression of Sir John Burgoyne and other eminent officers was, that the task would be far more difficult than had been supposed. It had been imagined that, the regular fortifications of Sebastopol on the land side never having been perfected, the army might approach close to the town, destroy those defences with such artillery as they had ready, and that the capture of the town might be very soon accomplished. When I look back to the letters that were written at that time by various officers and transmitted to us, I find a confident anticipation that Sebastopol would soon fall. Sir J. Burgoyne, however, on examining the ground, found that, as the hills where they parted and fell towards Sebastopol, opened into wide ravines separated from each other, the troops that were placed on one part of a hill could not co-operate with those on the other; he therefore found that it would be very difficult to carry on the operations in the way originally intended, and that it would be dangerous to lead any part of the English forces unsupported on such ground as I have described this part of the neighbourhood of Sebastopol to be. It was accordingly resolved to bring as much heavy artillery into the batteries as could be brought, and our soldiers, day after day, and night after night, laboured with singular perseverance in order to place a sufficiently large amount of heavy guns to destroy the defences of Sebastopol. But it was obvious that, from the moment that determination, that necessary determination was taken, the prospect became one of a very distant kind; for the Russians, having a great quantity of heavy artillery in Sebastopol, having likewise all the guns of their large fleet which lay in the harbour, and having a considerable garrison, without counting the population of Sebastopol, would have a force equal to, if not superior, to that of the allies. From that moment, therefore, the task became one of very great labour and difficulty; but both on the French side and on the side of the British force, nothing was left undone in order to hasten on the works, and to open a formidable fire on the Russian fortifications. On the 17th of October that fire was opened, and pro-

duced very considerable effect. Many of the guns in the Russian batteries were dismounted, and some of their works were for a time nearly destroyed. At the same time the fleet, both English and French, came near the forts towards the sea-side, and opened a most formidable fire for some hours against those defences; but, that fire not having produced the effect of leaving the place open to the immediate assault of the allies, the Russians occupied the night always in repairing the defences which had been destroyed, and in replacing other guns as substitutes for those which had been destroyed. In this manner, therefore, the siege went on till the 25th of October; the Russians, coming round by the valley of the Tchernaya, made an attack on our outposts, and succeeded in making themselves masters of one or two redoubts. They had a great force of cavalry; but the heavy cavalry of the British, not regarding their superiority of numbers, attacked them with great gallantry, and forced them to retire. On the same day, by the misconstruction of an order that had been given by Lord Raglan, an attack was made by the light cavalry upon the line of the Russians, comprehending their batteries, which were guarded by other batteries in flank and a large body of mounted troops. Nothing could be more distinguished than the bravery of the British troops on this occasion. I believe at no time in the annals of the British army has courage been more displayed. We all lament the misconstruction that occurred, and the want of the effect which might have been produced had the charge been directed in a different manner; but that cannot be the least disparagement to the valour of the men who were thus ready at any risk to charge the enemy that lay before them. The works of the siege continued, those works being in themselves very laborious, occupying a far more than ordinary proportion of the besieging force, and the more fatiguing because a great portion of the men had been taken away by sickness. It was in this state of things that an immense effort was made by the commanders of the Russian forces in order to overwhelm the forces of the allies, which remained, on the one side, besieging a great fortified place with a numerous garrison and intrenchments, defended by a prodigious artillery, and, on the other, confronted by a Russian army. That attempt was made, it has been said, by 60,000 men, but I think it probable that the number was not less than 80,000. They were troops who had not been present at the battle of the Alma—troops who did not know the enemy they had to encounter. These troops, raised to the utmost pitch of fanaticism, and, it is said, their courage animated by other means, came in vast columns to the attack of the British position on the 5th of November. Lord Raglan has related the events of that battle. He has stated how, in

the darkness of the night and in the fog of the morning, the Russians were able to place a very large artillery force and to advance vast columns close to the English position. In that darkness and thickness of the fog it was impossible to exercise the powers and the discrimination of a commander. It was impossible to survey the field or to direct operations. There were only about 8,000 British soldiers in that field; but though their numbers were few—though they had been weakened by sickness and battle—though they presented themselves ragged from the labours and privations they had gone through—though, amid the darkness, they got ready with the companions and comrades of their own regiments—though a great portion of them came after twenty-four hours' hard work in the trenches—though they had not time even to take a scanty meal before they met this powerful enemy, yet there remained unquenched and unquenchable the spirit of British soldiers, and that spirit bore them on to victory. It was, as my right honourable friend the secretary at war truly said, the battle of the soldiers. But yet that band of heroes, exposed as they were to an artillery against which nothing for a very long time could have stood, might have been, not driven from the field or defeated, but forced to lay down their lives on the heights, which the enemy, in consequence of their overwhelming numbers, might then have occupied, had there not at this very moment arrived, after the English had for hours withstood a most determined attack, a reinforcement of our French allies, commanded by General Bosquet, one of the most distinguished chiefs in the French army, and who directed with great skill and valour the troops he led to the spot. The French soldiers rushed on with such impetuosity that they saved the day, and preserved both armies from the disasters that might have occurred to them had the Russians gained any part of the position, and from that had been able to continue the attack against the allied forces. Still, including these French troops, there were but 14,000 men of the allies engaged in this famous action; and I believe, in respect to the destruction of the enemy, scarcely any battle has been equal to it. More than 5,000 dead were left on the field of battle by the Russians, and it would be a moderate estimate to say that three times as many must have been wounded; so that these 14,000 allied troops caused a loss to the enemy of far more than their own number. I believe that no modern annals contain the history of a battle more to the honour of those who gained it than the one I am now alluding to. It has cost, indeed, the loss of many a gallant man, and brought misery and affliction to many families, but I am persuaded that the renown of that battle will last, and its effects will be appreciated, for generations to come. In the course of it there were

some vicissitudes, but the heroism which the brave allied troops displayed is indisputable; and they who had to meet such troops—they who have to give an account of what it is to attack such troops—will be slow to think that Russia can ever gain the advantage in the war she is now waging against soldiers so indomitable. I will now advert only to the general operations of the siege, and to the assistance we have received from the navy. The general operations of the siege, as I have stated, have been conducted by officers of great experience, and have been of the most laborious kind. The sufferings and privations of our troops have been such as never before were equalled; and, in alluding to the losses we have sustained, I cannot omit mentioning one name—the name of a general who fell at the battle of Inkermann—because, from his character, his talents, and his former services, the country had every reason to expect to see in him a complete military commander. I allude to Sir George Cathcart. I remember witnessing last year, after he had just returned to this country, the joy and exultation with which he hailed his appointment to a command in the Crimea. To the last hour of his life that feeling seems to have continued, and he appears to have had no other ambition and no other wish than to devote his life to his country, and to spend the last drop of his blood in her service. Such are the men who do honour to this country, and by this the name of Sir George Cathcart never will be forgotten. Having said thus much with respect to the army, I now have to state that it will also be my duty to propose a vote of thanks to the navy for their co-operation. I have mentioned that Lord Raglan, at the commencement of the operations, said that the zeal and efficiency of the navy in performing the service of landing the troops was beyond all praise, and that from Admiral Dundas down to the lowest sailor there were exhibited the same zeal and the same eagerness to discharge the duty efficiently. He notices especially the conduct of Sir E. Lyons. I am glad he mentions that distinguished officer, who is an honour to the profession to which he belongs, and from whom, we may expect, in the course of the war in which we are now engaged, great and brilliant services. A man of greater ability, in whatever duty he may be employed, I scarcely ever met with, and his meritorious conduct is well known to his country. I believe that every officer engaged on that service performed his duty most excellently. After moving these votes, I shall next venture to propose one of an unusual character—one, perhaps, without precedent, but, considering the feeling of the country, one to which this house will no doubt readily agree. *I mean to propose a vote of thanks to General Canrobert, and to the French officers and men who have co-operated with her majesty's forces.* Such has been the feeling

created by the gallant acts performed by Englishmen and Frenchmen conjointly, that I believe the bonds of friendship thus formed between two nations, which have always respected each other, will not be easily loosened. These two nations, the most enlightened, the most intelligent, and the most spirited of Europe, may well act in alliance together, and give an example to the world of duties resolutely performed and of high principles adequately maintained. I likewise mean to propose a vote lamenting the fate of those who have perished in these actions; and offering our condolence to the families of those brave men who have died in the service of the country. There is one thing further I have to say, with respect to which I trust I shall have the concurrence of this house. It was said, in reference to one victory gained in the course of the last war, by Mr. Wyndham that, for his part, he would rather have to celebrate a gallant feat of arms performed by the British army, than the conquest of a whole archipelago of sugar islands. His saying is both spirited and wise. It is in these things that the life of a nation is seen; it is by actions such as we have to commemorate to-day that the spirit of a nation is maintained from age to age. It is by battles and victories like those to which I have called the attention of the house, and which both the English and the French now have to record in their annals, that each nation has its separate existence; and it is such exploits that make each country ready to defend its independence at any cost. We have seen for years the parliament, the people, every class, engaged in speculations and practices connected with the progress of wealth, the arts, machinery, and improvements of peace; and we have shown that these studies, and that devotion to these pursuits have not in the least abated the courage which belongs to the entire nation. We have shown, whether English, Scotch, or Irish be regarded, that a similar spirit animates the whole United Kingdom, and that we are ready to peril in a just cause all that is most dear to men. I say again, that the victories which have been gained in such a cause as the present, and with such a spirit as the nation has shown, must not only redound to the fame and glory of the country for future generations, but enable it to present itself as an object of regard, respect, and admiration to the whole world."

The several votes of thanks moved by Lord John Russell were, in substance, the same as those brought forward by the Duke of Newcastle in the imperial house of parliament. The votes of thanks, after being ably seconded by Mr. Disraeli, and spoken to by Mr. Layard and other gentlemen, were carried unanimously. It was truly observed, that this record of a nation's thanks to its

defenders—this outpouring of the gratitude of an empire to its suffering heroes, was a great religious act.

The people and government of France were much gratified that the thanks of the English parliament had been voted to their army and navy. The Earl of Clarendon received from her majesty's ambassador at the French court a copy of a note of acknowledgment addressed to him by M. Drouyn de Lhuys, the minister for foreign affairs. The following is a translation of this document:—

"M. l'Ambassadeur,—I have had the honour to receive the letter by which your excellency was good enough to communicate to me the text of the identical resolutions adopted by the two chambers of the British parliament in their session of the 19th inst.

"The thanks voted to our army and to our fleet, as well as to their commanders, could not but deeply affect the government of the emperor. The thoughts of his imperial majesty are directed with unceasing solicitude to the scene of the contest in which the allied armies are engaged; it is, therefore, with the utmost satisfaction that he observes the esteem which the soldiers of the two countries mutually entertain for each other increased by the courage and perseverance which they display in the service of one and the same cause. The government of the emperor especially congratulates itself at perceiving in the vote of the parliament an evidence of the intimate union which, connecting together the policy of France and England, blends also in one and the same expression the encomiums to which glorious efforts and toilsome labours so justly entitle the two armies and the two fleets which the two countries have sent to share the same perils and the same fatigues.

"Receive, &c.,

"DROUYN DE LHUYS."

The English parliament adjourned for the Christmas recess on the 22nd of December. The following day the *Times* newspaper rang out a dismal knell of warning; and from that time it issued leaders of a painful and startling character—leaders which largely contributed, on the reassembling of parliament, to the overthrow of the ministry. It called upon Englishmen to rouse themselves from a sense of false security, and reflect upon the state of our troops and the prospects of the war. "What remains," said it. "of more than 50,000 men, the

best blood of this country, which now represents, 3,000 miles from home, the glory, the influence, the courage, and the ability of our race? The England of European history is now in the Crimea. We have defied the largest army in the world; and, if we have not backed our challenge with quite sufficient strength or promptitude, we have at least made an effort beyond all former example. At this moment it would be rash even to conjecture the fate of those hardy survivors of the 54,000 men. Do they still maintain the unequal fight—chilled, drenched, famished, utterly neglected? Has a slight aggravation of their many ills—a drop of the thermometer some degrees below zero, or a few more inches of rain, extinguished them altogether, or left scarce enough for a safe retreat? Or may we dare to hope that desperation itself has urged the brighter alternative of a dash at the city, with a somewhat less loss of life than would attend another month of inaction? After the dreary, and ever still drearier, history of the siege, we cannot hope as much. * * * There is no use disguising the matter. We are not speaking from our own correspondence only. We are not saying what we think alone. We say, on the evidence of every letter that has been received in this country, and we echo the opinion of almost every experienced soldier or well-informed gentleman, when we say, that the noblest army England ever sent from these shores has been sacrificed to the grossest mismanagement. Incompetency, lethargy, aristocratic *hauteur*, official indifference, favour, routine, perverseness, and stupidity reign, revel, and riot in the camp before Sebastopol, in the harbour of Balaklava, in the hospitals of Scutari—and how much nearer home we do not venture to say."

On Tuesday, the 26th of December, the Emperor of the French opened the legislative session. His speech on that occasion—a translation of which we append—revealed the feelings of the French nation, and something of the intentions of their government with respect to the conduct of the war.

"Gentlemen, Senators, and Deputies,—Since your last meeting great events have happened. The appeal which I made to the country to provide for the expenses of the war was so well responded to, that the result even exceeds my hopes. Our arms have been victorious in the Baltic as well as in the Black Sea. Two great battles have

shed lustre on our flag. Striking testimony has been afforded of the intimacy of our connexion with England. The parliament has voted thanks to our generals and our soldiers. A great empire made young again by the chivalrous sentiments of its sovereign, has detached itself from the power which for forty years threatened the independence of Europe. The Emperor of Austria has concluded a treaty, defensive now, to be offensive, perhaps, soon, which unites his cause to that of France and England. Thus, gentlemen, the longer the war is prolonged, the more does the number of our allies augment, and the more closely are drawn the ties already formed. What ties, indeed, can be more binding than the names of the victories belonging to the two armies, and recalling a glory in common—when the same uneasiness and the same hope agitate the two countries, and when the same intentions animate the two governments upon every point of the globe? Thus the alliance with England is not the effect of a fleeting interest, or a policy of circumstances; it is the union of two powerful nations, associated together to obtain the triumph of a cause in which, for more than a century were involved their greatness, the interests of civilisation, and at the same time the liberty of Europe. Join with me, then, upon this solemn occasion, in thanking, in the name of France, the parliament for its cordial and hearty demonstration, and the English army and its worthy chief for their valiant co-operation. Next year, should not peace be then re-established, I hope to have the same thanks to address to Austria and to that Germany whose union and prosperity we desire. I am happy to pay a just tribute of eulogium to the army and the fleet, which, by their devotion and their discipline have, in France as well as in Algeria, in the north as well as in the south, worthily fulfilled my expectations. The army in the East has, up to this time, suffered everything and overcome everything. Epidemy, incendiarism, tempests, and privations—a town unceasingly provisioned, defended by formidable artillery by sea and land—two enemies' armies superior in number—nothing could weaken its courage or arrest its ardour. Every one has nobly done his duty, from the marshal, *who appeared to compel death to wait until he had conquered*, down to the soldier and the sailor, whose last cry in expiring was an aspiration for France, an acclamation for

the chosen of the country. Let us, then, declare it together, the army and the fleet have merited well of their country. War, it is true, entails cruel sacrifices; nevertheless, everything enjoins me to prosecute it with vigour; and for this purpose I reckon upon your co-operation. The army is now composed of 581,000 soldiers and 113,000 horses; the navy of 62,000 sailors afloat. To keep up this force is indispensable. Therefore, to fill up the vacancies occasioned by annual retirements and by the war, I ask you, the same as last year, for a levy of 140,000 men. A law will be presented to you, having for its object to ameliorate, without augmenting, the burden of the treasury; the position of the soldiers who re-engage will lead to great advantages, to increase the number of old soldiers in the army, and to allow hereafter a diminution of the burdens of the conscription. This law, I hope, will soon receive your approval. I shall ask your authority to raise a fresh national loan. No doubt, this measure will increase the public debt. Nevertheless, let us not forget that, by the conversion of the stock, the interest of that debt has been reduced twenty-five millions and a-half. My efforts have been directed to the object of limiting the expenses to the receipts; and the ordinary budget, which will be presented to you, will show that both are balanced. The resources from the loan will be solely applied to meet the exigencies of the war. You will see with pleasure that our revenues have not diminished. Industrial activity is maintained. All the great works of public utility are proceeding, and Providence has been pleased to give us a harvest which satisfies our wants. The government, nevertheless, does not close its eyes to the inconvenience occasioned by the dearness of provisions, and has taken every means in its power to prevent that inconvenience, and to mitigate it. It has created in many localities new elements of labour. The struggle which is proceeding, circumscribed by moderation and justice, although it may frighten some, gives so little alarm to great interests, that soon the different parts of the globe may expect to enjoy the fruits of peace. Foreigners cannot fail to be struck with the touching spectacle of a country which, relying upon divine protection, sustains with energy a war at 600 leagues' distance from its frontiers, and which develops with the same ardour its internal riches—a country where war does

not prevent agriculture and industry from prospering, or the arts from flourishing, and where the genius of the nation is displayed in everything that can tend to the glory of France."

The same day on which this oration was spoken by the Emperor Napoleon, news arrived that a Russian ukase had been issued, which ordained that whoever, after a battle, committed acts of cruelty on the wounded or unresisting, should suffer the punishment of death. This was a concession to the practices of civilised warfare, wrung from the czar Nicholas by the public opinion of Europe. During this period our information concerning the proceedings and state of mind of the late Emperor of Russia must necessarily be of an uncertain character. Various reports were in existence; some representing him as desirous of peace,—others as resolutely bent on continuing the war, unless it was terminated by a peace which left him in the same position with respect to Turkey which he held at the outbreak of hostilities. A St. Petersburg correspondent to a Prussian journal stated, in reference to this subject, "that the emperor was never so indefatigable as at present (December, 1854); he devotes sixteen hours a day to the transaction of business; the lists of those who have distinguished themselves by bravery he goes through with the greatest care, and leaves no deserving case unrewarded. Count Nesselrode, who continues to enjoy his confidence, confers with him daily. On the 8th, the conclusion of the triple alliance had transpired in the upper circles of St. Petersburg, and caused not a little sensation there: but still the conviction was general that Austria would never draw the sword against Russia. The emperor has made up his mind to a European war; he is conscious of his power, and omits nothing to secure and increase it: though not disinclined to an honourable peace, he is ready to take up the gauntlet that Europe throws at his feet." This persevering industry and wild spasmodic energy in the emperor was clearly enough the result of disease—of restless excitement, and that nervous irritability produced by incessant agitation. The spirit of eternal retribution which permeates throughout nature, and visits the wrongdoer with the penalties of wrong, was slowly performing its inexorable task. The flashing of diseased energy gave a false strength to the man who was hur-

rying towards his sudden, dark, and irrevocable doom.

Still the czar's labours were incessant; vast preparations for war went on, and information, dated December 12th, arrived from St. Petersburg, to the effect that if peace was not produced by negotiations at the commencement of the year 1855, a conscription was ordered to take place throughout Russia of sixteen in every thousand eligible for soldiers, which would produce an army of 1,000,000 men.

We have mentioned that the Emperor of Russia had expressed his willingness to treat for peace. Just at the expiration of the year, when, in conformity with the treaty of the 2nd of December, Austria would have been called upon to take what further steps she should consider proper to attain the object of the allies, Prince Gortschakoff declared that his powers were not sufficient to enable him to accept the four conditions as interpreted by the allies. He expressed a doubt that the Emperor Nicholas would consent to negotiate upon the proposed basis, and that, even if he accepted the other three conditions, he would probably reject the article tending to limit his ascendancy in the Black Sea. Upon this the representatives of the other powers consented to wait fourteen days from the end of December for the definitive reply of Russia. Thus Europe was still kept in a state of agitation as to the future; and to the question of peace or war it was difficult to reply. As to Austria, this delay still allowed her intentions to be shrouded by the dusky veil of diplomacy.

At this period a leading journal expressed itself in the following language, with the conclusions of which, unhappily, we feel ourselves compelled to concur:—"How often have these efforts to produce peace failed to overcome punctilios and pretensions which have never been abandoned till it was too late! We expect no more favourable result in the present instance; for we cannot flatter ourselves that enough has been done by the hostile power of the allies to compel the Emperor of Russia to submit to the terms we require. His military power is far greater than it was at the outset of the war. The whole resources of the empire have been exerted to place his fortresses in the best state of defence, and to bring enormous armies into the field. The battles he has lost may have shaken the confidence of his troops, and

impaired the fame of his generals; but they have not led to any decisive results in our favour; and even in that small province of the Russian empire which is bounded by the isthmus of Perekop, the war is carried on with doubtful success. We can therefore hardly anticipate that another summons to submit to terms, however moderate they may be, will produce any effect on a sovereign who is engaged in the grand struggle of his life and of his reign. A negotiation for the re-establishment of peace upon the conditions required by the allied powers might, perhaps, have been commenced with effect, if Sebastopol had already fallen into their hands; but, with Sebastopol untaken, and our forces besieged rather than besieging before its walls, it is not to be expected that the Emperor of Russia will treat for the surrender of his preponderating power in the Black Sea."

We have described the wretched state of the road, or rather slushy track from Balaklava to the English camp before Sebastopol. Letters from the Crimea bore constant references to the privations and misery caused by this state of things. The means of transport possessed by the army—miserably deficient from the first—was quite unequal to the task of supplying the camp with military stores and provisions. Sal-low, wretched men, and starving horses, dragged on with their burdens through the deep mud, till many, both men and beasts, fell down and died, unable to battle longer against the difficulties and miseries that encompassed them. Reports of this character created much commiseration in England; and Messrs. Peto and Betts, the eminent builders, nobly offered the immense resources at their command gratuitously to the government for the construction of a railway or tram-road from Balaklava to the camp at Sebastopol. Animated by a patriotic spirit, they undertook to prepare and lay down the railway without any profit to themselves, engaging merely to send in to the government bills for such expenses as they had actually to pay.

The government accepted the generous offer: the contractors laboured night and day; and, by the end of December, the necessary materials and workmen were mostly ready for departure to the Crimea. This novel expedition consisted of seven steam and two sailing vessels, of the aggregate tonnage of 5,491 tons, and 900-horse

power, as follows:—*Lady Alice Lambton*, screw-steamer, 511 tons, 90-horse power; *Great Northern*, ditto, 578 tons, 90-horse; *Earl of Durham*, ditto, 554 tons, 90-horse; *Baron von Humboldt*, ditto, 420 tons, 60-horse; *Hesperus*, ditto, 800 tons, 150-horse; *Prince of Wales*, ditto, 627 tons, 120-horse; *Levant*, paddle-steamer, 694 tons, 500-horse; *Wildfire*, clipper sailing ship, 457 tons; *Mohawk*, ditto, 850 tons. The amount of material for the railway carried out by these vessels will astonish those unaccustomed to calculate upon such matters. It consisted of 1,800 tons of rails and fastenings, 6,000 sleepers, 600 loads of timber, and about 3,000 tons of other material and machinery, consisting of fixed engines, cranes, pile-engines, trucks, waggons, barrows, blocks, chainfalls, wire rope, picks, bars, capstans, crabs, and a variety of other plant and tools; besides sawing-machines, forges, carpenters' and smiths' tools. This material was distributed over the different vessels in such a manner that, in the event of any one or two vessels being lost or disabled, the efficiency of the expedition would not be endangered. The ships conveyed 500 workmen, in parties of from fifty to eighty; each party being under the charge of a foreman and assistant. Every vessel carried a surgeon and a clerk to attend to the victualling and care of the stores. Each "navvy" was supplied with the following articles of clothing, suitable for the voyage and for the work he would have to perform after arriving in the Crimea:—One painted bag, one painted suit, three coloured cotton shirts, one red flannel shirt and one white, one flannel belt, one pair of moleskin trowsers; one moleskin vest, lined with serge; one fearnought slop, one pair of lindsey drawers, two blue cravats, one pair of leggings, one pair of boots, one strap and buckle, one bed and pillow, one pair of mits, one rug and blanket, one pair of blankets, one woollen coat, one pair of long waterproof boots, one pair of fisherman's boots, one pair of gray stockings, and two pounds of tobacco.

In addition to the above liberal provisions for the wants of the labourers, a portable stove was provided for every ten men. Ten huts (each capable of housing forty men), 100 railway covers, such as are used for the protection of goods' waggons, and temporary tents and huts impervious to wet. While everything was provided to render their work efficient, the sanitary condition of the men was not forgotten. The medical staff

consisted of a surgeon, four assistant-surgeons, and four nurses, selected from the first hospitals in London. An ample stock of medical stores and comforts was provided, and a large number of Dean and Adams' revolvers, in case of need. A selection of books was provided for the use of the men, and two railway missionaries accompanied the expedition. It was anticipated that the vessels would reach Balaklava by the 1st of February, 1855, and that the tramway would be laid down before the end of that month.

The vessels sailed separately about the commencement of the new year (1855.) The second detachment left Blackwall in the *Hesperus*, on the 2nd of January. An interesting scene took place on this occasion. About two o'clock the men, in their new attire, were mustered on the foredeck, where they were addressed by Captain S. W. Andrews, managing director of the North of Europe Steam Navigation Company, and by Lord Henry Clinton, who, with a party of gentlemen connected with the enterprise, were on a platform amidships. Captain Andrews, to whose vigilance and activity much of the efficiency of the arrangements were due, addressed the navvies in a manner so adapted to their condition as to elicit hearty cheers from his auditors. He told them, that though the accommodation on board ship necessarily differed considerably from what they had been accustomed to, yet nothing had been neglected that could contribute, during the voyage, to their comfort, and to the preservation of that health and strength on which so much reliance was placed, not only by their employers, but by the whole country. Everything that could be done had been done, as far as human foresight could effect it for them; and if they would only be united and cordial among themselves, exhibit good temper, cheerfulness, docility, confidence, and respect towards those placed over them on board, they would be as happy as the circumstances of the case would possibly permit in a lengthy voyage at this period of the year. For his own part, he could unhesitatingly say, that he never knew an emigrant vessel—and he had known many—that had furnished quarters preferable to those on board the *Hesperus*. After explaining the more immediate objects of the expedition, and dwelling upon its importance as an auxiliary to the operations of our brave soldiers in the Crimea, Captain

Andrews added:—"They were going to the aid of our heroic defenders, who had not only to fight—and how they fought the whole world would for ever admirably testify—but had also to work as field-labourers, and perform many duties for which it could not be expected that soldiers were so well adapted as the skilled and trained men who were now going out to relieve them, and to leave them at full liberty to deal with the enemy as they had done in the dashing rush at the Alma, and the immortal conflict at Inkermann. The future success of the siege operations in the Crimea would depend in a great measure on that expedition. They must expect, and would not be cast down by, hardships and privations. Some of these, perhaps, would not appear so terrible in the Crimea even as they would at home. There would be no public-houses to go to, but there would be plenty of good substantial refreshments, always available when needed; and while that was the case, he had no fear that there would be much grumbling at whatever work might be expected at their hands. They were not like Russian serfs, who dare not call their souls their own, but who must slay or be slain without asking wherefore. They were free Englishmen, volunteers, at perfect liberty to go or stay, just as they pleased, according to their own unbiassed judgment, without the least undue influence, concealment, artifice, or exaggeration used to warp their opinions one way or the other. All that was said or done was to guarantee them good clothing, good food, good pay, a good ship, and a good captain. They had also a good cause—the cause of their country, the cause of justice and fair play. They would bring good hearts to that cause—English hearts, that never recoiled from the obligations of duty, come in what shape they might, whether at the point of the pick or the bayonet; and he doubted not that the British navy would prove himself as great a benefactor in repelling the evils of barba-

rism abroad, as he had been in extending the blessings of civilisation at home."

Loud cheers followed the termination of the captain's speech, and, at his suggestion, three lusty cheers were given for the queen, and three for Messrs. Peto and Betts. Lord Henry Clinton then presented himself to the jolly-faced, hard-handed audience, and said, that it had been the intention of his brother, the Duke of Newcastle, to be present, as his grace would have been proud to make the acquaintance of the men who were going with so much alacrity to the aid of an object he had so much at heart as the Balaklava and Sebastopol railway, but that he was unable to attend owing to a cabinet council being held that day and at that hour. His lordship also dwelt on the importance of the undertaking, and enforced Captain Andrews' admonition as to the necessity of maintaining sobriety, union, and good-humour in the face of every annoyance to which they might unavoidably be exposed; for then he was sure that the energy for which they were so deservedly famous, would carry them triumphantly over every impediment. The disinterested, self-sacrificing promptitude with which Mr. Peto had acted upon the suggestion which led to so magnificent an enterprise as the one they were embarked in, was beyond all praise; even the praise it had everywhere been met with. He concluded by earnestly wishing them a safe and pleasant voyage, and a speedy return to their families and to the country, which they might be sure would welcome them as they deserved. This speech was followed by cheering for his lordship, and by more cheering for the Duke of Newcastle; and, finally, amidst still further cheering—clear, hearty, and joyous—the *Hesperus* steamed down the river amidst the plaudits of an immense number of spectators.

Greatly were the navvies and the railway needed at the Crimea; the state of our troops there was melancholy and terrible.* It was

* A French paper, the *Patrie*, contained at this period the following truthful criticism upon the state and organisation of the English troops:—"While the French army is advancing its works, and receiving in abundance all that is necessary to shelter, clothe, nourish, and comfort its soldiers, in return for the sacrifices they make for their country—while the wounded are the subjects of intelligent and anxious attentions—while a regular system of transports insures a supply for all branches of the service—the English army, notwithstanding the stores sent out by its government, is in a position of inferiority with regard to all the subjects we have named. Its siege

works are more tardy, attention is not so quickly given to the wounded, provisions are not so abundant, clothing is frequently wanting, and the means of transport are much less considerable. This is so true, that the first of the two armies has frequently had the happiness of assisting its ally and of supplying it with necessities. Whence does this arise? From one cause alone—the difference of organisation in the two armies. The English army is brave, disciplined, immovable under fire, because these qualities are innate in the people of Great Britain, because its officers, gentlemen in the noblest acceptance of the term, know what is due to their own

affirmed, that Lord Raglan, to whom the English parliament had so recently voted their warm and enthusiastic thanks, secluded himself from his troops either in consequence of a cold and haughty disposition, or because he felt himself unable to mitigate evils he could not behold without the most painful regret. Which of these was the true cause we cannot say; but the fact was reiterated in letter after letter which arrived from the Crimea.* We have already included many letters from the camp in this work, and will not, therefore, now swell our pages with more; but from one or two telling and picturesque, though terrible, gloomy extracts, we cannot refrain. "Every one is grumbling and growling, being thoroughly disgusted with the whole affair. Everything is grossly mismanaged—the command of the army, the commissariat, the ordnance and all, are none knows where. Every one leaves everything to the others to do; and, consequently, nothing is done. Lord Raglan has not been seen for three weeks, and the report is he has gone to Malta for the winter. In fact, he has succeeded in giving general dissatisfaction. There is nothing but discontent prevailing, from the heads to the subordinates of the army here—despondency everywhere." Another letter, dated December 11th, says:—"I can assure you it has been dreadful—up to our shoe-

honour, and to that of the nation whose flag they defend; but the army is not a national army in the full acceptance of the term. The English soldier is a volunteer, serving in the ranks from love of the profession of arms, or some other motive; his horizon is bounded, for he knows that, whatever be his worth or the value of his services, he is stopped at a grade beyond which he cannot hope to pass. The officer is the proprietor of the men as much as the state; the country therefore is not all in all for the soldier. This is the radical vice in the primary organisation. But, in addition to this, they have none of those administrative services which are completely indispensable to a regular army. In France—and we may be justly proud of it—the army is eminently national; every citizen can and ought to be a soldier in his turn; he has a right to apply to himself the expression of one of his sovereigns, and to say with pride, 'There is perhaps a marshal's baton in my knapsack.' For him, if he possess merit and courage, if he be fortunate enough to render services to his country, there is no limit between the lowest and the highest grade in the military hierarchy. He may aspire to the loftiest dignities; he may one day sit at the table of kings. Under the grey *capote* of the simple soldier, under the epaulet of the grenadier, or the embroidered coat of the marshal, are three soldiers, united by the same dangers, leading the same life, partaking the same privations, and each equally proud of his uniform. The sentinel who presents arms to his general may hope that,

tops in slush and dirt in the trenches; and there we have to remain for twelve hours in the wet and cold. I have seen as many as four men die in a night in the trenches with the cramp, from wet, cold, and fatigue. We are getting more regiments out here now, and it is the fresh ones that suffer the most, as we are pretty well inured to it now. The 62nd landed about a fortnight back, and I heard yesterday they had lost ninety men. The 46th landed about the same time, and I hear that they have lost more. The 9th landed last week, and they are burying five and six a-day. The 1st royals lost ten in one night; we lost seven, as we had a draught of recruits on the 22nd ult."—"We are obliged to keep our men, who, until last week, were nearly naked, without a shirt on their backs, a shoe or sock on their feet, exposed to the wet and cold for twelve hours at a time in the trenches, ankle-deep in the slush, and, when in the advanced works, unable to move or stand upright from the constant fire of the Russians. Can it be wondered that these men should say that they would rather die than go back to the miserable camp? The tents all leak, and the men are lying fifteen together in a place where no English gentlemen would put their pigs. The only rations are salt meat, and of that, for some time, they have only had half-quantities. The

some day, others will present arms to him; the officer who returns the soldier's salute, knows that, some day, that soldier may be his equal. No one will ask, in the most aristocratic saloon, 'Whence comes that man?' provided he wears an epaulet; for that epaulet and sword are a title of nobility all over the world. It is this which makes the profession of arms so esteemed in France; this is the reason why our army is so eminently national, why its organisation is so strong and so good, why everything may be expected from it."

* The following is a curious instance of the utter confusion which prevailed in the British port of the Crimea:—A vessel arrived at Balaklava loaded with boots and shoes. Having no bill of lading, and the cargo being merely stated as shoes for the army, the vessel was ordered out of the harbour to wait her turn. A few days afterwards an order came from Lord Raglan to obtain a vessel to proceed to Constantinople instantly on a most pressing service. This vessel was consequently ordered to proceed to Constantinople, with Lord Raglan's agents, without unloading. When she had nearly reached that place, one of the agents imparted in confidence to the captain, that he was going to Constantinople to purchase boots and shoes, the army being in a great state of destitution for want of a supply. The captain replied with astonishment, "Why, my vessel is filled with boots and shoes!" Upon this the ship was put immediately about, and returned to Balaklava.

pitiful gill of rum even can be seldom issued regularly. The commissariat do all they can, I believe, but the wear and tear of animal power dragging up those dreadful arabas is so great, with the roads as they have been—two feet deep in the heaviest clay—that without a constant importation, we shall be brought to a standstill; forage, too, is very scarce, and the wretched animals are dying all over the country; the Turkish drivers also are dying fast.”—“Lord Raglan (*if Lord Raglan be really here, and not in London*) is never seen. Whether he knows anything of how things are going on or not, I do not know; I am sure he ought to do so.”—“Our men are a mass of dirt, and rags, and misery. They seem sunk in despondency and indifference; nothing moves them but an alarm, for they have no hope but to fight it out and get it over.”—“Our encampment *is one mass of graves and dead bodies of horses and cattle*, but there is no offensive smell.”

With such terrible relations as these (and we could quote fifty more such), is it strange that the leading journal of England should have raised its voice in alarm and indignation? Is it strange, that in words like the following, they should have mourned over the condition of our neglected troops, and have spoken with bitterness of those who were guilty of that fearful neglect? “At the present moment (the commencement of the year 1855), our poor fellows are perishing before Sebastopol by hundreds from famine, from exposure, and from disease in such appalling forms, while the means of sustenance, of shelter, and of remedy, are stored within eight miles from the spot in which this dismal tragedy is being enacted. There is no longer any use in concealing or mitigating the truth; the men are perishing from the want of common forethought upon the part of those who should be responsible for their safety. Fifteen thousand British soldiers, in the prime of their strength—in the heyday of life—well-disciplined men, who would not have turned from the face of a human enemy, let him come in what shape he might, have been laid low by official incompetence and prostration at home and in the field. We know of no passage in the annals of even Turkish warfare, which tells of a more complete wreck of human life for want of common foresight, than the accounts we daily receive of the condition of our army before Sebastopol—of the living and of the

dead. There is but one set-off against the incompetency of the officers at headquarters, and that is, the sheer pluck and spirit of the British soldier, of the unflinching, fearless man who is found dead on the battle-field pierced with wounds—his face to the enemy’s lines—or in the trenches where he has perished from hunger, exposure, and fatigue.”

Rumours of these melancholy events reached the ears of royalty, imperfectly no doubt; but it seems the queen knew sufficient to excite her tenderest sympathy for her suffering troops. Under these circumstances, she addressed the following interesting communication, written with her own hand, to Mr. Sidney Herbert, and through him to Mrs. Herbert, by whom it was transmitted to Miss Nightingale:—

“Windsor Castle, Dec. 6th, 1854.

“Would you tell Mrs. Herbert that I begged she would let me see frequently the accounts she receives from Miss Nightingale or Mrs. Bracebridge, as I hear no details of the wounded, tho’ I see so many from officers, &c., about the battle-field, and naturally the former must interest me more than any one.

“Let Mrs. Herbert also know that I wish Miss Nightingale and the ladies would tell these poor noble wounded and sick men that no one takes a warmer interest, or feels more for their sufferings, or admires their courage and heroism more than their queen. Day and night she thinks of her beloved troops. So does the prince.

“Beg Mrs. Herbert to communicate these my words to those ladies, as I know that our sympathy is much valued by these noble fellows.

(Signed) “VICTORIA.”

We shall conclude this chapter with the following despatch, descriptive of the condition of the siege as far as our allies were concerned. It is addressed to the French minister of war, and is dated December 22nd, 1854. It is necessary to say a word or two in explanation of the reference made in it to the landing of the Turkish troops at Eupatoria. In consequence of the occupation of the principalities by an Austrian army, the presence of Omar Pasha and his troops in Moldavia, for defensive purposes, was considered no longer necessary. It was also acknowledged that Omar was not strong enough to attack the powerful Russian army collected in Bessarabia; the Turkish troops

therefore fell back on Varna, from whence they embarked in considerable force for Eupatoria. As to the famous Turkish leader, he proceeded to Constantinople, where he received from the Porte an injunction to take the command of the Ottoman troops in the Crimea.

Monsieur le Maréchal,—The bad weather has continued, with rare and short intervals of improvement. We nevertheless continue, as much as possible, to encircle the place with our trenches, and all the siege operations become perfect and solid, notwithstanding the rainy season, which renders the transport very difficult.

The two armies mutually assist each other. I am indebted to the English army for the transport of nearly all the cavalry I have under my orders in the Crimea, and, on my part, I have placed at the disposal of Lord Raglan my mules to convey his sick to Balaklava, and teams to convey his ammunition. These exchanges contribute to keep up excellent relations and perfect cordiality between the two armies.

There scarcely passes a night without some points of our lines being attacked by sorties which generally cost dear to the assailants.

Yesterday, at two, A.M., the Russians, after having made a sortie on the third parallel of the English, who vigorously repulsed them, made also a demonstration upon the centre and left of our works. Received by a very brisk and well-directed fire, they withdrew before our soldiers, who pursued them at the point of the bayonet. The enemy left a great number of dead upon the ground.

To make the guard of our trenches more efficacious, I have organised a corps of volunteers, whose duty it is to keep the approaches of our works clear of the enemy at night. I expect good results from this institution, which completes that of the *francs-tireurs*, organised since the commencement of the siege, and who do duty by day in the trenches. They have already done much injury to the enemy.

As I have already informed you, our works extend actually to the bottom of the Quarantine Bay. The enemy's attention is drawn to the efforts we are making on that side, and his artillery sharply disputes the ground with us, where, as nearly everywhere, we are obliged to hollow out the rock; but our progress is not the less real, and we remain in possession.

I have informed you that the enemy

had withdrawn his left and evacuated the portions of the valley of Balaklava where we formerly saw them in considerable numbers. I was desirous of ascertaining their exact position in that direction, and the day before yesterday I pushed forward a *reconnaissance* to the vicinity of the village of Tchorgoun, consisting of a brigade of cavalry, under the orders of General d'Allouville. They came upon some hundred riflemen behind the village of Camara, and drove them back into the ravines. Detachments of cavalry, accompanied by their artillery and some battalions of infantry, appeared on the flanks of the *reconnaissance*, but did not attempt to interrupt its operations, which were happily accomplished.

At the same time 1,000 infantry, Scotch and Zouaves, left Balaklava, on the right of our position, and explored the heights which extend towards the valley of Baidar. They only met a post of Cossacks.

To resume, I am of opinion that on the left bank of the Tchernaya there are only pickets of the enemy observing our positions from a distance. A movement has evidently taken place in the Russian army, caused probably by the landing of the Turkish troops, which continues at Eupatoria. I shall soon know the real state of the case.

Although the number of the sick has somewhat increased, in consequence of the perpetual wet in which we live, the sanitary condition of the army is satisfactory, and its moral condition perfect.

If the troops have suffered much from the rain, it has not yet been cold: the snow, which for some time has covered the tops of the mountains inland, has not yet fallen upon the plain which we occupy, and the thermometer has not yet in a single instance been below zero (freezing point of Fahrenheit.) These general conditions are rendered better by the care taken of our men, and, thanks to the wise foresight of the emperor and his government, the army enjoys relative comforts which make it gaily support the fatigues it has to undergo.

The number of sick in our military hospitals at Constantinople is 3,794, of whom 1,387 are wounded. I have established in the Crimea, near the Bay of Karatsch, a dépôt of convalescents, where the men who leave the army ambulances, and who only require rest, will regain their strength, and be enabled to return to their duty. This measure will diminish the number sent to Constantinople.

His imperial highness Prince Napoleon, still retained at Constantinople by the malady which forced him to leave the Crimea, wished to rejoin us. I opposed his

return, which might compromise the health of the prince.

I am, &c.,
CANROBERT, General-in-chief.

CHAPTER II.

MANIFESTO OF THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS; ATTITUDE OF RUSSIA, AND FEELINGS OF THE TURKS; ADMIRALS DUNDAS AND HAMELIN REPLACED BY LYONS AND BRUAT; NICHOLAS DECLARES HIS READINESS TO ACCEPT THE FOUR POINTS AS A BASIS OF TREATY FOR PEACE; SARDINIA JOINS THE ALLIES; LANDING OF A TURKISH ARMY AT EUPATORIA; REASSEMBLING OF THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT; MR. ROEBUCK GIVES NOTICE OF A MOTION FOR A COMMITTEE TO INQUIRE INTO THE STATE OF OUR ARMY BEFORE SEBASTOPOL; CONSEQUENT RESIGNATION OF LORD JOHN RUSSELL, AND EXPLANATION OF HIS CONDUCT; DEBATE ON MR. ROEBUCK'S MOTION, AND DEFEAT OF THE GOVERNMENT; RESIGNATION OF THE MINISTRY; MANLY DEFENCE OF THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE; MINISTERIAL INTERREGNUM; LORD PALMERSTON BECOMES PREMIER; LORD JOHN RUSSELL GOES TO VIENNA AS PEACE PLENIPOTENTIARY; LORD PALMERSTON'S PLAN FOR MILITARY REFORMATION; RESIGNATION OF MR. GLADSTONE, SIR JAMES GRAHAM, AND MR. SIDNEY HERBERT; RECONSTRUCTION OF THE MINISTRY.

For some time we have been compelled to be silent concerning the deeds and sentiments of the obstinate cause of the war, the Emperor Nicholas. The emotions of his heart and the workings of his mind were, like himself, shrouded from the gaze of Europe. Remote from the scene where his wretched people were led like beasts to the shambles—isolated in his desolate grandeur, he yet dictated the dark moves of this fearful contest with a resolution that betrayed no intention of succumbing to the powers arrayed against him. At length he broke his silence, and on the 14th of December (old style), issued the following imperial manifesto to his subjects:—

By the grace of God, we, Nicholas I., Emperor and Autocrat of all the Russias, &c., make known:

The causes of the war, which still lasts, are well understood by our beloved Russia. The country knows that neither ambitious views, nor the desire of obtaining new advantages to which we had no right, were the motives for those acts and circumstances that have unexpectedly resulted in the existing struggle. We had solely in view the safeguard of the solemnly recognised immunities of the orthodox church and of our co-religionists in the East. But certain governments, attributing to us interested and secret intentions that were far from our thoughts, have complicated the solution of the question, and have finished by forming a hostile alliance against Russia.

After having proclaimed as their object the safety of the Ottoman empire, they have waged open war against us, not in Turkey, but within the limits of our own realm, directing their blows on such points as were more or less accessible to them—in the Baltic, the White Sea, the Black Sea, in the Crimea, and even on the far distant coasts of the Pacific Ocean. Thanks to the Most High, both in our troops and in all classes of our subjects they everywhere meet with intrepid opponents, animated by their love for us and for their country; and, to our consolation in these troublous circumstances, amid the calamities inseparable from war, we are constantly witnessing brilliant examples and proofs of this feeling, as well as of the courage that it inspires.

Such are the defeats more than once inflicted on the enemy's troops on the other side of the Caucasus, notwithstanding a great disparity of force. Such was the unequal conflict sustained with success by the defenders of the coasts of Finland, of the convent of Solovetsky, and of the port of Petropaulovsky, in Kamschatka. Such, above all, is the heroic defence of Sebastopol, signalised by so many exploits of invincible courage and of indefatigable activity, as to be admired and done justice to by our enemies themselves.

Beholding, with humble gratitude towards God, the toils, the bravery, the self-denial of our forces both by land and sea, and also the general outburst of devotion that

animates all ranks of the empire, we venture to recognise therein the pledge and augury of a happier future.

Penetrated with our duty as a Christian, we cannot desire a prolonged effusion of blood, and certainly we shall not repulse any offers and conditions of peace that are compatible with the dignity of our empire and the interests of our well-beloved subjects. But another and not less sacred duty commands us, in this obstinate struggle, to keep ourselves prepared for efforts and sacrifices proportioned to the means of action directed against us.

Russians! my faithful children! you are accustomed to spare nothing when called by Providence to a great and holy work—neither your wealth, the fruit of long years of toil, nor your lives—nor your own blood, nor the blood of your children. The noble ardour that has inflamed your hearts from the first hour of the war will not be extinguished, happen what may; and your feelings are those also of your sovereign.

We all, monarch and subjects, if it be necessary—echoing the words of the Emperor Alexander in a year of like trial, “the sword in our hands and the cross in our hearts”—know how to face the ranks of our enemies for the defence of the most precious gifts of this world—the security and the honour of our country.

Given at Gatchina, the 14th day of the month of December, in the year of grace 1854, and the thirtieth of our reign.

NICHOLAS.

There is in this manifesto a less confident tone than that which pervades the previous productions of the czar. He ventured to recognise in the real or assumed devotion of his subjects, “the pledge and augury of a happier future.” This would seem to imply that he beheld but a gloomy present; that the hostilities of the allies were keenly felt by his people—as indeed they must have been, in consequence of a crippled commerce and an humbled nationality. Dogged as the resistance of Russia had been during the great contest in the Crimea, her position as a great power was humiliating in the extreme. Her soil invaded, her coasts insulted, her capital threatened, her trade paralysed, her merchantmen carried away by the enemy, her ports blockaded, and her navies slinking within her harbours beneath the shelter of stone batteries. For a great empire to

assume such an attitude, was for it to tremble upon the brink of disgrace, and for ever to lose caste among the nations of Europe. It is to be observed, also, that the manifesto declares the emperor will not repulse any offer and conditions of peace compatible with his dignity. The vision of universal empire had been blown to the winds; the air-palace of fancied domination over Europe was shattered; the pleasant dream had become troubled, and the sleeping despot awakened to the reality of his position. Nicholas felt that his attitude was one of dangerous isolation.

Having referred to Russia, let us give a passing glance at Turkey at this period. The treaty between Austria and the Western Powers gave great satisfaction to the Turks at Constantinople. They looked to the separation of Austria from Russia as the pledge of their future safety, for they well knew that hitherto they would have fallen before Nicholas and Francis Joseph whenever those two potentates chose to combine. Notwithstanding the immense military power of Austria, and the fact that a resolute invasion by that state of the Russian territory would doubtless have brought the war to a close, yet it was considered by the Turks, that the military assistance of Austria was a matter of small importance compared with the guarantee for her future policy thus given by her desertion of her imperious and exacting protector, the czar. The Turks, indeed, were by no means sanguine as to the result of the war. They believed that it would probably check the aggressive spirit of Russia, ensure the safety of Europe, liberate Germany from something resembling a degrading vassalage to the czar, and add to the military glory of France and England. They believed it might do all this; but in these matters, except the first, the Turks felt no interest, and they dreaded to reflect on what might be the result of the war to themselves. The most perceptive of the Osmanli feared that their country might be subjected to a lengthened occupation by the allies, especially by the energetic French, who had established themselves at every commanding point, and dealt with their prejudices in a somewhat cavalier manner. The Turks also looked to Austria as a power which should counterbalance the influence of England and France. Many of them are by no means anxious to see the Russians too completely humbled; “for who,” they inquire,

"is to send away the French and English?" They did not believe that the czar would succumb, even though Prussia joined the other powers, and Russia had to bear the attack of all the great states of Europe. A feeling of the invincibility of Russian obstinacy prevailed among all classes of the Turks, which, though weakened by the evacuation of the provinces, revived again after the fruitless attack on Sebastopol on the 17th of October. The Mussulman and Christian inhabitants of Turkey mingle much with each other, and have, in many respects, the same ideas, superstitions, and prophecies, though, of course, what is looked upon with hope by one communion is a cause of despondency to the other. Among the great body of the Greeks, the idea existed that God was fighting for the Russians, and the idea was entertained by the same classes among their opponents, who considered that the prophet had turned away his face from his people. The Turks made up their minds that there was to be a long war, but that they would have very little to do with it. They regarded themselves as safe for the time being, and were content to leave their future destiny to fate and the Western Powers.*

* A writer from Constantinople (January, 1855) has the following highly interesting remarks on the feelings of its Mohammedan inhabitants:—"Now that immediate danger from Russia is past, and the enthusiasm of a few months since has died away, or been drowned in blood and losses, the feelings of the Turkish race have been much changed. Every other impulse is now swallowed up in the desire to get rid of the western armies. The terrible image which is ever before the eyes of Mussulmans is the elevation of the Christian races to an equality with themselves. This they believe the West will insist upon; and they have a not unnatural feeling, that the presence of two armies in their territory will give them little choice in the principle or details of any changes. No one who has any acquaintance with the Turks can doubt their utter discouragement as to the result of the present occupation, and of their wish, at any cost, to bring it to a close. The feeling is deepest among those in power, who have most to lose in the shape of unworthy influences and illegal gains. If, when peace is concluded, the allies should urge a further stay of their armies on Turkish soil, it is most certain that the project will be opposed with all the desperate pertinacity which is characteristic of the race, and which has so often baffled the most vigorous diplomatists armed with the justest arguments. As to the future, the world may be assured that the Turk will never call in allies again."—"Since the struggle before Sebastopol began, the so-called Russian party among the Turks has gained no little strength. This is of course not a party with any real predilection for Russia, or one which wishes to see the czar at Constantinople; but it consists chiefly of the least advanced and most fanatical of the wealthier pashas.

Turning to English affairs, we must here notice the retirement of Admiral Dundas from the command of our fleet in the Black Sea, and the appointment of Admiral Sir Edmund Lyons in his place. This change gave great satisfaction, for it had been long felt that Admiral Dundas had not exhibited that zeal and energy which was naturally expected from one in his exalted and responsible position, and that, in fact, the services of the Black Sea fleet, so far as they had been available, were owing entirely to the unflagging activity of Sir Edmund Lyons. On leaving the fleet at Constantinople, from whence he returned to England, Admiral Dundas issued the following farewell address to those who had served under his command:—

"H.M.S. *Britannia*, in the Bosphorus,
December 22nd, 1854.

"My term of service as commander-in-chief in the Mediterranean and Black Sea having drawn to a close, I am about to return to England, and give up the command of this fleet.

"During the past year many trying circumstances have occurred—pestilence in its most aggravated form, action with the enemy

By a Russian party is meant those who think it most prudent to lean on Muscovite protection, and to allow the czar a right of interference and the chief voice in the councils of the empire, through a confident hope that he will, for his own interest, preserve the present system, at least during their time. The Turk has now ceased to look beyond the present generation. The absence of the idea of family encourages the state of feeling which is expressed in the phrase 'after me the deluge.' The great body of the richer Turks are childless; their wives constantly practise abortion, since with this sensual race a woman who has had a child generally loses the affection of her husband. The consequence is, that these men look only to their own time, and fancy that Russian ascendancy will give them, during the next twenty years, the tranquillity and authority which they have always enjoyed, while the reforming and humanitarian West will destroy the system under which they have become rich, and raise to a troublesome equality the energetic races whom they are beginning to fear."—"It is an unfortunate circumstance that England and France have not conciliated, or even tried to conciliate, any of the races which inhabit this land. In all the pomp and pride of civilisation they came here to settle matters by the sword, and during the last year every western print has been full of the worthlessness and depravity of Oriental races, from the Pruth to the Persian gulf. The Turks, indeed, were the subjects of a temporary enthusiasm, but the flight of a few hundreds of them from an ill-constructed battery, was sufficient to wipe away the triumphs of Citate and Silistria; and since that time they have been ill-used, ridiculed, and beaten in a manner that has created a most bitter feeling among high and low in Stamboul."

against land defences such as ships hardly ever encountered, and a tempest of the most awful violence.

"In all those events the good conduct and gallantry of the fleet have been evinced and proved.

"In taking an affectionate leave of the officers, seamen, and marines of the fleet, I can hereafter experience no higher gratification than the assurance that they preserve their high character for discipline, enterprise, and devotion to our sovereign and country.

"J. W. D. DUNDAS,

"Vice-admiral, Commander-in-chief.

"To the admirals, captains, commanders, officers, seamen, and marines of the fleet in the Mediterranean and Black Sea."

On the retirement of Dundas, Admiral Hamelin was also replaced by Vice-admiral Bruat, a distinguished officer of the French navy. On resigning his command, Admiral Hamelin was promoted by the emperor, and his successor published the following order of the day:—"Officers and seamen,—We are about to lose our worthy chief; his illustrious services have received their reward. After having called on me to second him, the emperor has called on me to replace him. Faithful to the traditions bequeathed to us by a glorious past, we shall continue to lend to our valiant army, and to our brave allies, that warm co-operation to which he has already rendered such flattering and cordial justice. On the day of combat the same patriotic cry will still rally us round the flag of France—*Vive l'Empereur!*"

About the time that Sir Edmund Lyons assumed the command of the fleet, an incident occurred which, though trifling in itself, must not be forgotten. It was the first instance of that spirit of civility which so eminently characterised Peninsular warfare. Hitherto, all communications about the exchange of prisoners, or the burial of dead, were received by the Russians in a surly manner at variance with the practice of civilised western nations. On this occasion an instance of generous appreciation for a valiant enemy was exhibited by a Russian officer. The *Stromboli* having been

sent to Sebastopol with a flag of truce, in order to take back a Russian artillery officer in exchange for Lord Dunkellin, Sir Edmund Lyons took advantage of the opportunity to send a cheese as a present to the Russian admiral, with whom he had been acquainted in former days. Shortly afterwards the civility was returned. A fourteen-oared boat came out from the town and brought a deer as a present back to Sir Edmund Lyons, together with a polite note from the Russian admiral, in which was the following passage:—"The Russian admiral remembers with pleasure the time of his acquaintance with Sir Edmund, and regrets not to have seen him for so long, except the other day, when he came in rather close with the *Agamemnon*."

We mentioned in our last chapter, that at the conference held at Vienna to consider what further steps Austria would take in the event of peace not being restored, Prince Gortschakoff, who was present as the representative of Russia, asked for a fortnight's further delay, that he might receive instructions from the Emperor Nicholas as to whether he would accept the four points as a basis on which to treat for peace. Before the expiration of the fourteen days, the emperor answered that he accepted the four points without reserve, and negotiations were entered into with a view to peace, but with an understanding that hostilities would not be suspended in the meantime. The sincerity of the Emperor Nicholas in this proceeding was much doubted, it being conjectured that he would merely attempt to weaken, if not to dissolve, the frail bond of union that existed between Austria and the Western Powers.

Though peace was talked of, the allies continued their preparations for war with unabated vigour. In the commencement of the year (1855) they were also joined by a new state. The Sardinian or Piedmontese government* signed the protocol of April, 1854, and the king, Victor Emmanuel, gave in his adhesion to the Western Powers. This important step was taken in virtue of the fifth article of the convention between the Queen of England and the Emperor of the French. That article was as follows:—"Their majesties the Queen of the United

* The kingdom of Sardinia consists of two parts. First, the island in the Mediterranean, from which it receives its name; and second, of its continental territories; these latter consisting of Savoy, Piedmont, Nice, and Genoa. Piedmont is the metropolitan or central portion of the Sardinian States, and Turin is



Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and the Emperor of the French will readily admit into their alliance, in order to co-operate for the proposed object, such of the other powers of Europe as may be desirous of becoming parties to it." The Piedmontese government expressed its intention of sending 15,000 picked men of the Sardinian army to the theatre of war to share the fatigues and honours of the struggle. The King of Sardinia engaged to provide for the pay and provisioning of these troops, and also to keep up their numerical strength by reinforcements. On the other hand, France and England guaranteed the integrity of the Sardinian States, and engaged to defend them against any attack during the war. It was further agreed, that the Queen of England should recommend to her parlia-

ment the advance of a million of money as a loan, for which four per cent. interest should be paid; and should the war not be at an end at the expiration of twelve months, her majesty was to recommend a loan of another million on the same terms.*

The adhesion of the Sardinian government to the allies was hailed by the *Times*, in an article of considerable eloquence, from which we extract the following passage:—"The critical times in which we live, the great events that are continually occurring, bring out, in strong and unwonted relief, the character of men and of nations, and show us, in one place, a people tamely sinking below its position and its opportunities, and, in another, one gallantly rising above them. Look at the present position of Prussia, a nation armed to the teeth, and

* The reasons of the Sardinian government for joining the allies are fully expressed in the following address, read on the 26th of January, by Count Cavour (the minister of foreign affairs) to the chamber of deputies at Turin:—"Gentlemen,—The eastern war, having called forth new interests to combat on the field of politics, has rendered new alliances necessary. The course of old diplomatic traditions was all at once interrupted, and both from a careful consideration of the present serious moment and of a future from which the greatest prudence alone can avert the dangers, it was clear to every government that, in the face of complications so unexpected on the world's stage, it was necessary to seek a new system that should procure strength, supports, and remedial acts, to provide against the altered circumstances. England and France first gave the world the generous example of the most complete forgetfulness of their secular differences, descending united to the field where they combat in the cause of justice and the common rights of nations. The other governments, watching the rapid progress of events, dispose themselves to take that part in them that necessity or the convenience of their own policy may require. In such serious circumstances, and in the midst of such general preparations, the government of the king would have been gravely wanting in duty had it not attentively considered how to act for the good of the king and the state, and, having made its choice, had it not resolutely put it in execution. The alternatives were two:—

"Neutrality—that is to say, isolation; or

"Alliance with the Western Powers.

"Neutrality, sometimes possible to powers of the first rank, is seldom so to those of the second, unless placed in special, political, and geographical circumstances. History, however, rarely shows happy instances of neutrality, the least sad results of which terminate in making those who adopt it either objects of suspicion or disdain to both contending parties. To Piedmont, moreover, the high heart of whose kings inspired at all times a resolute policy, alliances have always been more pleasing. Piedmont has succeeded in making herself accounted more by Europe than her limited territory would appear to warrant, because in the day of common peril she has always known how to face the common fate; as also because

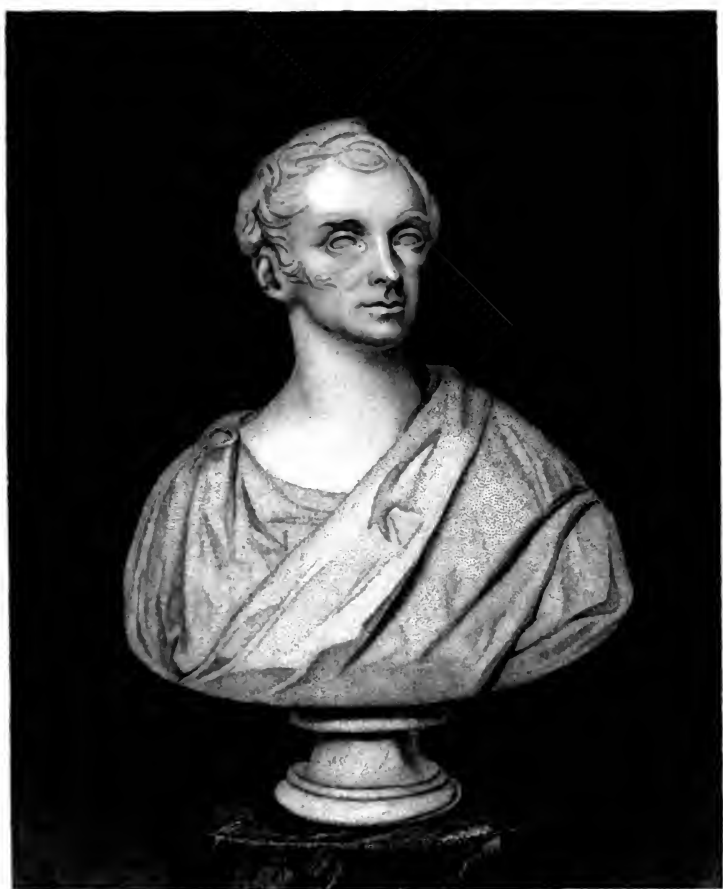
in times of tranquillity it was part of the rare wisdom of the princes of Savoy to reform, by slow degrees, adapting the political and civil laws to the new wants, the natural consequences of the incessant conquest of civilisation. She might, it is true, by one thing or the other, from force of circumstances, have fallen, though, if she had done so, she would have risen again; but she was never held in scorn, or put aside; she never broke the bond that bound her to her kings, and always found her safety in the fidelity and esteem that she has known how to inspire. A new proof of both was the proposition of an alliance to the government of his majesty on the part of those of her majesty the Queen of England and of his majesty the Emperor of the French. The examples of history, the anticipations of the future, the noble traditions of the house of Savoy, all unite to drive the ministry from a timid, idle policy, and to lead it instead by the old road, followed by our fathers, who knew true prudence to exist in sharing the sacrifices and perils encountered for justice, whence arose increased reputation or benefits after victory. By order of the king, who on this occasion, as always, has shown himself equal to the greatness of the event, and to the virtue of his house, the formal adhesion to the treaty of the 10th of April has been accomplished, and at the same time were drawn up the two conventions to regulate the manner of co-operation to be lent by Sardinia in consequence of this act. We come, therefore, to submit them for your approbation. The fruit of a prudence which tends to courage and generosity, we believe that this treaty will obtain your consent more than it would have done had it been suggested by a timid prudence and shortsighted calculations. You, elected by a people who have a heart devoted to their princes when they should follow on the path of sacrifice and honour, cannot feel it in your hearts to act otherwise. To the Cross of Savoy, as to that of Genoa, the road to the east is known. Both have shown themselves victorious on those fields, where this time they will shine united on our banner. Placed now between the glorious standards of England and France, it will know how to prove itself worthy of such high company, and that God, who for eight centuries has supported the fortitude and faith of the house of Savoy, will bless it."

heretofore considered one of the five great powers of the world, entering into engagements from which she shrinks as soon as she has entered into them, till at last, left fairly behind by the onward course of events and European diplomacy, she is reduced to petition for leave to be present at conferences in which she has lost all voice and all power of participation. Here is a power unequal to her destiny, inferior to the part which her place in the European confederacy assigns to her, sinking into a second-rate position, merely because she has not spirit to act a first-rate part. Then look at Piedmont, a large portion of whose territory is occupied by rugged mountains and Alpine pastures, whose population is small, and whose geographical position is by no means commanding. Piedmont has hardly healed the wounds which she received from the sword of Radetsky in her bold but unequal conflict for Italian independence. The moderate form of government she has adopted, modelled as it is on our own constitution, exposes her alike to the hatred of the slaves of a repressive absolutism and the frantic votaries of a republican license. Her finances have hardly recovered the drain of the late war, and her people are still new to the constitutional system, which has ever proved more perfect in practice than in theory, and has not with them, as with us, the memories of six hundred years to strengthen and support it. Had the home policy of Piedmont been chargeable with inaction, or her foreign relations with timidity, here surely are causes of embarrassment and difficulty in which a candid mind would find ample ground for excuse. But Piedmont has shown herself neither timid nor inactive. Notwithstanding the pressure on her finances, she has, with admirable boldness and decision, reformed her whole system of taxation on the footing of free trade. Beset between absolutism on one side and republicanism on the other, she has been guilty of no undue compliance to either, but has maintained with dignity her liberties against the one, and her moderation and self-respect against the other. She is even now engaged in asserting her independence of the Roman pontiff, and vindicating, in despite of a numerous and bigoted party among her own citizens, her supreme power over all persons, both ecclesiastical and civil. Even while this great work is proceeding she has taken another step equally decided and significant. While Prussia dare do nothing

but offer mediation which nobody will accept—while Spain, rich in territory and in memories, but poor in spirit, in men, and in money, will not join in league against a government which refuses to recognise her very existence—and while Greece, as false to her interests as to her traditions, seeks to sell for the glories of an imaginary empire her liberty and political existence, Piedmont, acting for itself, under no pressure and no compulsion, has joined the confederacy against Russia.”

The Turkish government being desirous to co-operate with the allies, Omar Pasha received directions from the sultan to throw his forces into the Crimea, and proceeded to the camp of the allies on the 5th of January, where he concerted measures with the English and French commanders. His stay in the neighbourhood of Sebastopol was very brief, but its effects were soon perceived by the landing of 10,000 Turks at Eupatoria, being the first detachment of a numerous Ottoman army which shortly afterwards assembled at this spot. This was necessary, as it was reported that General Osten-Sacken would speedily commence hostilities against that place with a force consisting of 40,000 troops and eighty guns.

The British parliament reassembled after the Christmas recess, on Tuesday, the 23rd of January. In the House of Commons Lord John Russell, in answer to a question by Mr. Layard, gave the following comprehensive statement of what had occurred with respect to the negotiations for peace:—“At the end of November, the Russian government, through their minister at Vienna, declared their acceptance of what are called the ‘four points.’ On the 2nd of December, a treaty was signed by France, England, and Austria; and on the 28th of December, a meeting was held by the ministers of France, England, and Austria, at Vienna, with Prince Gortschakoff, the minister of Russia. At that meeting the French minister read, on the part of his own government and of the governments of England and Austria, the interpretation which those three powers put on the four points, and which should be considered as the basis of negotiation. I will mention only that with respect to the third point, it was proposed in that interpretation to put an end to the preponderance of Russia in the Black Sea. Prince Gortschakoff stated that he would not agree to the proposed interpretation of the four points, but that he would



request further instructions from his government. Ten days afterwards he informed Count Buol that he had received those instructions, and on the 7th or 8th of January another meeting was held at the office of the Austrian minister for foreign affairs, and at that meeting Prince Gortschakoff read a memorandum which he said he had received, and which contained the views of his government. It was replied by Count Buol, Lord Westmoreland, and Baron de Bourqueney, that they had no authority to receive any such memorandum, and that they must require, as the basis of negotiations, the consent of the Russian plenipotentiary to the interpretation of which he had already received information. The Russian plenipotentiary then withdrew the memorandum he had read, and declared the acceptance, on the part of his government, of the communicated interpretation as the basis of negotiations."

A much more important matter, with regard to home politics in connexion with the war, occurred in the house that evening. Mr. Roebuck, the member for Sheffield, stated that, on the following Thursday, he should move for a select committee to inquire into the number and condition of our army before Sebastopol, and into the conduct of those departments of the government whose duty it was to administer to the wants of that army. This motion, which certainly ought to have been anticipated by the ministry, led to the most exciting results. The following Thursday (January 25th), it was announced, in both houses of parliament, that Lord John Russell had tendered to her majesty the resignation of the office he held as president of the council, and that the resignation had been accepted. Shortly after receiving this information, both houses adjourned to the following day, it having been stated in the Commons that Lord John Russell would take an early opportunity of stating to the house the grounds which had induced him to adopt the step he had taken. The retirement of his lordship from the cabinet, on the eve of a great parliamentary discussion on its past conduct, elicited severe animadversion from the press.

Great curiosity and excitement prevailed throughout the country; but anxious politicians had not long to wait. On Friday evening Lord Aberdeen stated, in the imperial parliament, that he was not fully possessed of the motives which had induced

his noble friend to tender his resignation; but he would read to their lordships a letter which he had received on the previous Tuesday. It was as follows:—

"Chesham-place, Jan. 23rd, 1855.

"My dear Lord Aberdeen,—Mr. Roebuck has given notice of a motion for a committee to inquire into the conduct of the war. I do not see how this motion is to be resisted; but, as it involves a censure upon the war departments conducted by my colleagues, my only course is to tender my resignation. I have therefore to request that you will lay my humble resignation of the office which I have the honour to hold before the queen, with the expression of my gratitude for her majesty's kindness for many years past.

"I remain, my dear Lord Aberdeen,

"Yours very truly,

"J. RUSSELL."

Lord Aberdeen added, that he was aware that his noble friend had been, for some time, dissatisfied with the conduct of the war; but that he (Lord Aberdeen) was certainly somewhat surprised, as well as deeply concerned, at receiving the letter he had just read. He stated further, that he felt it due to the honour, consistency, and sense of duty of the government, to meet the motion for inquiry which was that night to be made in the other house, and which would decide whether a censure was to be pronounced upon the government or not.

After some brief preliminary business in the House of Commons, Lord John Russell rose to explain his recent conduct. The house was fully attended; great excitement prevailed; and the silent hush of expectation was thus broken by his lordship:—

"At the request of my noble friend at the head of the government, I have postponed till this day the statement I wish to make with respect to my resignation of the office which I lately had the honour to hold—that of president of the council. I shall go at once to the matter, fearing that the statement I have to make may be prolonged more than I could wish it should be. On Tuesday last, when I was present in this house, the honourable and learned gentleman the member for Sheffield gave notice of a motion for a select committee 'to inquire into the condition of our army before Sebastopol, and into the conduct of those departments of the government whose duty it has been to minister to the wants of that army.' Sir, I, of course, had thought that it would be probable some member might move for an inquiry of this kind. I had not, however, fully

considered the course that I ought to take. That, of course, depended much on the nature of the motion that might be made, and I should say, likewise, that it depended much on the quarter from which it might come. The honourable and learned gentleman the member for Sheffield, it is evident, is in a position to evince no hostility to the government, which he has supported, and I could not conceive that he had any other object than that which we have all at heart—the rigorous prosecution of the war. Now, sir, with respect to the power of inquiry, it is a most valuable privilege of this house. This house has no power of appointment, no power of directing the measures that may be taken; but by the power of inquiry it corrects abuses, it reforms maladministration, and strengthens these establishments which it may seem for a time to shake. A motion for inquiry, however, may be resisted on two grounds—the one, that there are no evils existing of sufficient magnitude to call for inquiry; the other, that sufficient means have been taken to remedy those evils, and that they will be best cured by other means than by a resort to the inquisitorial powers of this house. Now, with respect to the first of these grounds which I have stated, it is obvious that it is impossible to be resorted to. No one can deny the melancholy condition of our army before Sebastopol. The accounts which arrive from that quarter every week are not only painful, but horrible and heartrending; and I am sure no one would oppose for a moment any measure that would be likely not only to cure, but to do anything to mitigate those evils. *Sir, I must say that there is something, with all the official knowledge to which I have had access, that to me is inexplicable in the state of our army.* If I had been told as a reason against the expedition to the Crimea last year that your troops would be seven miles from the sea, seven miles from a secure port—which at that time, when we had in contemplation the expedition, we hardly hoped to possess—and that at that seven miles' distance they would be in want of food, of clothes, and of shelter to such a degree that they would perish at the rate of from ninety to a hundred a-day, I should have considered such a prediction as utterly preposterous, and such a picture of the expedition as entirely fanciful and absurd. We are all, however, free to confess the notoriety of that melancholy state of things. It was not therefore by denying the existence of the evils that I could hope to induce this house to reject the proposition of the honourable and learned gentleman; but I had further to reflect that I was in a position not to give a faint 'No' to the proposal—not to express in vague and equivocal language a wish that the motion should not be carried, or to use any evasion with respect to the letter of its terms with a view to defeat

the motion. It was my duty—a duty which, I trust, I have ever performed when in that situation—to stand in the front of the battle, and manfully to take my part in opposing the appointment of that committee. Then, sir, I had to consider whether I might not give the second reason for refusing the committee to which I have alluded—viz., that measures had been taken, that arrangements were in progress, by which those evils would be remedied, and by which the administration of the war would be vigorously and, as was to be hoped, successfully prosecuted. Sir, I should have been more disposed to give that reason, because it is obvious that the concession of a committee on the subject, a committee sitting for weeks, perhaps for months, would be fatal to the efficiency of those military purposes which it would chiefly affect. There was therefore the strongest inducement, if possible, to put forward such an objection to the inquiry which the honourable and learned gentleman proposed to make; but, sir, I found upon reflection that it was impossible for me to urge with effect, and according to my own conscience, and with truth, that objection to the proposition for a committee. I hope the house will here permit me to refer to some circumstances personal to myself, though they hardly come within the scope of the statement I have to make. When the office of secretary of state for war was separated from the office of secretary of state for the colonies, Lord Aberdeen thought it right to propose to the Duke of Newcastle to keep which of the two offices he should most desire. The Duke of Newcastle, with a commendable ambition, as I think, replied that, having exerted himself in fitting out a very large expedition, he should, of course, like to remain at the head of the department which should have the direction of the orders for that expedition and the general management of the war. Lord Aberdeen consented to that arrangement, and I was a consenting party to the appointment. At the end of the session the various members of the government, especially those who are members of this house, dispersed, as they usually do; and it appears to me that that dispersion, after the excessive labours of this house, is necessary to the due performance of their duties; and no one, unless he has to discharge very urgent duties, is to blame for resorting, for purposes of health, to distant parts of the country. I was not in any office which obliged me to take any part in the conduct of the war; but, during my absence, there was scarcely a day in which I did not both receive from and write a letter to my noble friend the secretary of state for foreign affairs with respect to the occurrences that were daily taking place. It has been said I went lecturing about the country at that time. The truth is, an honourable friend of mine, the member for Bristol, had said, on the day this

house separated for the holidays, that it would give great gratification to his friends at Bristol if I would attend a literary society in that place; and the day was named between us. Then, when I was coming from the north, and being at the house of my brother, he informed me that his neighbours in Bedford would be gratified if I would attend a literary meeting in that town. I complied with these two requests, which certainly did not exhaust much time, or call for much study with respect to what I had to say. I conceived, however, that, as president of the council, these meetings were not very alien from the objects of that office. It has, nevertheless, been cast on me as an imputation that I attended to the request of these gentlemen. But, passing from that to a more important point, I have to state that, having attended all the cabinet councils that met on this subject, I wrote to my noble friend Lord Aberdeen at the time that I supposed there would be cabinet meetings—at the beginning of October—that I should be ready to attend them whenever they met. My noble friend, in reply, informed me that he should not return from Scotland till the 14th of October, and on the 17th of October a cabinet council was held, which I thought it my duty to attend. But in the course of that month, and from the beginning of the month of November, it struck me that a better administration of affairs relating to the war was required. I made up my mind with considerable difficulty. It was a matter that affected, in some degree, the reputation of a colleague who had not long before assumed the office which he held; but, still, I thought that duty imperatively called upon me to state my views, and a correspondence ensued between my noble friend at the head of the government and myself, from which I shall be obliged to read some extracts in order to put the house in possession of the ground on which I came to the decision at which I arrived on Tuesday evening last. The correspondence itself is long, and enters into the details of some personal matters it is quite unnecessary to quote; but, as it is, I must request the house to listen to the representations which I thought it necessary to make and to the answers I received. I wished, if possible, to put the matter in a light that would bear rather the air of a different official arrangement than any displacement of individuals. I therefore stated the question of the war department in two points of view—the one as referring to an arrangement which it was necessary to make, in consequence of the pledge given to this house last session that the whole of the war department should be considered with a view to arrangements which should provide for its efficiency; and the other point of view relating to the carrying on of the war. With respect to the first point, I said I thought it was of the utmost importance that a person

of the rank of privy councillor should hold office in this house, upon whom should devolve the moving of the war estimates, and who should be an authority able to answer the various difficult questions which I foresaw would come before the house. I will not trouble the house with any details on that part of the subject, but I proposed that the office of secretary of state for war and the office of secretary at war should be held by the same person. In a letter addressed to the Earl of Aberdeen on the 17th of November, 1854, I said—‘From the other point of view the prospect is equally clear. We are in the midst of a great war. In order to carry on that war with efficiency, either the prime minister must be constantly urging, hastening, completing the military preparations, or the minister of war must be strong enough to control other departments. Every objection of other ministers—the plea of foreign interests to be attended to, of naval preparations not yet complete, and a thousand others, justifiable in the separate heads of departments, must be forced to yield to the paramount necessity of carrying on the war with efficiency of each service, and completeness of means to the end in view. . . . If, therefore, the first considerations here presented lead to the conclusion that the secretary of state for the war department must be in the House of Commons, the latter considerations point to the necessity of having in that office a man who, from experience of military details, from inherent vigour of mind, and from weight with the House of Commons, can be expected to guide the great operations of war with authority and success. There is only one person belonging to the government who combines these advantages—my conclusion is, that before parliament meets Lord Palmerston should be intrusted with the seals of the war department.’ That is the opinion I gave, confidentially, to the Earl of Aberdeen. Before I read the Earl of Aberdeen’s answer, I have to say that, the Earl of Aberdeen having requested some days to consider a matter of such importance, I wrote to him again on the 18th of November, stating that I concurred in that delay, adding—‘I wish, however, that before you decide you should show my letter to the Duke of Newcastle. It was my intention in writing the letter to avoid throwing any blame upon him. Indeed, I think he deserves very great credit for the exertions he has made. But he has not had the authority requisite for so great a sphere, and has not been able to do all that might have been done with larger powers of control.’ To my letter Lord Aberdeen replied—misstating my proposition, I must say—that he could not acquiesce in the proposal I had made. On the 21st of November he writes thus:—‘Your proposal being founded on the supposed impropriety of Herbert moving the estimates, and

the consequent necessity of the secretary of state for war being in the House of Commons, renders the removal of the Duke of Newcastle from his present office unavoidable. But, although you would regard this as the inevitable result of an official arrangement, it is not to be supposed that it would be considered in this light by the public, or, indeed, by any impartial person. The dislocation of the government would be so great, and the reason assigned for it apparently so inadequate, that it could only be considered as a mode of substituting one man for another. Although you may be far from entertaining any such desire, the transaction could receive no other interpretation. In justice to the duke, I do not think that his colleagues, without very strong grounds, would wish to place him in such a position.' In the other parts of his letter Lord Aberdeen stated that he did not think any man would undertake the duties which I proposed should be undertaken by one person—viz., those of secretary of state for the war department, and, at the same time, secretary at war. He considered it to be necessary that a privy councillor's office should be maintained, and that that office should be held in connexion with the finances of the army, independently of the secretary of state for the war department. He stated also—a consideration well deserving of attention—that it might be desirable that hereafter some military chief, who was in the House of Lords, should have the office, and, therefore, it could not be always held by a member of the House of Commons. I considered the various objections of Lord Aberdeen, and on the 28th of November I wrote as follows:—'I come, therefore, having cleared the ground of all these obstructions, to the real question, what are the requirements of the great war in which we are engaged? Setting aside all historical references, both on your part and mine, I think it is clear either that the prime minister must be himself the active and moving spirit of the whole machine, or the minister of war must have delegated authority to control other departments. Neither is the case under the present arrangement.' I went on to give some instances of errors that had been committed owing to that want of power and control. I then said—'The cabinet has, it is true, in its recent meetings, done much to repair omissions; but a cabinet is a cumbrous and unwieldy instrument for carrying on war. It can furnish suggestions, or make a decision upon a measure submitted to it, but it cannot administer. What you want, therefore, I repeat, is a minister of war of vigour and authority. As the welfare of the empire and the success of our present conflict are concerned, I have no scruple in saying so. Keep up, if you think right, as a temporary arrangement, a secretary at war. Make it clear that it is tem-

porary—that is to say, only to last till more complete consolidation can take place; but let parliament and the country be assured that you have placed the conduct of the war in the hands of the fittest man who can be found for that duty.' In answer to this, I received a long letter from Lord Aberdeen, which I shall read to the house. It is dated November 30th, 1854, and is as follows:—'After all, I think your letter plainly reduces the question to the simple issue of a personal preference, and the substitution of one man for another. In answer to my suggestion that some consideration was due to the duke on the part of his colleagues, you say that you understood the administration was founded on the principle of doing what was best for the public service, without regard to the self-love or even the acquired position of individuals. Undoubtedly this was the case; and I fully agree in thinking that the Duke of Newcastle would be the last man to wish for any exception to this rule in his favour. But I must observe that at the formation of the government no such office as the war department was contemplated; and when, subsequently, the colonial-office was divided, no objection whatever was made to the choice of the war department by the duke; nor, as far as I am aware up to this moment, to his management of the office. Now, I think you will admit that, although another person might perhaps have been preferred on the first constitution of an office, it is a very different thing to displace a man who has discharged its duties ably and honourably, merely in the belief that another might be found still more efficient. Undoubtedly, the public service must be the first object; but, in the absence of any proved defect or alleged incapacity, I can see no sufficient reason for such a change, which, indeed, I think is forbidden by a sense of justice and good faith. . . . On the whole, then, believing that any change like that proposed would be of doubtful advantage to the public, feeling very strongly that it would be an act of unfairness and injustice towards a colleague, and thinking, also, that all such changes, unless absolutely necessary, only tend to weaken a government, I must repeat that I could not honestly recommend it to the queen.' Lord Aberdeen spoke to me afterwards on this subject, and asked me when I intended to bring the question before the cabinet; and I, certainly after a good deal of hesitation, told him that, as he had said he could not honestly recommend that change to the queen, and as I did not wish to do anything which might tend to disturb his government and remove him from office, I should not press the matter further. I should say that my hesitation arose very much in consequence of the opinion of other high authorities, with whom I for years—during the whole of my political life perhaps—have been

living in the closest intimacy, who told me they thought the change unadvisable, and that it would weaken that which I meant to strengthen, and who advised that I should not press it. Now, when I stand here to justify my resignation, and when I am told, as I have been, that I have acted prematurely, I own that the doubt that presses on my mind is whether I ought not at that time to have brought the question of this change to an issue. But among those who urged me not to do so was the noble lord himself, the secretary of state for the home department, who at the time when the correspondence took place was absent, and to whom I afterwards read it. He urged me, considering the objection which had been made, not to press the matter any further. However, that being the case with respect to men, I have further to consider what was the case with respect to measures. I have reminded the house that last year a pledge was given that a new arrangement would be made of the military departments, with a view of rendering them more efficient. I myself had the honour of serving on two commissions having for their object the consolidation and improvement of those departments. Various commissions reported from time to time, and it is now, I think, twenty-two years since the first of them was appointed. At the commencement of the war, then, that which before had been expedient became urgent and necessary, and that consideration to which I have referred was due to the interests of the public and to the expectations of this house. The only change I was able to announce in the session before Christmas was that the commissariat was placed under the war minister. With respect to any further change I heard no mention until a proposal was made in the cabinet—I think on Saturday last. I reflected on that proposal, and then I went to my noble friend at the head of the government, and told him that, after considering the proposal, I thought it incomplete and inefficient. I gave him also a paper containing my own views on the subject. This, the house will observe, was very lately; but I had no reason to expect that my views would be adopted. I had therefore to consider, when I came to reflect upon the Tuesday evening on the course to be taken on the following Thursday, whether I could fairly and honestly say, 'It is true that evils have arisen; it is true that the brave men who fought at the Alma, at Inkermann, and at Balaklava, are perishing many of them from neglect; it is true that the heart of the whole of England throbs with anxiety and sympathy on this subject; but I can tell you that such arrangements have been made—that a man of such vigour and efficiency has taken the conduct of the war department with such a consolidation of offices as to enable him to have the entire and instant control of the whole of the war-offices,

so that any supply may be immediately furnished and any abuse instantly remedied.' I felt I could not honestly make such a declaration. I could not say, after what I had written, that there was a person with such power and control, and of sufficient energy of mind and acquaintance with details, at the head of the war department. I could not say either that the arrangement which had been proposed on Saturday last—that the consolidation of the military departments had either been carried into effect or was in prospect in such a way that I could pledge the faith of government to the efficiency of the arrangement. Well, feeling this—giving the matter the most painful attention—feeling also, as I have already said, that I could give no faint nor faltering opposition to the proposition of the honourable and learned member for Sheffield, and that I must get up, if I opposed it at all, and stand in the way of that which many would think might afford a remedy for those sufferings and distresses which had been complained of, or, at least, if it failed in doing that, might point out a way for their correction and remedy—feeling, too, that many members of this house would look for an assurance on my part which they would be ready to act upon, as they did so far honour me with their confidence, that efficient alterations had been made, I was conscious that I should be repaying that confidence with treachery if I gave an assurance of the kind knowing it not to be true. Well, it appeared to me, no doubt, that the members of the government could hardly remain in office if such a committee as the one proposed were appointed; that it would not be, I will not say dignified, but consistent with the practical good working of our institutions, that there should be a minister sitting on that bench to govern the war, and that the military departments should be at the same time constantly overlooked and checked by a committee sitting upstairs; and that the minister for war should have not only to consider what he was to do in order to provide for the ordinary necessities of the war, and to attend to applications from day to day, but must also consider the evidence to be adduced with respect to his conduct five or six months ago. Such a state of things could not be consistent with the efficiency of our administrative system. I therefore felt that I could come only to one conclusion, and that as I could not resist inquiry, by giving the only assurances which I thought sufficient to prevent it, my duty was not to remain any longer a member of the government. It would be competent for others, if they thought either that everything necessary had already been done, or would be done, consistently to oppose the motion for inquiry; but for my own part I felt that I could not do so, and I therefore wrote in very short terms, not quite accurately stating the

terms of the motion, a note to the following effect. (His lordship here read the note which the Earl of Aberdeen had produced in the House of Lords.) To that note I received no answer; but on the following evening my noble friend informed me that he had been to Windsor with my resignation, and that her majesty had been pleased to accept it, with the gracious expression of her great concern in doing so. This, then, so far as this immediate statement is concerned, is my case with respect to my own conduct. Those ministers who believe that they can successfully oppose inquiry,—who believe that they are right in respect to what has been done and what is doing, will be perfectly justified in taking the part of objecting to the proposed committee. I should have been out of place in such company. But at the same time I must say, that I have heard that there is a rumour, and I hope a true one, that the arrangement which I proposed in my first letter of the 17th of November, or rather in my subsequent letter—namely, that of placing the seals of the war department in the hands of the noble lord, the home secretary, has been made. I shall greatly rejoice if that is the case, for I believe it will be of great benefit to the country that my noble friend (Lord Palmerston) should hold that office. I shall be glad to think that my retirement from office has in any way contributed to that change, and I believe it must in some way have contributed to it; for otherwise I have no doubt that my noble friend, Lord Aberdeen, with the fairness and candour which belong to him, and which I always found in him, would have answered the letter I have just read, by saying that circumstances had in some respect changed, that that which he could not honestly recommend to the queen in November he had thought necessary at the present time; and that therefore my difficulty in opposing the motion of inquiry might be in some degree lessened, if not entirely removed. That cannot have been the case. This must have been a subsequent arrangement, and I shall be very glad if my retirement from the less important office, in the present conjuncture, of president of the council could have led to the appointment to the war department of my noble friend the home secretary. Having stated thus much with respect to my position and the position of the government, I have not regularly any right to go further, but as perhaps I shall take no part in the debate on the motion of the honourable and learned member for Sheffield, and as it is not my intention even to give a vote on the question, I may be permitted to say somewhat more in reference to the present state of public affairs. I should state, in the first place, that I believe that all parties in this house, without distinction, are anxious that the war should be carried on by the most vigorous measures, until we can obtain a just and honourable

peace; and I repeat my opinion, that those measures, which are the most vigorous for the prosecution of the war, and those terms of peace, which are most decidedly and unquestionably just and honourable, will meet with the most favour from all parties in this house. I thoroughly believe that if any triumph attends her majesty's arms, those who are in opposition to Lord Aberdeen's government will as heartily rejoice in that triumph as the government themselves. This at least gives great facilities at present for carrying on the government with success. What further I have to say is, that I do not think that the general aspect of affairs abroad at all warrants the depression which I see it has in some quarters produced. No doubt the accounts which we have received from our camp before Sebastopol are gloomy and disheartening; but with respect to the great objects of the war in which we are engaged, I believe that our prospects are by no means gloomy. When I spoke on a former occasion with reference to Austria, my language was most erroneously construed as depreciating the conduct and intentions of that power. Now, I wish to give every credit and importance to that which Austria has done. It is in consequence of the large armaments she has made, the equipment of her army to the extent of 500,000 men, the entrenchment and strengthening of points which were weak, and the raising of an enormous force of cavalry—it is in consequence of these preparations that the Emperor of Russia has abated much of his pretensions, has been ready to consent to terms which in last August he utterly rejected, and that he now seriously considers whether or not he will make those concessions which are necessary for the purpose of procuring peace. It is in a great degree owing to the admirable ability and, still more, the admirable patience exhibited by Lord Clarendon in his negotiations that we have the advantage of Austria throwing her weight into negotiations, with the assurance that if a peace such as she thinks safe for Europe cannot be obtained she will act with the allies, bringing with her the aid of 500,000 men. We have, in the next place, to rely, without the smallest hesitation or doubt, on the fidelity of our ally, the Emperor of the French, of whose good faith, besides all other actions and all other assurances, I saw and heard such proofs during my last residence in his capital that I cannot have the slightest hesitation in assuring the house that the two countries of England and France will remain united to the end of this great struggle. Well, then, with these advantages, I think we may hope to see one of two things—one, no doubt, more desirable than the other; but the other, at the same time, an honourable course, and one from which we should not shrink:—either the Emperor of Russia will make those concessions which will

be just and honourable for England, for France, and for the safety of Europe; or, if he should fail in making those concessions, there will be such a force of European arms collected against him that final triumph must attend those arms. I could not help expressing this conviction on the present occasion, because I think that, whoever may be minister, he may rely, first, on the patriotic feeling and loyalty of this house, next on the unflinching alliance of the Emperor of the French, and thirdly, on the assistance of the Emperor of Austria, if honourable terms of peace cannot be obtained. Perhaps I may be permitted to say, as I have now left Lord Aberdeen's government, that I cannot refrain on this occasion from quoting the words of Sir Robert Peel, with respect to that noble lord, and also from declaring that, in my opinion, they are fully justified. When Sir Robert Peel was leaving office he said—'My noble friend has dared to avow that there is a moral obligation upon the Christian minister of a Christian country to exhaust every effort for the maintenance of peace before incurring the risk, not to say the guilt, of war. But while he has not shrunk from the manly avowal of that opinion, I will, in justice to him, add this—and it is perfectly consistent with that opinion as to the moral obligation of maintaining peace, while peace can be maintained with honour—that there never was a minister less inclined to sacrifice any essential interest, or to abate anything from the dignity and honour of this country, even for the purpose of securing that inestimable blessing.' I believe the opinion thus expressed to be perfectly just. My noble friend had entered into this war not until it was necessary, and it was only a few days ago that I had a long conversation with him on the terms of peace with which we ought to be satisfied; and I must say I entirely concurred in all he said, and had the fullest reliance that he would not concur in any peace which is not just and honourable, and which would not be approved by the general feeling of this country. Perhaps I may say a few words with respect to the government I have left, and for joining which I have been often taunted. I cannot but say that I look back to my association with many of the measures and acts of that administration with great pride and satisfaction. I look back, above all, with the greatest pride and satisfaction to that speech of eloquence and wisdom delivered by my right honourable friend the chancellor of the exchequer when proposing his financial scheme two years ago, and maintaining, as I believe, the true principles of finance. It is a satisfaction to me to think that the splendour of that exhibition was so great as to shed some portion of its brilliancy on those who were his colleagues. I know it was said at the time when that administration was formed, that those with whom I had always been connected—

the whig party—had not, in the distribution of power, that degree of influence that properly belongs to them on account of their character, abilities, and numbers. It always appeared to me before that period that a very unjust notion had found its way among the public to a very great extent—namely, that the whig party was an exclusive party and required all power and office for itself, and was not prepared to support any system of administration in which it did not enjoy that monopoly. I must say I think that opinion was an unjust one, and the conduct of the whig party during the last two years fully justifies my opinion. I will venture to say that no party ever behaved with greater honour or more disinterested patriotism than the whig party, who, during the whole of that period, has supported the government of Lord Aberdeen. It is my pride, and it will ever be my pride to the last day of my life, to have belonged to a party which, as I conceive, upholds the true principles of freedom and the just influence of the people, and, whether in or out of office, it will be my constant endeavour to preserve and to maintain the principles which the great whig party has laid down."

This speech of Lord John Russell was not generally regarded as justifying his abrupt desertion of the ministry. Most persons condemned it either as a cowardly flight from duty, or as an unworthy intrigue to obtain the premiership for himself. Lord Palmerston, who spoke on the part of the government, submitted to his noble friend that the course he had taken was not in correspondence with the usual practice of public men, and that it was calculated to involve the government in a position of embarrassment, in which they ought not to have been placed by the hands of a colleague.

Mr. Roebuck then rose to bring forward his motion for inquiry into the conduct of the war and the state of our suffering troops. He said that the question naturally divided itself into two parts; first, what was the condition of our army before Sebastopol; and secondly, how that condition had been brought about. From the shores of this country 54,000 soldiers had been sent; and it appeared, from the best information, that there were not then more than 14,000 men actually in arms before Sebastopol; and that, of those 14,000, less than 5,000 were in a state of health. Alluding to a letter he had recently received from Constantinople, Mr. Roebuck remarked: "The writer also says he is sure that the British army will, within two months, be totally destroyed;

and, speaking of a general who has been out there, and has now returned, he states that, in accordance with his opinion, and the opinions of those most likely to be well-informed, he is firmly persuaded that a great disaster is about to befall the army now before Sebastopol. Fourteen thousand men, then, remained out of the whole 54,000. I want to know, sir, what has become of the 40,000 troops who have disappeared from the ranks of your army?" In answer to the next inquiry—how that state of the army had been brought about, he observed: "My belief is, that it has been produced by incapacity at home and incapacity abroad; by incapacity on the part of those whose duty it is to minister to that army's wants." Mr. Roebuck, who had long been in a delicate state of health, was unable, from want of strength, to proceed with his address, and he resumed his seat amidst loud cheers. After a vehement debate, the house was adjourned until the following Monday. Of the long, excited, and in some respects brilliant debate that occurred on that evening, it would lead us too far from our path were we to enter into a digest of it here.* Many painful disclosures were made, and much recrimination took place; but, at the close, the opinion of the country was expressed loudly and unequivocally. It was past two

* In the course of the debate, Mr. B. Osborne prided himself upon the circumstance that the admiralty (to which he himself belonged) had escaped censure. He then added the following singular facts with reference to our military system:—"Will any man tell me that our military system, as existing at present, has tended to develop or bring forward military talent or genius? Look, sir, in the first instance, how the staff of the British army is composed. It is all very well for honourable gentlemen to come down and talk of consolidation of the ordnance, the horse-guards, and the commissariat under one head, and the substitution of one minister for another; I maintain, whatever may be the inherent vigour of that man, whatever may be his experience, a mere consolidation will not be sufficient; *you must reconstruct your whole military system.* The time has arrived when you cannot expect an army, besides winning battles in the field, to go through the vicissitudes of a campaign under the present state of things. You must lay an unsparing hand on that building adjacent to these premises; you must see whether, in fact, you can find a modern Hercules to turn the serpentine through the horse-guards and all the ramifications of the war-office. Look at the constitution of the staff. In France the staff is regarded as the head of the army, and officers only are placed on it who possess a knowledge of military science and display fertility in expedients. In England every one knows that it is not merit and capacity for which an officer is appointed to the staff, but interest and connection. Let any honourable gentleman move for a return of the officers employed on

o'clock in the morning when the house divided on a motion for a select committee of inquiry, when the following was the result:—

Ayes	305
Noes	148

Majority against the government 157

This majority at once sealed the fate of the ministry; for it was regarded not only as an expression of a want of confidence in them, but also as a vote of censure. In consequence of the anniversary of the "martyrdom" (as it is absurdly called) of King Charles I., the House of Lords adjourned from Monday until Thursday, and the Commons followed its frivolous example. The mind of the nation was distracted with doubts and anxieties, and the brave English army at the Crimea was slowly perishing for want of assistance; but still, even under these circumstances, a foolish and parisitical formality must be gone through, and several valuable days sacrificed in token of mourning for the fate of an equivocating despot who courted his own doom!

On Tuesday morning a cabinet council was held, at which all the ministers agreed to resign, and at two o'clock Lord Aberdeen started for Windsor to communicate that intelligence to the queen. Within a the staff in the Crimea, showing how many speak French, how many can trace a common military field plan. I will venture to say not one-third can do it. I attack no individual, I attack the system. Why, if anything were to happen to Lord Raglan, will any gentleman tell me where we are to select a general for the chief command. It has been suggested to borrow one from the French army. How can you possibly have a succession of generals when the first thing you do is to debar any man who has any peculiar talent for command from entering your army unless he can lodge a large sum of money and purchase every step. The regulation price—and no man gets it for the regulation price—of the commission of a lieutenant-colonel of cavalry is £6,175. I have known instances in which £15,000 have been so expended. The regulation price for the commission of a lieutenant-colonel of infantry is £4,500. How is it possible, then, that any but a rich man can enter the army. . . . I say it is unfair to sacrifice a minister of war to the faults of your system, which this house has sanctioned and confirmed. If we are to have any reform in the British army, with a stern hand you must do away with the practice, and put the whole staff arrangements on a different footing. If you constitute another army on the same footing, I do not think it will do any better. It is not enough that they should win battles, they must go through campaigns; and we have seen the lamentable and disgraceful way in which this war has been conducted. I say, in this, I impute no inefficiency to the men. They are the victims of the system, and this house is to blame for having so long permitted it."

day or two her majesty left Windsor Castle and arrived at Buckingham Palace, animated by a desire to promote the public service and prevent that loss of time which must have resulted from the absence of the court from London at such a season of political agitation and embarrassment. In the meantime the Earl of Derby was summoned to the castle, and had an audience with the queen for the purpose of forming a new ministry.

When the lords assembled on Thursday, the Earl of Aberdeen informed them that, after the recent vote in the House of Commons, the government had felt it to be their duty to place their resignations in the hands of her majesty. He said, that while the late administration did not shrink from any inquiry into their conduct, he believed that such an inquiry would show that no indifference had been exhibited by them to the wants of the army in the Crimea. But little interest attached to the speech of the ex-premier: not so, however, to the manly defence of the Duke of Newcastle against the aspersions cast upon him by Lord John Russell (in the speech explaining his resignation), and the overwhelming refutation which he hurled at the head of his late colleague and accuser. "If," said a leading journal, "it be put to any impartial man to say, after having read the particulars of this transaction, whether he had rather stand before the people of England and the judgment of history as the Duke of Newcastle or as Lord John Russell, not one man in a hundred would hesitate to choose the fate of a minister who has fallen at his post, surrounded by his colleagues, rather than that of a politician who terminated his official career by flight, and sheltered that flight under a misrepresentation. The one may have been unfortunate in the selection of his instruments, but the other has been insincere in his dealings with his friends." We add, in a slightly condensed form, the speech of the duke. After a few introductory remarks, he thus continued:—

"No man can feel more than I do the inconvenience of thrusting upon parliament or upon the public what I may call domestic differences between colleagues in a cabinet, even at the moment of separation; but, my lords, in the speech to which I have referred, the noble lord placed the justification of the course which he had taken almost exclusively upon my acceptance of the office of secretary of state for war, and my subsequent continuance in that de-

partment. I therefore feel it necessary to state to your lordships some omissions which were made by the noble lord, and to afford some explanations consequent upon words which fell from him. The noble lord (Lord J. Russell) said, in one of the letters he addressed to my noble friend (the Earl of Aberdeen), and which he read to the other house of parliament, that when the two secretaryships of state were divided, he yielded to my strong wish that I should occupy the war department, thereby implying that he had been opposed to that course, that he had remonstrated against it, and that he had been overruled. Now, my lords, I venture to say that such was not the case, and, if I now enter upon any explanation with reference to what took place in the cabinet, I beg to say that I have applied to my sovereign for permission to refer to those occurrences—without which permission, undoubtedly, the oath which, in common with others of her majesty's councillors, I have taken, would have precluded me from alluding to such occurrences. In the cabinet at which it was determined that the two offices of secretary of state for the colonies and secretary of state for war should be divided, a discussion took place, in which I felt it my duty to point out to the cabinet the difficulties which would follow from that separation, unless, before it took place, the duties of the new secretaryship were accurately defined and some definite plan were laid down; and I stated at that time to the noble lord that I thought, in advocating that measure, he should have provided us with such a definite plan. I told him that I, encumbered as I was at that moment with two such laborious offices, had really no time to consider the organisation of departments, and that I regretted that, before the measure was proposed, some definite plan had not been laid down; but the noble lord expressed his opinion that, in deference to the wishes of parliament, the measure should be immediately adopted. The measure was determined upon by the cabinet, and I am sure the noble lord cannot have forgotten,—I am confident that none of my late colleagues who sit near me will have forgotten—that, at the conclusion of that discussion, my last words were these:—"The cabinet having now decided that the two secretaryships shall be divided, all that I can say, as far as I am personally concerned, is, that I am perfectly ready to retain *either or neither*." So much, my lords, for my 'strong wish' referred to by the noble lord. I can only say that, in any discussion of which I heard, I never understood for one moment that the noble lord (Lord J. Russell) had expressed any desire whatever that my noble friend, Lord Palmerston, should occupy the war department. I did hear that, for a time at least, the noble lord himself had contemplated the possibility of his taking that department, and most un-

doubtedly, if that had been the case, I should never for an instant have thought of standing in his way; but I do wish it to be completely understood, that I not only did not express a 'strong wish' on the subject, but that I expressed a perfect readiness to retain either of the offices, or neither of them, as my colleagues might think best for the public service, and might advise her majesty. I do not, at the same time, hesitate to say, that when no other member of the cabinet was put forward to occupy the department of secretary for war, I did not shrink from the duty of assuming that office. I certainly did feel that I should have been unworthy of having held those seals for three months, if I then shrank from what I knew to be a post of difficulty and of danger. Well, my lords, I think I have said enough to prove to you how unjust have been the imputations which have been made upon me, in parliament and elsewhere, that my 'presumption and self-love' induced me to insist upon taking the office of secretary for war. I hope I have sufficiently explained to your lordships the conduct which has been characterised by some as 'arrogance,' and, by the noble lord to whom I have referred, by the more patronising phrase of 'commendable ambition.' I will pass over, in the correspondence which took place between my noble friend lately at the head of the government, and the late president of the council, the letter which the noble lord (Lord J. Russell) addressed to my noble friend (Lord Aberdeen) on the 18th of November, in which he says:—'It was my intention, in writing the letter, to avoid throwing any blame upon him (the Duke of Newcastle.) Indeed, I think he deserves very great credit for the exertions he has made.' I do not wish to dwell upon this letter, or to attach any importance to it, because the noble lord (Lord J. Russell) himself stated, in the speech to which I have referred, that in reality he considered that letter as what our friends on the other side of the Atlantic are pleased to call 'soft sawder;' for he said that, when he spoke in these terms of me, he was still bent upon the object of my removal from office. This was his object. '*Si possis suaviter; si non, quocunque modo.*' The noble lord read extracts from letters which render it absolutely necessary for me both to make some comments upon them, and to read further extracts in explanation. I cannot help expressing some surprise—when the whole gist of the noble lord's speech was to represent my determination to hold the office of secretary for war, and my resolution to maintain it—that he did not quote the following sentence from the letter of my noble friend (the Earl of Aberdeen), dated the 21st of November, in answer to one which I think he had that day received from the noble lord the late president of the council:—'I have shown your letter to the Duke of Newcastle, and also

to Sidney Herbert. They both—as might have been expected—strongly urged me to adopt any such arrangement with respect to their offices as should be thought most conducive to the public service.' My lords, I have shown you, in the first instance, that I did not insist upon holding the seals of the war department; and I have also to state that, when my noble friend placed the letter of the noble lord in my hands, my answer was—'Don't give my Lord J. Russell any pretext for quitting the government. On no account resist his wishes to remove me from office. Do with me whatever is best for the public service. In that way you will gratify me the most. In that way you will be serving the queen best.' The noble lord (Lord J. Russell), after having read a portion of one of the letters of my noble friend, said, 'I went on to give some instances of errors that had been committed,' and he then proceeded to read further extracts. Now, my lords, the impression upon the public mind must of course be that these errors were of some grave character—that upon them hinged the safety of our troops in the Crimea—that, perhaps, to them was attributable the disastrous sickness which had prevailed. The noble lord did not read the complaints he had made of these errors, but with your lordships' permission, I will read them now. The noble lord (Lord J. Russell), in a letter dated the 28th of November, says:—'I will give you an instance but too pregnant with warning. Early in October I wrote to the Duke of Newcastle on the subject of transferring the 97th regiment, then at the Piræus, to the Crimea. He informed me, in answer, that he had wished to do so, and that he had also wished to send between two and three thousand men, the draughts of various regiments, to the Crimea. Now, why was he not able to carry his intentions into effect? Because he could not remove the obstacles put in his way by other departments, and because the prime minister did not at once overcome those obstacles. At a much later time the 97th was moved, and it is only to-day that I see, by a telegraphic despatch from Lord Stratford, dated on the 18th inst., that the *Orinoco* (which conveys that regiment) had left Constantinople for the Crimea. But, in the meantime, Lord Raglan had reported that he wished he had been able to place in the position of Balaklava, on the 26th of October, a more considerable force; and, also, that on the 5th of November, the heights of Inkermann were defended by no more than 8,000 British infantry. What can be done by a single British regiment was seen on the 5th of October, when the 93rd alone saved the position of Balaklava by their firmness and gallantry. Had 5,000 more men been at Lord Raglan's disposal on the 25th of October and the 5th of November, how much more fruitful, though not more glorious, might

have been those memorable days?' Now, these are the errors which I am supposed to have committed, and perhaps your lordships will allow me to give the explanation of those errors, which I gave in writing, I believe by return of post, to the noble lord. I informed him, with regard to the 97th regiment, that several days before I had received his letter it had been my desire to send forward that noble regiment to aid Lord Raglan in the Crimea, and that I applied to my noble friend, the secretary for foreign affairs, to know whether, in his opinion, it would be safe to remove the 97th regiment from the Piræus, and whether the objects for which it had been sent there had been sufficiently attained. In answer, my noble friend (Lord Clarendon) produced to me a communication he had received—I think that very day—in which the most earnest stress was laid upon the maintenance of the British and French forces in the Piræus; and we were told that, if those forces were to be withdrawn, the consequences to prevent which we had sent them out would immediately occur. That is my explanation; and is there any man who would maintain that a secretary for war would have been justified, with such a statement from the secretary for foreign affairs before him, in saying upon his own *ipse dixit*, 'I will remove the 97th regiment at all hazards, and send it to the Crimea?' That regiment was subsequently removed; and why? Because, some few weeks afterwards, I again earnestly pressed upon my noble friend (Lord Clarendon) to let me know the first moment when a change could be effected, and he wrote to me—I believe on the same day—to inform me that, though it was utterly impossible to part with a military force in the Piræus, that force might be somewhat reduced. I then desired that one of three regiments—whichever the general commanding might consider best fitted for the service, from the qualifications of the officers—with a strength of 600 men, should be sent to the Piræus, in order that the 97th regiment, which was 1,000 strong, might proceed to the Crimea. With regard to the second error attributed to me—that I was pressed to send out two or three thousand men, who were ready to proceed as draughts to the different regiments in the Crimea, and that I did not do so—I beg to inform your lordships that there were two reasons why such draughts were not sent out. The first was, that Lord Raglan had himself reported that the last draughts that had been sent out were composed of such young men, that, being exposed to attacks of cholera, which was at that time raging, they had fallen sick and had died rapidly, and Lord Raglan stated that, unless subsequent pressure should ensue, he would deprecate the sending out of these young soldiers before they were better fitted for service. There was, however, another reason

for the course which I pursued, and it was this—that at that time we had exhausted all the steam transports which could be obtained in this country, although others were daily expected from the colonies and from foreign ports, and the admiralty was not able to supply me with any transports at that moment for the conveyance of draughts to the Crimea. It is, therefore, perfectly true that my attention was drawn to these errors, as the noble lord has called them, but they were also answered; and although on the 28th of November these errors were brought forward as reasons why I ought to leave the war-office, at a date anterior to that, but subsequent to my answers, I had the better fortune to satisfy the noble lord; for in the last letter I received from him before he returned to town, he wrote the words I am now about to read. This letter, let me observe, was written at a time when the noble lord, as he himself has stated, with other members of the government, had resorted for purposes of health to different parts of the country. I don't complain of the noble lord, or of any of my colleagues, for having done so, but it was not my good fortune to be able to resort, for the purposes of health, or for any other purpose, to the country, and day by day, and hour by hour, during the whole of the year 1854, it was my duty to remain in town, and to exert myself to the best of my ability. I will now read the conclusion of the noble lord's letter, dated the 8th of October, which finished the correspondence with reference to these errors. The noble lord says:—'You have done all that could be done, and I am sanguine of success.' Now, my lords, let me explain why, after my proposal to my noble friend (Lord Aberdeen) with reference to my readiness to leave office, I did not take that course. I did not refuse to change office, disagreeable as it undoubtedly would have been to me to adopt such a measure, and inconvenient as I believe such a step to be to the public service, as implying arrangements which are not, perhaps, very obvious to the public. What, then, was the reason that my noble friend did not avail himself of the offer which I made? He did not act upon his own mere responsibility, but he laid the subject before the whole of my colleagues, and the proposal was unanimously disapproved of by the whole of them. My lords, the last letter of the series which passed is dated the 3rd of December, and the purport of that letter was that the noble lord retained his original opinion, and that he should bring the subject before the cabinet. I should add, that it was not, however, brought before the cabinet. Parliament met ten days afterwards, upon the 13th of December, and it was my duty to make a long statement to your lordships in vindication of the conduct of the government, and more especially of the department which had been under

my administration. My right honourable friend the secretary at war made a similar statement in the House of Commons. A debate in each house resulted; and I believe—although, probably, noble lords opposite may not entirely agree with me in that opinion—I believe—and undoubtedly it was the impression on the minds of the government and their friends in both houses—that the result of that debate was satisfactory as regarded the conduct of the government. Three days afterwards—on the 16th of December—a cabinet was held, and at the close of the meeting I exchanged observations with one, two, or three of my colleagues, who said that, from the conduct of the noble lord in the cabinet that day, and the interest which he had shown in all matters which were discussed before us, they felt very confident that he had abandoned the opinions which he had before entertained and expressed. But we were not long left, my lords, to conjecture upon that subject, for in the course of that very afternoon, in conversation with my noble friend at the head of the government, he told him expressly that he had altered his views, and abandoned his wish for a change. Now, my lords, having thus disposed of the personal part of the question, the noble lord proceeded to discuss in his place in the house the question of measures, and he said that he should have been glad to have opposed the motion of the honourable member for Sheffield, but that he was unable to do so, because he could not say that ‘measures had been taken, or that arrangements were in progress by which those evils would be remedied, and by which the administration of the war would be vigorously prosecuted.’ I think that the fair and just inference from that statement is, that the noble lord had proposed to his colleagues measures and arrangements which we had been unwilling to adopt. My lords, I know of no measures ever proposed by the noble lord which were rejected; I know of no proposals which he made which were not accepted, unless it be one. That proposal he refers to himself, in this form. He said that, at a cabinet which was held on the Saturday before the day of Mr. Roebuck’s notice and the noble lord’s resignation, arrangements were made by which the mode in which the business of the war department had been for some time conducted, viz., by calling together the heads of the military departments to my office, and conducting the business somewhat in the form of a board, though not with the formalities and strict rules of a board, was to be altered. A discussion having taken place in the cabinet that day, and an agreement having been made that greater formality should be given to those boards, and that they should be regularly constituted, either by a minute or by an order in council, I stated that I differed from the noble lord as to the propriety of such

boards. His opinion, however, prevailed, and it was agreed that, either by a minute or an order in council, those boards should be constituted, consisting of the secretary of state for war, the secretary at war, the commander-in-chief, and the master-general of the ordnance. The noble lord said that that question had been brought before the cabinet, and he implied that it had been decided upon adversely to his opinion. That was not exactly expressed by the noble lord, but it is, I think, the inference which is to be drawn. Instead of that, however, the proposal was brought forward by the noble lord himself, it was agreed to after a discussion, and I had every reason to believe that the noble lord was entirely a consenting party; but in the course of that meeting he sent to my noble friend at the head of the government a proposal to which he also referred, but which he did not quote. As it is of some importance to my case, however, I fear that I must read it. It is as follows:—

“*Army Departments.*

“January 22nd, 1855.

“The committee of the House of Commons on army and navy expenditure recommended that the army departments should be simplified and consolidated. What is now proposed is, that there should be a board consisting of—1, secretary of state; 2, secretary at war; 3, master-general of ordnance; 4, commander-in-chief; 5, inspector-general of fortifications.

“It is contemplated that there shall exist at the same time a board of ordnance, consisting of—1, the master-general; 2, the storekeeper-general; 3, the surveyor-general; 4, the clerk of the ordnance; under whose directions the inspector-general of fortifications will remain. It seems obvious that these two boards, acting at one and the same time, instead of consolidation and simplification, would produce complication, disorder, and delay. There are but two modes by which unity of direction and rapidity of action can be procured. The one is to give the secretary of state the entire direction of all existing offices and boards connected with the army; the other is to make a board, with the secretary of state at the head, absorbing the board of ordnance, and controlling the whole civil management of our military force. The constitution of this board and its functions would be—

“1. The secretary of state, to preside over the board and be responsible to parliament.

“2. The secretary at war, to pay the army and control its finances.

“3. The master-general of the ordnance, to arm the army and the navy.

“4. The commander-in-chief, to command the army.

“5. The clerk, storekeeper, and surveyor of the ordnance, all in one, to lodge the army.

“6. The commissary-general, to clothe and feed the army.

“This is nearly the Duke of Richmond's plan.

“J. RUSSELL.”

The noble lord said in his statement in the other house that he had no reason to think that his views would be adopted. Now, I can only say most positively, in answer to that statement from the noble lord, that I had no reason to think that his views would be rejected; because the first step which my noble friend took, upon receiving the communication which I have read, accompanied by an intimation from the noble lord that he should propose it on a subsequent day—on the evening of which he eventually resigned—was, after having shown it, I think, to the secretary at war, to send it to me for my opinion. My answer was, that there were but two proposals in that paper which differed from the arrangements in the cabinet of Saturday—one was to do away with the board of ordnance, in consequence of the constitution of a superior board; and the other was to add two more members to the board beyond those which were proposed in the cabinet. I said, as regarded the first proposal, that I thought that it was manifestly right. It was in accordance with my own views, and I added that, if it were proposed to constitute a superior board for the purpose of doing away with an inferior one, I would support it. With regard to the second proposal, for placing two additional members on the board, I said that I thought that it would be unadvisable. I did not think two of the officers named to be necessary; and, as regarded the sixth member—the commissary-general—no such officer existed; the office having been abolished some years ago. Therefore, so far as the main and principal portion of the noble lord's proposition was concerned, it met with entire approval; and, as regarded the second portion, the only reason against its being carried into effect with respect to one of the appointments was, that it was impracticable. My lords, upon such an important question as the conduct of the war, differences of opinion on incidental matters of course took place; but if I were to point out that member of the cabinet from whom I have received the most general assent to my views, it would be the noble lord. I received the most kind and generous support from all my colleagues upon all occasions; but, as regards identity of views, I should be inclined to say that upon all questions which were raised there was a more complete identity between the noble lord and myself than between any other members of the cabinet. Now, my lords, I have stated to you the ready way in which I consented to yield up my office, and even at times the views which I might have entertained; but notwithstanding the arrogance, self-love, and presumption which I am

supposed to have exhibited, I was not unaware—God knows it would have been strange if I had been—that public feeling had been roused strongly against my administration of the war. Before parliament met upon Tuesday, the 23rd of January, I was convinced that the feeling in the public mind had become so strong that it would be impossible for me, in justice to the public service, to continue to occupy the office which I held. My lords, the meeting of parliament was close at hand. I felt, if I had read rightly the history of constitutional governments, that it was not proper at such a moment to anticipate the verdict of parliament, and to run away from the duties and responsibilities which devolved upon me. The noble lord, in his statement with reference to the course which he had taken, said, that until the notice was given by Mr. Roebuck he had not fully considered the course which he ought to take. My lords, I had. I had maturely considered it; and, while I had made up my mind that my official career was practically brought to a close, I resolved at the same time that I would face the ordeal of censure in your lordships' house, and would submit the conduct of my administration to the judgment of the House of Commons. But, my lords, I felt that it was right that I should announce my determination; and a few days before the meeting of parliament, on the 23rd of January, I told my noble friend at the head of the government, that whatever might be the result of the discussions in this house or in the House of Commons—whether the government succeeded by a large majority in overcoming resistance and reproach, or whether they failed, I equally should tender my resignation as soon as that judgment should be given and the verdict of parliament should be pronounced. My lords, this, no doubt, was the origin of that rumour to which the noble lord referred at the close of his statement, when he said that he had heard that that arrangement which my noble friend had found it impossible to recommend in November he thought it necessary to adopt in January. I am sorry that any such statement should have been made, because, if such a rumour existed, it was not correct. It is true, as I have said to your lordships, that I had announced my intention to resign my office; but, so far from having announced my intention to be a party to any such arrangement as that referred to, I told my noble friend, in the first instance, and I told my noble and right honourable friends in the cabinet, when the cession of Lord John Russell rendered it necessary that my intentions should be announced, that I had made up my mind that I would retire, and that I would not take another office—that I would neither change offices with my noble friend Lord Palmerston, nor assume that which had just been quitted by the noble lord—that I would leave the

cabinet; but, as for changing offices, I positively and entirely refused to do so. I admit, undoubtedly, that personal feelings might to some extent have influenced me in that course, but I hope that I was influenced also by a higher and more important consideration. I felt confident that the public interest could not be served by my doing so—that, with the obloquy which had been heaped upon me, it was undesirable that I should continue to be the member of any cabinet, and that my presence in the government must be a cause of weakness and not of strength. I announced therefore that I would in future, if the government succeeded in the House of Commons, take my seat upon one of the back benches not occupied by those in office, and that I would come here night after night, whenever discussions were raised, ready to defend the policy to which I had been a party; because I felt of course that I was as much bound to do that as if I still continued to hold my office. Now, my lords, I have done with the statement of the noble lord which has led to this explanation upon my part. My lords, various accusations are made against me, of which one of the most prominent is that of incapacity. I should be the last man who ought to express any opinion upon that point. I am ready to leave that in the hands of others, perfectly conscious of many defects. I cannot but feel that that charge of incapacity is, with the public, a favourite explanation of every public misfortune. Whether it may be peculiarly justified in my case, or whether it may be attributable to the cause to which I have referred, I say I leave that to the verdict of others. But, my lords, other charges have been made, which I confess I have felt deeply and continue to feel deeply. I have been charged with indolence and indifference. My lords, as regards indolence, the public have had every hour, every minute of my time. To not one hour of amusement or recreation have I presumed to think I was entitled. The other charge, of indifference, is one which is still more painful to me. Indifference, my lords, to what? Indifference to the honour of the country, to the success and to the safety of the army? My lords, I have, like many who listen to me, too dear hostages for my interest in the welfare of the military and naval services of our country to allow of such a course. I have two sons engaged in those professions, and that alone, I think, would be sufficient; but, my lords, as a minister—as a man—I should be unworthy to stand in any assembly if the charge of indifference under such circumstances could fairly be brought against me. Many a sleepless night have I passed, my lords, in thinking over the ills which the public think and say that I could have cured; and which, God knows, I would have cured if it had been within my power. Indolence and indifference are not

charges which can be brought against me; and I trust that my countrymen may before long be satisfied—whatever they may think of my capacity—that there is no ground for fixing that unjust stigma upon me. As regards what I have done during my official administration, I believe I shall be one who may derive some advantage from the investigations of that committee which the House of Commons has decided to appoint. I can only say, that I shall rejoice to lay before that committee everything which I have done, with perfect fairness and open-handedness. I am not now about to enter into any defence of the conduct of the war. I shall be ready to defend, whenever it is assailed, the conduct of the government—the conduct, in the first place, of my own administration; and, in the second place, the conduct, as involved with me, of the whole of the cabinet. Your lordships shall not hear from me one word of complaint with reference to the treatment which I have met with either in parliament or out of it; and I only refer to it now to enable me to say that, whoever may be my successor in the office which I lately held, he shall meet with no ungenerous treatment from me. My lords, I know that I have in both houses of parliament many bitter political foes; I trust that I have few, if any personal enemies. But if I have one—that man I will not exempt from the promise which I have made; but to him, as to a friend, will I offer every assistance in my power. I will now conclude what I fear has been to your lordships much too long a statement. I will conclude the last speech which I shall address to your lordships from these benches with the earnest prayer that he who may receive from the queen the seals of the war department, may bring to bear upon his arduous labours far greater ability and equal zeal, earnestness, and devotion with him whom he succeeds. I repeat the expression of my earnest hope that the man, be he who he may, who follows me may meet with that success for which I have laboured, and, in meriting and securing that success, that he may also receive from his countrymen the approbation which it has been my anxious desire, but has not been my good fortune, to secure."

The day following the one when this speech was uttered in the House of Lords, the Commons, through their speaker, presented their unanimous thanks to Sir De Lacy Evans (recently returned to England) for his zeal, intrepidity, and distinguished exertions in the several actions with the enemy in the Crimea. On adverting to the undaunted courage and chivalrous generosity displayed by the gallant general on the heights of Inkermann, the house frequently broke into enthusiastic cheering.

In acknowledging the honour paid him, the brave old soldier said somewhat quaintly—"It is true that it is almost a novelty to me to be received in this manner on account of my military services; for I certainly do think that I was as good an officer twenty years ago as now."

We stated that the Earl of Derby had been sent for by her majesty; but that nobleman found himself compelled to decline attempting to form an administration, as he was unable to obtain a majority in the Commons. The queen then commanded the attendance of the aged Lord Lansdowne, who exerted himself with the greatest activity, but his labours were not directed to the formation of a cabinet under his own authority, but rather to the reconstruction of the government, with the omission of some names and the addition of others. The difficulty was of a serious nature; the nation, during a momentous crisis, was without a government, and it was difficult to find a man for premier who united the high talents requisite for such an important station, together with such rank and influence with the political chiefs of the day to induce them to accept office under him. Everybody, it was observed, was thinking too much of himself, and too little of his country.

The Earl of Derby being unable to form a government, though he had been willing to enter the coalition with Lord Palmerston for that purpose, Lord John Russell, to the astonishment of the nation, was summoned on Friday (February 2nd) to the presence of her majesty. This circumstance was, for the most part, offensive to the moral sense of the country. To have conferred the premiership on Lord John Russell at that period, and thus to reward with success conduct which most men regarded as dishonourable political intrigue, would have been considered as an outrage on the morality of statesmanship. Lord John soon experienced the effects of the opinion of his late colleagues upon his conduct; for it is understood that the most distinguished of them resolutely refused to take any part in a government of which he was to be the head. Yet, in sending first to the Earl of Derby and then to Lord John Russell for the purpose of entrusting them with the formation of a government, the queen was understood to have acted on a strictly constitutional principle. The late ministry was overthrown by the votes of a majority in the

House of Commons, two-thirds of which majority were composed of the followers of the Earl of Derby: the earl therefore was first summoned to the royal presence. He failed in his attempt to form a ministry; and as the remainder of the adverse majority consisted of members supposed to be followers of Lord John Russell, he was the next commanded to attend the presence of his sovereign, and entrusted with the onerous task of forming a new cabinet. Upon his failure, the queen proceeded to call upon the leaders of the minority to reconstitute the government; this she did by confiding the task to Lord Palmerston.

Notwithstanding his advanced age, that nobleman set about his difficult labour with all the energy of youth, and the ministerial crisis seemed approaching a satisfactory conclusion. In the meantime, the houses of parliament languidly met and sullenly adjourned, and the business of the nation was at a standstill. On Monday (February 5th), Lord John Russell, who seems to have smarted under the attacks he had drawn upon himself, delivered in the Commons a sort of defence of his conduct from the retorts heaped upon him by the Duke of Newcastle. There had appeared, he said, what was stated to be a speech of the Duke of Newcastle, which he could not refrain from noticing without allowing grave errors to be established in public opinion. That speech placed the question in the light of a dispute between the duke and himself, and not upon the broad grounds on which he had endeavoured to put it. His lordship then repeated the chief facts of the case, without however altering the opinion of the house or the nation upon it. With respect to his own conduct, he said—"My noble friend the secretary of state for the home department (Lord Palmerston), said the other day, in answer to the statement which I made, that I had not taken the right time and the right mode; that I ought to have brought before the cabinet before parliament reassembled, the question of how any motion here for inquiry was to be met—that I ought to have stated the deficiencies which I still thought existed in our military arrangements, either with regard to the office of war secretary, or as to the general conduct of the war. I think my noble friend was entirely right upon that subject. I am quite willing to admit that when I perceived the error I regretted it. I have no hesitation in saying, that it was an error on my

part not to have fully considered the position in which I should be if a motion for inquiry should be made after the opinion I had expressed, and the dissatisfaction which I felt. But, be that as it may, having committed that error, I felt I should be guilty of a still greater error—that I should be guilty of an error in morality, and there can be no sound politics without sound morality—if I stood up in this house and opposed inquiry, telling the house to be perfectly satisfied with the arrangements which were then going on, while, at the same time, in my own mind, I was not satisfied, and did not agree that those arrangements were likely to be satisfactory. It has been said that the government might have been defeated, that I might have stood by my colleagues, and that on the defeat of the government we should have resigned our offices. I cannot say that that suggestion is satisfactory to my mind, for it supposes that I was to take a course which, in my conscience, I could not take. But there is the other alternative to be considered. The

government might have been beaten, and I, with the rest of my colleagues, might have resigned. The event, however, might have been different. A majority in this house might have declared in favour of the government, partly in consequence of my assurances that I was not dissatisfied with the war. After all the obloquy I have sustained, I am very glad I did not incur that of pursuing such a course. Sir, you will perhaps permit me to observe, that having been subject to many slanderous attacks for the course I have pursued, I have only to say, that if my past public life does not justify me from the charges of selfishness and treachery, I shall seek no argument for the purposes of defence."

On Thursday, the 8th of February, it was made known that the ministerial interregnum was over, and that Lord Palmerston had succeeded in forming a cabinet. After all the commotion that had taken place, the changes were not considerable. Lord Aberdeen, Lord John Russell, and the Duke of Newcastle quitted the cabinet, while the only accession to it was Lord Panmure.*

by the generous forbearance of the late minister, and Mr. Fox Maule came again into office. Then it was that he first became connected with the war department, for the proper discharge of the duties of which it was considered that he was adapted both by his military experience and his general temperament. He remained secretary at war from the accession of the Russell ministry in July, 1846, until certain changes which preceded its downfall in February, 1852. During this period he retained the confidence of his colleagues, and generally satisfied his military critics. Lord Palmerston, then minister of the foreign department, had constant opportunities of observing the conduct of the right honourable gentleman, and to that period must be referred the formation of the opinion of Mr. Fox Maule, which led to his appointment of minister of war on the accession of Lord Palmerston to office. On giving up the war-office in February, 1852, Mr. Fox Maule became president of the board of control, which office he continued to hold until the resignation of Lord John Russell's ministry. By the death of his father he had succeeded to the title of Lord Panmure, and the reputation he had gained led to his almost immediate selection for the office of war minister, as soon as it was ascertained that Earl Grey, who was generally looked to as the most fit man for so onerous a post, would not accept it. It was anticipated that though Lord Panmure would not too severely and suddenly shock the prejudices of our military men of the old school, yet that he would not yield to the mere spirit of routine, and that he was courageous enough to resolve on any necessary changes however great, yet practical enough not to insist on military reforms merely for the sake of theory. Lord Palmerston paid a high compliment to the talents of the new war minister, by saying that he was a perfect master of all the principles which regulate an army, and of all the details.

* A brief account of the public career of this nobleman, chosen at so critical a period to fill one of the most important offices of the state, may be acceptable. He is descended from the same family as the Earl of Dalhousie. His father was the youngest son of the eighth earl (the present marquis being the tenth), but he changed his name from Ramsay to Maule on succeeding, through his grandmother, to the estates of the old earls of Panmure. On being raised to the peerage in 1831 he took the title of Panmure; thus perpetuating, indirectly, the extinct honours of his family. Mr. Fox Maule, the subject of this notice, was born in 1801. Early in life he obtained a commission in the 79th highlanders, in which regiment he served for twelve years. It was not until the age of thirty-four that he entered the civil service of his country by accepting (on Lord Melbourne's accession to power in April, 1835) the post of under-secretary of state for the home department; the duties of which he discharged until June, 1841. He had been sent to parliament as member for Perthshire, and soon attracted notice as a collected and tolerably fluent speaker and a man of business, who, while remarkable for *bonhomie*, always obtained the respect of the house by his quiet dignity and self-possession. These qualities led to his being raised, in 1841, from the subordinate position to which we have alluded to that of vice-president of the board of trade. When Lord Melbourne's government was overthrown by Sir Robert Peel, then the leader of the now scattered protectionist party, Mr. Fox Maule took a distinguished part among the members of the opposition; and on more than one occasion developed striking debating powers. Sir Robert wisely deserted *effete* principles which he saw could not much longer be maintained: he repealed the corn-laws, and was hurled from office by the vengeance of his party, though at the same moment he won the gratitude of his country. Lord John Russell became premier

The following is a list of the members of the new cabinet:—

First Lord of the Treasury . .	Viscount Palmerston.
Lord Chancellor	Lord Cranworth.
President of the Council . . .	Earl Granville.
Privy Seal	Duke of Argyll.
Foreign Secretary	Earl of Clarendon.
Home Secretary	Rt. Hon. S. Herbert.
Colonial Secretary	Sir George Grey.
Minister at War	Lord Panmure.
Chancellor of the Exchequer .	{ Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone.
First Lord of the Admiralty .	Sir James Graham.
Public Works	Sir W. Molesworth.
In the Cabinet, but without office .	{ The Marquis of Lans- downe.
President of the Board of Control	Sir Charles Wood.

When parliament met after the formation of the new ministry (on Thursday, February 8th), both houses adjourned again for a week, to enable the prime minister and the home secretary to be returned by their respective constituencies to their seats in the House of Commons. On this occasion, Lord John Russell referred with bitterness to the attacks on public men by what he called "a ribald press," an exhibition of ill-temper that was not calculated to tone down the severity of its censure upon his recent conduct.

The ministerial changes completed, the question was generally asked, what had the nation gained by them? Many persons exclaimed that the cards had merely been shuffled, and that we had almost the same ministry again in a different combination. This was certainly the truth; but besides the stimulus afforded to the cabinet by the late expression of public opinion, the nation gained the advantage of the displacement of a minister at war who was universally judged to be unequal to the arduous duties he had to perform, and the substitution of a premier of remarkable activity and warlike views for one, who though a man of considerable talents, and, indeed, an excellent minister for times of peace, had been reluctant to enter on the war at first, had striven, by all means in his power, to preserve peace, and was deemed to be secretly adverse to the conduct which the decision of the nation had forced upon him. The exigencies of the state demanded a man of activity, resolution, and an iron will—qualities which the new minister was generally supposed to possess.

That Lord John Russell had aimed at the premiership was scarcely doubted by any one; when, therefore, it was announced that he had accepted the duties of British plenipotentiary in the peace conferences and negotiations about to open at Vienna, to which capital he would proceed almost immediately, people praised Lord Palmerston's cleverness in thus ably getting rid of a rival. The selection was, in other respects, regarded as a happy one. "The choice of a minister," said the *Times*, "who has for many years filled so prominent a place in the government and the parliament of this country, and whose name is familiarly known to every part of Europe, is an unequivocal proof of the earnest desire of the British government to bring these negotiations to a satisfactory and successful conclusion. It will not for a moment be supposed that Lord John Russell would have been chosen for such an employment if it had been intended to waste the time in diplomatic formalities. No man in this country has expressed himself with more energy than Lord John Russell as to the necessity of this contest, as to the value of the cause at stake, and as to the duty of carrying on the struggle with vigour. Indeed, the motive assigned by him for his abrupt secession from the late cabinet was mainly, that he had not sufficient confidence in the mode in which the war had been and would be carried on. As a plenipotentiary engaged in the discussion of terms of peace, Lord John Russell therefore runs no risk of being suspected of an undue propensity to relinquish the just objects of the war; and, indeed, the party in this country who push those objects to their furthest limit, are the same politicians who profess their adherence to Lord John Russell as their leader."

Parliament met for business on the 16th of February, and Lord Palmerston rose to state to the house the circumstances already detailed in this work, which led him to the high office he occupied. Having referred to them, he said—"The present government was then formed, and I trust it contains sufficient administrative ability, sufficient political sagacity, sufficient liberal principle, and sufficient patriotism and determination, to omit no effort to fulfil the duties the members of it have undertaken, and to justify me in appealing to this house, to the parliament, and to the country for such support as men may be considered entitled to receive who, in a period of great difficulty and emergency, have endeavoured to undertake the responsibility of carrying on the government." Referring to Mr. Roebuck's motion for inquiry, his lordship

said—"I will not attempt to disguise that I feel the same objection to the appointment of the committee of which he has given notice as I expressed when the subject was first under discussion. My opinion is, that such a committee would, in its action, not be in accordance with the true and just principles of the constitution, and that it would not be, for the effectual accomplishment of its purpose, a sufficient instrument." He proposed that the government should take upon itself the labours of the inquiry, and he laid before the house the intentions of the ministry with the object of accomplishing improvements at home and abroad.

The house was aware, continued his lordship, that he had not felt it to be his duty to recommend her majesty to appoint a secretary at war; and his opinion was, that in regard to the ordnance, great improvements might be made; that the discipline of the artillery and the engineers might be transferred to the commander-in-chief. The transport service would be placed under the superintendence of a board, to be established for that purpose. Great alarm and well-founded complaints had prevailed as to the condition of the sick and wounded in the hospitals, and the government were going to send out a commission of civilians accustomed to deal with sanitary questions, with ample power to examine into the state of hospitals, camp, and ships. Lord Raglan had also been authorised to send to Constantinople for a corps of labourers, whose duty it would be to cleanse the camp. Many complaints had been made—he believed not without foundation—of the want of system in the commissariat department, as regarded the supply and issue of necessities for the army; and a commission was going to be sent out, at the head of which was Sir John McNeil, to examine the defects of the commissariat arrangements, and with full power to set them right. Major-general Simpson was likewise proceeding out to the Crimea, as chief of the staff, to take the control of the quartermaster-general's and adjutant-general's departments, with power to recommend to Lord Raglan any change of persons. A new hospital was to be established at Smyrna, entirely under the management of civilians, and the secretary for war was going entirely to remodel the medical department at home. He would also introduce into the other house a bill to enable her majesty to enlist

for soldiers men under the present limit, and for a shorter period. The commissariat abroad, he had omitted to state, had been charged not merely with the supply and issue of provisions and other necessities, but with providing the means of transporting them; this had been a source of great difficulty, and there would be a separate department of land transport, akin to the ancient waggon train. He trusted that the house would be disposed to see the effects which these improved arrangements would produce. In addition to them, no efforts would be spared to reinforce our army. Certain conditions, to serve as the basis of negotiation for peace had been concerted between England and France, and concurred in by Austria; and negotiations had been opened at Vienna. The government had proposed that Lord John Russell should conduct the negotiations on the part of this country; his lordship had consented to undertake the task, and he would proceed the next week to Vienna, passing through Paris and Berlin. "If," said Lord Palmerston, in conclusion, "we succeed in obtaining peace on terms which afford security for the future against the recurrence of those disturbances of the peace of Europe which have led to the war, we shall feel that our first desire in undertaking the government at this moment has been accomplished in a manner as satisfactory to the country as to ourselves. But if, on the other hand, we fail, then the country will feel that we have no alternative but to go on with the war; and I am convinced that the country will, with greater zeal than ever, give its support to a government which, having made every possible attempt to obtain peace, and having failed in doing so, has been compelled to carry on the war for the purpose of obtaining those results which the sense and judgment of the country have approved. We shall, then, throw ourselves upon the generous support of parliament and the country, and that generous support I am confident we shall not ask in vain. I feel sure, that in such a state of things all minor differences, all mere party shades of distinction, will vanish, and that men of all sides will feel that they ought to support the government of this country, and show the world the noble and glorious spectacle that a free people and a constitutional government can exhibit a life, a spirit, and an energy, a power of endurance, and a vigour of action, that would be vainly sought for under despotic rule and arbitrary sway."

The plans of the new premier were not regarded as being very practicable or, indeed, intelligible. They were rather an endeavour to patch up the wounds and imperfections which late disasters had revealed in our military system, than to cure and eradicate them. It was generally considered that matters had fallen into confusion at the Crimea because our general had not sufficient authority, yet it was proposed still further to reduce that authority by placing some one near Lord Raglan to control his staff and to offer advice to himself. What was wanted at the Crimea was a commander of genius, a man of iron will, a kind of military dictator, whose mind should comprehend all matter connected with his army,—whose prescience and orders should see that the wants of his men were provided for—whose presence in his camp and its precincts would ensure his commands being obeyed—whose stern exaction of duty from his subordinates should be such that none of them dared to neglect even the spirit as well as the letter of his mandates, and whose great qualities should win for him the esteem and confidence of his army. It had long been painfully apparent that Lord Raglan was not such a man; but the new ministry, instead of seeking for a general better fitted for the trying circumstances existing at the Crimea, thought to prop up an inefficient general by a still further complication of that irresponsible system which had plunged our noble army into such great misery.

Lord Palmerston's propositions were analysed with critical severity by Mr. Layard. "The country," said that gentleman, "is sick of these commissions; the country wants a man; don't let me be told that you cannot find a man—that is an insult to the common sense of the country. If your man, however, must be seventy years old, a member of Brookes's, and one who has always voted with the government, I grant that you may not find one of that class and stamp fitted for the duties which are required of him." In referring to the terrible condition to which our army had been brought, Mr. Layard exclaimed—"I will tell the house where the mischief lies. There is a general fear of taking any responsibility; every one is afraid to act with vigour; and, with the permission of the house, I will mention two anecdotes to illustrate my position. One day, as I was going up to the lines of the army, in company with a gallant officer, we met a num-

ber of carts containing men suffering from disease and wounds, some of whom, I believe, died on the passage down; and with that convoy there were only two or three guards, privates of the line. I was astounded that there was no medical man in charge of so many wounded and sick men, and I went to Lord Raglan, and he was brought to see that convoy. Lord Raglan expressed that indignation which every honourable and humane man must feel at such a circumstance, and he instituted an inquiry. It was found that the medical man and officers had neglected their duty; and Lord Raglan published a general order, in which he stated that the conduct of certain persons had been disgraceful; but he added, that he would spare their feelings and not mention their names. I can honour and reverence those feelings in a man, but I cannot honour or reverence such feelings in a general. What was the result? I will tell the house. Two days afterwards, some marines having been landed from the fleet and put under the command of the colonel who had the charge of Balaklava, they were employed upon the same duty as the troops of the line. At night, while on guard, one of the men was seized with cholera, and was taken to the hospital; but the medical man refused to leave his bed, saying that the man could not be admitted, as he was a marine. He was then taken to another hospital, where he was also refused admittance, and the poor fellow was left upon the shore to die. That circumstance came to the notice of Lord Raglan, and what course did he adopt? He condemned the medical officers, but he said that he had recently issued a general order reflecting on the conduct of medical officers, and if he so soon issued another, confidence in the medical staff would be destroyed. I do not want to say a single word against Lord Raglan. I believe him to be an amiable and a good man; but what I say is, that it is not for amiable and good men alone to command armies. The men to command armies should be men of iron will and unflinching determination—men ready to sacrifice relations, private friends—even all they hold dear in the world, if it be necessary to do so, in order to perform what is an imperative duty. If you go on in the way you have commenced, depend upon it before a very few months have elapsed there will be but a small remnant of that gallant army. Commissions will only increase the evil, and shelter those

who ought to be called to account for their misdeeds. Send out a man of vigour, who will cut at the root of the evil, who will spare no one or nothing if he deems it to be his duty to cut it down. If you do so at once, there may be a chance of saving the survivors of your gallant army; if you do not they will all perish, and on your heads be their blood."

Lord Palmerston's ministry was scarcely ten days old before dissensions arose in it. On the 22nd of February it was made known that Mr. Gladstone, Sir James Graham, and Mr. Sidney Herbert had resigned their respective posts in the cabinet. Those gentlemen were distinguished by the title of Peelites—that is, those of the government of the late Sir Robert Peel who went with him, in 1846, in the repeal of the corn-laws. The motive which induced them to abandon a ministry they had so recently joined, was the strong objection they entertained to the proposed inquiry by a select committee of the House of Commons into the state of the army, and into the causes of the disasters in the Crimea. They accepted office with the belief that the inquiry would be abandoned; but on finding the house and the country bent on carrying it into execution, they retired from before an investigation which it would seem they had not courage to face, and which they described as unconstitutional and inconvenient. Viewed in a favourable light, their conduct was a frivolous devotion to mere formalities; and regarded in a more serious manner, it was a sinister desertion of their duty at a critical period in the history of their country.

On Friday, February 23rd, the three retiring members of the government presented themselves to explain their conduct to the house. Sir James Graham said he objected altogether to the appointment of a select committee, as peculiarly dangerous at that time. If the inquiry was secret, he contended, all check of public opinion would be withdrawn; if open, then the evidence would be published, and comments made upon it adverse to private character. He thought the motion had only been intended as a vote of censure upon the late government, and he considered the inquiry to be unnecessary, and the appointment of a committee for that inquiry unjust as well as dangerous. He believed it could be conducted more speedily and more effectually by the government which could effect

reforms a committee could only recommend. He denied that he had deserted his colleagues; he had taken a position by the side of them to resist inquiry, and they, not he, had abandoned the position.

Mr. Sidney Herbert observed, the motion of Mr. Roebuck might be divided into two portions; one related to the conduct of the departments at home connected with the supply of the army in the field; the other referred to the state of the force before Sebastopol. It was the duty of parliament to institute a searching investigation into the conduct of ministers of the crown: he had no objection to that part of the motion, being ready to go before the committee, and having nothing to conceal. But the committee had another and a wider scope. He considered, with Sir James Graham, that the motion was regarded as a vote of censure, and that, when Lord Aberdeen's government was at an end, no more would have been heard of it. Still, if the country was determined that there should be a searching inquiry, a select committee was not the best, most constitutional, or most efficient mode. As a vote of censure, therefore, the motion was now valueless; as an inquiry, it would be a mere sham. Finally, he disapproved the committee, and would not be a party to it.

Mr. Gladstone spoke at great length: he passed a flattering eulogy upon Lord Aberdeen: he deplored, with an appearance of pathos almost amusing, the pain—he might almost say the agony—of arriving at decisions for the government of one's conduct in public affairs. He had not changed; he was consistent in his opposition to the motion for inquiry; it was without precedent—and precedent, in such matters, meant wisdom. It was nugatory for the true purposes of inquiry—namely, the remedy of evils. It was unconstitutional, and would lead to nothing but confusion and disturbance, increased disaster, shame at home, and weakness abroad. It was useless and mischievous for the purpose contemplated, and full of danger to the dignity and usefulness of the Commons of England. He did not object to an inquiry into the conduct of the government; but that did not involve examination by the house into the state of the army in the Crimea. Though a strain of exaggeration with reference to the state of the army had crept unconsciously into the language used by members of that house, still the pains and sufferings of that

army had dashed and subdued the joy with which their brilliant exploits had been contemplated. He admitted the house ought to ascertain the cause of those sufferings; but he solemnly protested against calling to account those who were in command of the army in the Crimea. The committee would be one of accusation against them. He denied that it was prudent or constitutional to investigate even at the bar of the house; much less so, to instruct a select committee to investigate the state of the army during a great military operation. It was not to be a committee of punishment; it was not to be a committee of remedy; but it was a committee of government, which would take out of the hands of the executive the highest, the most important, and the most delicate of its functions.

It is needless for us to occupy the time of our readers by any refutation of the puerile and sophistical arguments put forward by these gentlemen in favour of frigid conventionalities and hollow precedents, and against a necessary inquiry. The house, the press, and the country concurred in the view that inquiry was merely an act of justice to their suffering soldiers and the national pride, which was deeply wounded by the crumbling away of our military reputation. Inquiry could not alleviate the sad disasters of the past, but it would go far to prevent a dismal repetition of them in the future. Inquiry alone would enable them to get at the root of the calamitous mismanagement which the war had revealed. "This," said a leading journal, "is the universal feeling of the country; it will know all about it, and that in time to do some good. Its painful curiosity is best expressed in a phrase with which Sir James Graham has supplied us. We hear that a British army has all but perished through want of food, clothing, and shelter, six miles from a port filled with our ships; and we want 'to know the reason why.' The Englishwoman hears that her husband or her son has perished from destitution, while all the wealth of England was being poured out for his aid; and she wants 'to know the reason why.' Fathers and mothers, of noble and gentle birth, hear that their gallant sons, in spite of clothing and comforts sent in vain after them, have died the death of a vagrant, famished, diseased, frost-bitten, wasted away; and they want 'to know the reason why.' The House of Commons votes away millions upon millions, and sees huge sums

down in the estimates for great-coats and other warm clothing—food, fuel, stationery, medical stores, porter, roasted coffee, and such comforts, of which only a few dribbles have reached our perishing countrymen; and it wants 'to know the reason why.' It is too clear that the House of Commons will not learn 'the reason why' from the ex-ministers who addressed it, nor from any government inquiry. The House of Commons alone can elicit 'the reason why;' and if it fail to do so, the country will not hesitate to ask 'the reason why' from the House of Commons itself."

On the evening when Sir James Graham, Mr. Herbert, and Mr. Gladstone explained their conduct, the house appointed the committee for a *public* inquiry. The list of names first proposed by Mr. Roebuck to constitute that committee was abandoned, as one of men who entertained *ex parte* views; and Mr. Roebuck, in conjunction with Lord Palmerston, had prepared another of gentlemen whom, as a committee, it was presumed would possess the confidence of the house.

The vacant positions in the ministry were speedily filled up. The greatest difficulty was with the chancellorship of the exchequer. This was offered to Mr. Cardwell; but that gentleman not only declined it, but preferred to share the fate of the small political section to which he belonged; and he therefore vacated the board of trade, and followed the example of his colleagues. Sir George Cornewall Lewis, a gentleman who, though he had not filled any of the higher offices of state, had passed with credit through several of the subordinate departments of government, was therefore appointed to the chancellorship of the exchequer. Lord John Russell astonished the country by joining the ministry as colonial secretary, in addition to his duties of plenipotentiary of the congress at Vienna. It was urged in objection, that either of these positions was sufficient to engross the complete attention of one man; but Lord Palmerston said that Sir George Grey, who had hitherto held the colonial office, should look to it during Lord John's absence. Sir George assumed the post of home secretary, abandoned by Mr. Sidney Herbert. Mr. Vernon Smith accepted the office of president of the board of control, vacated by Sir Charles Wood, who took the post of first lord of the admiralty, in lieu of Sir James Graham.

CHAPTER III.

WINTERING IN THE CRIMEA; STATE OF OUR MILITARY HOSPITALS AT SCUTARI; RETURN OF THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE TO ENGLAND; SORTIES AND SKIRMISHES; SKETCH OF LORD RAGLAN; BETTER PROSPECTS FOR THE TROOPS; APPEARANCE AND LABOURS OF MISS NIGHTINGALE; MR. MACDONALD AND THE "TIMES" FUND; PRINCE MENTSCHIKOFF'S BUTTON; ANECDOTES OF THE CAMP; VOYAGE OF THE NAVVIES TO THE CRIMEA; BUFFALO TOWN, NEAR BALAKLAVA.

LET us cast back our thoughts to the Crimea, and trace what was doing there during the period of political agitation and changes in England which we have just described. Brief despatches were continually received from Lord Raglan, but they did not record any progress, and were mostly devoid of interest. They contained many observations upon the state of the weather; some stating what was being done for the troops, but none expressing commiseration or sympathy for those unhappy men. On the 6th of January, he wrote—"All my endeavours are directed to the speedy disembarkation and getting up of the huts, which have now arrived in considerable numbers." The winter was half over; the soldiers had slept in soddened filth, and had perished like rotten sheep; and the general calmly remarked, that the wooden huts were going to be put up!

It was not from military despatches, and certainly not from those of Lord Raglan, that the condition of our army in the Crimea was to be learnt. A great battle is sometimes recorded in such documents with a military exactness not attainable by an unprofessional writer; but the actual state of an army, its sufferings, its endurance, its hopes and its doubts, its deeds of obscure heroes, its bits of camp gossip and anecdote, must be looked for elsewhere. We propose here to glean from letters from the seat of war, and especially from those brilliant and dashing productions of Mr. William Russell, the special correspondent of the *Times*, such facts as will convey a few varying word-pictures of our army during the period of comparative inaction to which we have referred—that of the dead winter time—during which military operations were almost of necessity suspended.

Our obligations to Mr. Russell are considerable, and we are proud to acknowledge them; indeed, without a pretty frequent allusion to his picturesque sketches, we could not honestly perform our duty to our readers. "I don't know," wrote that gentleman, on the 8th of January, "how the

French get on; but I know this, that our people do not get a fair chance for their lives while wintering in the Crimea. With one exception, which must have done as much mischief to the enemy as to ourselves, we have had wonderful weather since the expedition landed. The other day I was passing through the camp of the 50th regiment of the line (French), and urging my poor steed through heaps of mud, when an officer came out of his tent, and, with the unfailing kindness and courtesy of our allies, invited me to dismount and take a glass of the brandy which had been sent out by the emperor as a Christmas gift. Although he was living in a tent, the canvas was only a roof for a capacious and warm pit, in which there was a bright wood fire sparkling cheerily in a grate of stones. We 'trinked' together and fraternised, as our allies will always do when our officers give them a chance. My host, who had passed through his grades in Africa, showed me with pride the case of sound Bordeaux, the box of brandy, and the pile of good tobacco sent to him by Napoleon III.—'*le premier ami du soldat.*' A similar present had been sent to every officer of the French army; and a certain quantity of wine, brandy, and tobacco had been sent to each company of every regiment in the Crimea. That very day I heard dolorous complaints that the presents sent by the queen and Prince Albert to our army had miscarried, and that the guards and rifles had alone received the royal bounty in the shape of a ton of Cavendish. Several presents of the same most grateful and acceptable luxury had been sent to different regiments by persons who took an interest in them from former or present connexion. It must not be inferred that the French are all healthy while we are all sickly. They have dysentery, fever, diarrhœa, and scurvy, as well as pulmonary complaints, but not to the same extent as ourselves, or to anything like it in proportion to their numbers. Some of our allies have suffered and died from home sickness. We are all afflicted

with that disease, but none of us have died of it as yet, except one man."

Let us in imagination cross the Black Sea from the Crimea to the Asiatic coast, and glance at the condition and management of our military hospitals at Scutari. To show the state of things that was tolerated there, we shall transfer to our pages one of the many interesting yet painful letters of Mr. Macdonald, the gentleman entrusted with the distribution of the charitable fund which was subscribed at the suggestion of the proprietors of the *Times*, and submitted to their management:—

"Scutari, January 15th.

"Winter has at length descended upon the Bosphorus, bearing on its pinions a more than usual load of cheerlessness and gloom. On Thursday night there was a severe snowstorm; on Friday it was cold and raw, with a searching north wind. That night the wind veered round towards the south-west, and blew almost a hurricane. All Saturday it was wild, tempestuous weather; and yesterday, though the wind had moderated, the air was sharp, with frost. To-day the sky again betokens snow. Everybody here is speculating whether they have the same rough time of it in the Crimea, and how our poor fellows stand this added to their other hardships. Great as is the amount of human suffering in these hospitals, a mightier care than even they inspire weighs upon the anxious hearts of all who know the state of the army. The next two or three weeks will determine the effects of deep winter upon its fortitude and endurance. If it survives this last and greatest trial, each succeeding generation of Englishmen will hear with wonder and pride of its constancy. Should it perish, we shall at least learn in bitterness and sorrow from its fate lessons of wisdom which, perhaps, nothing short of such a sacrifice would have taught us. Whatever be the result, there is, unfortunately, no reason to anticipate that the amount of sickness in the hospitals at Scutari has yet reached its climax; and, although the questions involved in the present condition of the army as to health have assumed a scope which makes the state of these hospitals a matter almost of secondary importance, still it is not unimportant to estimate accurately their capabilities and defects. However great its faults may be, the medical department is not chargeable with that unfair usage of our troops which has con-

sumed their strength faster than it could be recruited by reinforcements from home. The military surgeons, if they sometimes aggravate by their mismanagement the effects of sickness and wounds, are not responsible for originating either; and, in order to measure rightly their position in this emergency, it is necessary to remember that an amount of work has fallen upon them beyond all the calculations of a war conducted with ordinary prudence, capacity, and forethought. Yet they have not been without time for preparation. These vast establishments, which require so much the general superintendence of one sensible, vigorous head, still remain in this respect as they were nearly three months ago, when their defective state, and the consequent sufferings of their inmates, first awakened attention at home. What has been done during that considerable interval can be very easily stated. Miss Nightingale and her nurses and sisters have, with the aid of the fund which I administer, filled up the worst and largest gaps in their administration. By them the shortcomings in the purveyors' department have been compensated, the defects of the orderly system in some degree palliated, and urgent wants provided for, which otherwise must have been left entirely unsupplied. I am bound to notice also the important services rendered by Dr. M'Gregor, in rising superior to narrow prejudices, and affording a fair field for the labours of the nurses and the usefulness of the fund. From the position which he occupied at the time, he might have so stinted and discouraged the former, as to have insured the entire failure of their mission; for, had he done so, it is not improbable that some at least of his official superiors might have taken a very indulgent view of his conduct. The genius for selection which appointed to do duty at Balaklava a medical officer who had been hardened to the nature of the work by his experience in the deadly climate of Sierra Leone, would probably have seen without serious disapprobation the defeat of any attempt, however sanctioned, to introduce female nursing into our military hospitals. The desire to render the administration of the sick and wounded fund superfluous, was openly avowed before I left England; and I was confidently assured that whatever was required would be supplied more expeditiously and effectively than by any impertinent intervention of private charity. How far these

assurances have been disappointed, is shown by the large quantities not only of articles of diet and clothing, but of the established requisites of hospitals furnished here during the last two months at the cost of the fund. Only two days ago the authorities were indebted to that disparaged source for fifty dozen of port wine, there being no more to be had at Constantinople of the logwood substitute which for some time past they have been using. It should be remembered, all the more to Dr. Mc'Gregor's credit, that he gave an opening to the introduction of the nurses and the fund, because, had he chosen to act otherwise, a veil of obscurity might have been thrown over the great amount of wretchedness and misery which has thereby obtained relief. There are two other officers who, though not in the medical department, have contributed, in an important degree, by their energy and great exertions, to the comfort of the sick and wounded in hospital. One of these is Mr. Gordon, of the royal engineers; and the other Major Campbell, of the 23rd foot, who; since recovering from the wound he received at the Alma, has been doing duty here as deputy-assistant-quartermaster-general. It is not, however, of the zeal or the efforts of individuals that any complaint can justly be made. It is rather of the faults of a system which cannot right itself, and which the authorities at home will not, in a great emergency like this, delegate their power to have mended on the spot. Without full power—a dictatorship, in short—I do not see that anything effectual can be done to put the working of the hospitals upon a proper footing. At present they are much in the same state as they were three months ago; the most important departments still quite underhanded, the highest offices filled by old men or invalids, a constant shifting of the medical officers, which renders steady treatment of patients impossible; no adequate provision made in anticipation of fresh accessions of sick, which are certain to arrive; no classification of any, the simplest, kind, either in the wards and divisions or in the hospitals. It is true that in the barrack hospital, and to some extent also in the general hospital, the men have been saved from the evils of the system by temporary expedients, of which the intervention of the nurses and the supplies of the fund furnish the most striking illustrations. They have not wanted their medical comforts and warm clothing, nor even the

facilities for that personal cleanliness which is so requisite to health, because the purveyor has been unable to supply them. But all this cannot last. It is partial in its operation, for it does not include all the hospitals. It is a makeshift at the very best, the chief merit of which is, that time is given thereby for government, which always moves slowly, to correct its own defective machinery, or rather to simplify its intolerable complications, created partly perhaps for the sake of economy, but more probably for the convenient increase of official patronage during the long peace. It is only since Dr. Menzies' departure that Miss Nightingale has succeeded in getting a portion of her nurses regularly installed at the general hospital, where hitherto they have been tolerated, but not encouraged. The propriety of using them at Kululee and at Balaklava is still under discussion; and even in the barrack hospital, where the services they have rendered are beyond dispute, there is no difficulty in finding proofs of the tacit resistance offered to their interference. Had the medical officers considered for a moment that this employment of women in military hospitals must be temporary, that it is only the emergency of the moment which has developed so high and unusual an exercise of the female character and influence, they would surely have abandoned, long ere now, their unreasonable prejudices and jealousies. They will assuredly be left to the quiet possession of their own department, and all that it touches, as soon as they are able to do the work themselves without outraging all humanity of feeling in the process. But what have they done to bring about that consummation? What is Dr. Andrew Smith doing that he thinks he can manage the affairs of so important a branch of the service at a distance of more than 2,000 miles from all that could enable him to judge what was requisite? Who is responsible for that official timidity which makes the military surgeon ready to conceal, instead of declaring the wants of the sick soldier? Who is it that has stifled, by his mode of administering patronage, not only the first impulses of a liberal profession, but even the dictates of common humanity, in his subordinates? Power is not entrusted to the heads of departments to be exercised so as to produce such fruits; and, as we can neither get the known and patent defects of our hospital system reformed, nor the tem-

porary expedients used for supplying them fairly treated, I do hope that some steps will be taken to have that authority exercised on the spot which is now fondly retained at home, and to release the whole body of military surgeons from those nightmare impressions of their service which make them afraid to speak, lest it should blast their prospects of promotion.

"I have said that what has been done in the hospitals has been done mainly by temporary expedients; but I have not stated that, in spite of these, they are daily becoming more crowded, more in a state dangerous to life, more entirely every day huge, disorderly, ill-arranged lazar-houses, without any classification of patients, or any systematic distribution of hospital *matériel*. Wards and divisions are recognised, but none of these are complete in themselves. Far from aspiring to having each bed supplied with its own set of utensils, body-clothing, bedding, &c., as in the French service, our humble-minded military surgeon trembles to ask for the requisite boards and trestles to raise his patients off the floor. As for clean linen, though the patient be dysenteric, and brought on shore pasted over with their own excrement, that is a luxury which the purveyor-in-chief, when he has any in store, gives out as a miser parts with his gold. Generally speaking, he has none; and there being no supply of regimental clothing either, when patients become convalescent they are obliged to take everything they have had in hospital away with them. Only the other day a number of men were chosen to go home in the *Bellerophon*. Of course they were delighted at the prospect; but at the last moment, when it was time for them to start, many of them still kept their beds. It was quickly ascertained that they had no clothes, and the purveyor was applied to to equip them. He had nothing to give, and the requisition was then actually referred to Miss Nightingale. Her stores, serviceable as they have been, failed also in this instance; and the poor fellows, instead of going home, were at last sufficiently made up to be removed on board the *Bombay* convalescent ship in the Golden Horn. Take, again, the orderly system. The severity of the cases requires an unusual amount of attendance, and there is an orderly to every six or seven patients. But the most indifferent soldiers in each regiment are appointed to this duty—men who don't

fit into the ranks, or who are so stupid that no other use can be made of them. They are not only without training, but the system is such that they have no facilities for learning. They eat, live, and sleep in the wards, and numbers of them die from fever contracted there. What holds true of their position applies still more forcibly to their head, the ward sergeant, who has most important duties to discharge, without any pains being taken to ascertain that he is properly qualified for them. When the orderlies begin to know something of the service in which they are engaged, they are sure, as was the case a few days ago, to be draughted off to the Crimea. Dr. M'Gregor, in his division, is endeavouring to introduce a change for the better, founded somewhat upon the orderly system of the French hospitals. He has given them a room to themselves, where they can sleep by relays in an untainted atmosphere, and have their meals regularly. The example of our allies, in having a special service for this work, cannot be further followed out by us at present. There is a great demand now for superior medical officers. So many have been knocked up, gone home, or dead, and so many more are required for the increase in the number of hospitals and of sick, that, unless the upper ranks of the service here are largely recruited, it will be impossible for the work to be carried on. Already the number of changes constantly taking place renders the steady administration of such vast establishments impracticable, and the attentive treatment of special cases quite out of the question. Hardly any records are kept of matters intensely interesting to medical science, and there is a constant war of jealousies raging from seniors superseding juniors who have done the work, and from juniors being put over seniors by an unfair promotion. Wilfully or otherwise, Dr. Andrew Smith has shown the grossest ignorance of the state of things out here in his own department, and his subordinates add to the other defects of our hospital system an official cowardice which has and would again sacrifice the care of the sick and wounded soldier to the credit of the service. It was so in the case of Dr. Menzies, who denied that any serious want existed. It is so now in the very limited use made of the nurses strictly for nursing. One cannot go through the hospitals in any direction without feeling and seeing how much more extensively they might be employed in this

way. But, of course, unless the medical officer authorises it, they cannot interfere."

We may here mention that the Duke of Cambridge, who, after gallantly performing his duty at the Crimea had suffered severely from illness, returned to England and landed at Dover on the 30th of January. He was received by vociferous cheers from a great number of persons who were assembled to welcome him back to his native land. Having proceeded on foot to the "Ship" hotel, he was waited upon by the mayor and corporation for the purpose of presenting to him a congratulatory address. To this document, which resembled most other documents of the same kind, his royal highness replied in the following speech, which is worthy of a place in these pages on account of his generous recognition of the fact, that all our triumphs in the Crimea had been won by the resolute heroism of our men:—"Mr. Mayor and Gentlemen,—I thank you for the gratification you have rendered me in presenting me with the present address. I assure you that any inconvenience or discomfort which I have experienced in the Crimea has been amply repaid by the bravery of the troops. All a general can do is to lead, and my humble services have been given cheerfully; but it has not been a war of generalship—the campaign has been a soldier's, and nothing but a soldier's, campaign. Led on as they have been by their indomitable courage, these troops have performed prodigies of valour; and I can assure you a finer set of fellows do not exist in the world than the men who are fighting the battles of Britain in the Crimea, and who have done everything in their power to sustain the honour of their country. Mr. Mayor and gentlemen, I again thank you." His royal highness arrived in London the same evening, when he was received by a small number of persons with much enthusiasm.

To return to the proceedings of the Crimea. On the night of the 12th of January, the Russians celebrated their new year at Sebastopol. Lights gleamed from the public buildings of the beleagured city, and at midnight all the church bells began ringing. Evidently some religious ceremony was taking place, and the allies prepared for an attack by warning the sentries and strengthening the advanced posts wherever it was practicable. Shortly after one in the morning the Russians inside the line of works gave a loud cheer, a symptom of

hilarity to which the French replied by opening fire. In return the Russians commenced a terrific cannonade, which lasted for more than half-an-hour, during which the flashes of fire from the cannon broke through the smoke and distinctly revealed the outlines of the buildings in the town, and the lines of defence swarming with men. During the firing a strong body of troops left the town and advanced up the face of the hill towards our works in front and on the flank of the left attack. A sergeant and twelve men, who had been posted there, were surprised and taken prisoners. The Russians then advanced on the covering parties with such rapidity that the latter were obliged to retire. Having rallied, however, and being supported by the regiments on the rear, they succeeded in driving back the Russians to the town, though not before six men were killed and ten severely wounded. A sortie was made nearly at the same time against the French lines, but there the Russians were speedily driven back with loss.

Skirmishes of this kind were not unfrequent, but they were seldom attended by any appreciable result as to the conclusion of the struggle. On the night of the 14th the Russians conducted a resolute sortie against the French trenches, in which there were two companies of the 95th regiment of infantry, and two others of the 74th, under the orders of commander Roumejoux. The French waited the near approach of the Russians, and then charged them with the bayonet. A desperate *mêlée* ensued, but, as usual, the enemy were driven back, leaving thirty of their number, among whom were three officers, dead in the trenches. One of these, Colonel Popof, in despair of not being able to climb on the *épaulement*, ran his long sword through the gabions to wound the soldiers placed behind them. One of the latter broke the sword with his spade, and then, leaping over the parapet, attacked the officer, who had only his broken sword to defend himself, and killed him. The French had two captains and several men killed, and fifteen wounded. Among the latter was commander Roumejoux, the upper part of whose lungs was perforated by a bayonet.

In this affair the Russians displayed great intrepidity, and were supported by a corps of reserve of a novel description. That corps, composed of men specially chosen for their agility and dexterity, was only armed with slight but solid ropes, at the extremity of

which was a running noose. During the engagement they threw these *lassos*, which they handled with much dexterity, over the French soldiers. It is said that this weapon was used in the Caucasus; but it was nevertheless considered as a half-savage mode of warfare, unworthy of an European army. On the morning of the 15th a Russian officer arrived at the French camp with a flag of truce, and a request that the body of Colonel Popof might be given to him. The application was, of course, complied with. The officer who arrived with it spoke French fluently, and said—"This is a shocking work we are engaged in! What hinders you from taking the town? All this cannot amuse you. For our part we are heartily tired of it." The French were at a loss to understand these observations from the lips of a Russian officer, but we suspect that they were slyly satirical.

In reference to the small-arm practice which went on in front of the lines between the sharpshooters, Mr. Russell speaks as follows:—"Both parties have now become so expert that their greatest pleasure is to try and 'do' each other by getting up 'dummies,' and exhibiting devices to draw fire, so that they may have a chance of returning it while the marksman is exposed. The old dodge of putting up a shako or forager on the end of a stick is universally despised, and not a shot will be thrown away on one. Moving them along with an irregular motion just above the top of the ramparts or trenches, as if a man were walking along, is sometimes successful; and the lucky fellow who gets a ball or two through his head-dress in this way is considered very clever. The men now know each other; that is, they observe certain gunners in the Russian batteries whom they have seen for some time past, and who have nicknames. 'There goes Red-cap!' or, 'Blackbeard is going to take a shot at us now,' and so on; and there is a story going that pickets occasionally fraternise, as they were wont to do in the Peninsula, and that they are all agreed as to the Shibboleth—'Bono Franzig!' 'Bono Inglis!' 'Bono Muscov!' 'Turco, no bono!'"

So evident and so painfully notorious had the want of proper organisation in our army become, that our allies attributed the want of success in the siege to their connexion with the English. "Not long since," wrote a French officer, "our transports were employed in bringing up their ammunition.

Every day detachments to the amount of 700 men of our troops are ordered to bring up, each man on his back from Balaklava, projectiles of all kinds, to enable them to continue their siege operations. The few means of transport they possess, and which consist of rickety carriages, hardly suffice for the transport of their daily rations. They have expressed the desire to intrust to the French troops the works of attack to be directed against the Malakoff tower, the destruction of which they commenced. But for them we might have been in the place two months ago. The English are fine gallant soldiers, but they only know how to fight bravely and die nobly at their posts. The English alliance is indispensable in the struggle in which we are engaged; and, in consequence of the silence necessarily imposed upon us, we cannot say to Europe—which is astonished at our inactivity—that we are positively the victims of the negligence and the defects of organisation of the English army."

Writing from the camp before Sebastopol, on the 19th of February, Mr. Russell said—"Men have been frozen in their tents, and several soldiers on duty in the trenches have been removed to hospital with severe frost-bites, and suffering from the effects of the bitter cold winds and frost." Such had been the terrible result of war, disease, and neglect, that the army consisted nearly of reinforcements; the troops who originally landed had mostly sunk into the grave. Men were seen walking about the trenches and the camps barefooted, though the ground was covered with snow. The result was that some lost their toes or feet with frost-bite, while others were reduced to a crippled state by the excessive cold. During this severe weather quantities of wild fowl passed over the camp and flew disconsolately about in search of the feeding-grounds they no longer recognised. These afforded sport and food also for those who had spirits for the effort, while flocks of larks and finches, which congregated about the stables and cavalry camps, were eagerly sought after by our allies.

The following description of Lord Raglan at this period is from the pen of a naval officer attached to the Crimean expedition. We wish that we could express a belief that it is overdrawn:—"Lord Raglan shows neither ideas nor genius; nay, not even energy. He seems to live in the past rather

than the present, and thinks to supply every want by his cherished Peninsular recollections, imagining that what was excellent in 1809, in Spain and Portugal, must needs be the best in the Crimea in 1854 and 1855. But, with all his recollections, he seems to forget that imitating a few peculiarities of the old duke makes a great general just as little as taking snuff imparts the genius of a Napoleon. He tries to copy, and is therefore, as usual, a caricature of the original. Because the duke did not care about exposing himself when it was necessary to do so, he exposes himself often where it is not wanted; nay, he exposes himself for the sake of exposing himself, instead of choosing his position where he could best overlook and direct the action. I saw him myself, in the battle of Inkermann, occupying, during a great part of the day, a position where the cocked hat soon attracted an unenviable notice from the enemy's guns, and where, at the same time, nobody could find him. The duke was harsh and cold with his soldiers; lord Raglan caricatures him, and his coldness assumes the character of indifference. During the late storms the troops were for several days short of rations, without firewood, their tents blown down, and they themselves starving, shivering, and overworked.

* A private letter from the Crimea, dated January 13th, contains the following sentence:—"Lord Raglan and his staff occupy a large house and live in luxury, and one of them actually complains that his window faces the north!" The following anecdote, however, from Mr. Russell's correspondence, exhibits Lord Raglan in an amiable light, and also speaks well for the magnanimity of the poor Turks:—"As an instance of the good feeling of our poor allies, the Bono Johnnies, I may mention a circumstance which is very creditable to them, and which is, I am sorry to say, illustrative also of the disposition of some of the French and English soldiers towards the Turks, and of practices which became so common that they had to be forbidden by special orders. An English artilleryman, for some fancied slight, set upon a Turk and gave him a beating, and attacked 'outrageously' a Turkish officer who came to his countryman's assistance. He was found guilty of the double offence by general court-martial, and sentenced to fifty lashes. Osman Pasha, the commander of the Turkish troops, and the officer who had been struck, interceded with Lord Raglan for the remission of the man's punishment, and his lordship, who is one of the most clement and merciful of men, yielded to their request, and in general orders rescinded the sentence of the court-martial."

† The following extract from Thiers' *Consulat et l'Empire*, gives an admirable and eloquent picture of what a great general should be:—"He who may be summoned to command others in the field must, first, as in every liberal profession, have obtained a

What would it have been to him to put on a waterproof, to ride about the camp, and cheer up the men; but no one ever sees him, and I am bound to say that nineteen-twentieths of the army don't know him. Those around him say the English soldiers must be treated so; their general ought to be for them a superior being, inaccessible to the *petites misères* of the soldier, who is supposed to be always only doing his duty. I am inclined to doubt this; and, even if it be true, it can only be so when the soldier has thorough confidence in his general, and when he feels that there is a really superior mind watching over his interests, and that everything has been done to avert the calamity which afflicts him." Had this account of Lord Raglan's cold indifference* to the frightful sufferings of his troops been unsupported, it should have found no place in our pages; but, unhappily, we could corroborate it by a dozen similar statements. We do not charge against Lord Raglan the inevitable miseries which any army must necessarily suffer in a winter campaign in such a climate as that which prevails at the Crimea; but it is impossible to deny that, with a general of activity and military genius, such miseries would be, by prudent arrangements and efficient organisation, materially reduced.†

scientific education. He must be master of the mathematical sciences, of the various graphic arts, of the theory of fortification. A good regimental as well as an artillery and engineer officer, he must besides be a geographer—not the mere smatterer, who may know whence springs the Danube or the Rhine, and where their waters are discharged, but the profound geographer, whose map is in his head, and who in his mind's eye can judge of its outlines and its forms, and compare their relative position and value. He must exactly know the strength, policy, and character of nations, their political, and especially their military history—above all, he must know men; for soldiers are not machines. In war, indeed, man becomes more irritable, more susceptible than elsewhere, and to manage him with tact and firmness has ever been an essential portion of the art of a great captain. To those superior accomplishments he must add the less exalted, but equally necessary quality, of administrative skill. He must possess the precision of a clerk, and his knowledge of detail; for it is not enough to bring men into action—they must be fed, clothed, armed, cured. And acquirements so varied must be exercised simultaneously, and under the most pressing circumstances. On every movement he must think of yesterday, of the morrow, of his flanks, his rear; he must provide for the transport of everything—ammunition, rations, hospitals, and stores; know how to calculate at once on the possible changes of the atmosphere, as on the moral qualities of the men; and all these various elements, ever changing as they are, and ceaselessly complicated, he must

"Unquestionably," said the writer of a private letter from the camp, "an Englishman in power is the most obstinate, pig-headed fellow in existence, when he goes abroad. He brings his own notions with him, and nothing on earth can persuade him that they won't act till he has tried them, and paid most dearly for the experience. The French do the very opposite to us; they seek advice from Frenchmen resident in this country, and they succeed. They have a good cavalry; ours died of starvation from bad management. Their commissariat does its work well, while ours is a pass-word for contempt. Our soldiers are undoubtedly good, but no one can see the good generalship over them, that directs them, that cares for them, that provides for them the least comfort—warm clothing, dry shelter or fuel. No; these are things which it seems to be nobody's duty to perform. Those who can won't, and those who would cannot. It is notorious that warm coats, brought here six weeks ago, are still on boardship in Balaklava, because of some cursed informality. Is it not thoroughly contemptible, when men sacrifice human life to these stupid red-tape notions? Our lines are seven-and-a-half or eight miles from Balaklava, and this state of things. What it would be if 300 or 400 no one can easily tell."

It is pleasing to be able to relate anything which tended to redeem our troops, however slightly, from the miseries to which they were exposed. On the 22nd of January, Mr. Russell wrote from the camp:—"Warm clothing is arriving in great quantities, and the remnant of our army will soon be all comfortably clad, or it will be their own faults. It is difficult to distribute it, as the mere work of carrying it up to the camp must give way to the more urgent necessity of supplying the army with food and fuel. There is this sad consolation—that the reduced numbers of our army place the duty of feeding and curing it more within the grasp of the various departments charged with its execution. The great-coats, boots, jerseys, and mits furnished by the government to officers and men are of excellent quality, and the distribution, though combine, whether in cold or sunshine, hunger or a cannonade. While the mind dwells on all these things the artillery may roar, your head may fall; but, more than this, thousands are there who seek in your features the hope of their safety, or the sentence of their destruction. Behind, though afar, your countrymen look on; over you in triumph they

late, is most liberal. A fur cloak, a pea-jacket, a fur cap, a pair of boots, two jerseys, two pair of drawers, and two pair of socks, are to be given to each officer; and several of them have received the boon already."

Our readers will not have forgotten the benevolent heroism of Miss Nightingale: of that we are sure; for such women are not easily forgotten by a nation which prides itself on the homage it pays to intellect or goodness. When Miss Nightingale left England, most people shook their heads incredulously, and while admiring the angelic spirit that animated her, feared that her efforts would be in vain, and that she would find herself hopelessly out of place in the trying and unusual position she was about to fill. It is a consolation—indeed, amidst much gloom, it is a transient happiness—to know that such was not the case. It is with much pleasure we quote from one of Mr. Macdonald's letters from Scutari a brief account of, or rather tribute of admiration to, her noble and indefatigable services. Having mentioned the deaths of Drs. Struthers and Newton, who both perished at Scutari, victims to the zeal with which they discharged their professional duties, Mr. Macdonald observes—"Both Newton and Struthers, it may be a consolation to know, were tended in their last moments, and had their dying eyes closed by Miss Nightingale herself. Wherever there is disease in its most dangerous form, and the hand of the spoiler distressingly nigh, there is that incomparable woman sure to be seen; her benignant presence is an influence for good comfort, even amid the struggles of expiring nature. She is a 'ministering angel,' without any exaggeration, in these hospitals; and as her slender form glides quietly along each corridor, every poor fellow's face softens with gratitude at the sight of her. When all the medical officers have retired for the night, and silence and darkness have settled down upon those miles of prostrate sick, she may be observed alone, with a little lamp in her hand, making her solitary rounds. The popular instinct was not mistaken which, when she set out from England on her mission of mercy, hailed her as a heroine; I may wave your laurels; or, alas! the cypress—emblem of failure and of death—may rise over your dishonoured remains; and all these pressing images—drive them from your mind; think—quickly think—for in a moment the happiest combination may have lost its fitness, and shame, not glory, may attend you home."

trust that she may not earn her title to a higher though sadder appellation. No one who has observed her fragile figure and delicate health, can avoid misgivings lest these should fail. With the heart of a true woman, and the manners of a lady, accomplished and refined beyond most of her sex, she combines a surprising calmness of judgment, and promptitude, and decision of character. I have hesitated to speak of her hitherto as she deserves, because I well knew that no praise of mine could do justice to her merits, while it might have tended to embarrass the frankness with which she has always accepted the aid furnished her through the fund. As that source of supply is nearly exhausted, and my mission approaches its close, I can express myself with more freedom on this subject; and I confidently assert, that but for Miss Nightingale the people of England would scarcely, with all their solicitude, have been spared the addi-

* From Mr. Macdonald's last letter from Scutari, dated February 19th, we extract the following conclusions which he draws as the result of his observations:—"In looking back, at the close of my mission, upon all that has happened here connected with it, I feel bound to bring prominently before the notice of the public, considerations involving charges against three persons who, in my humble opinion, are chiefly responsible for the excessive amount of sickness and mortality in the army, for the defective state of the military hospitals in the East, and for the slow and unsatisfactory manner in which those defects have hitherto been remedied. First, then, as to the amount of sickness in the army. The causes of it, though they may be traced through every variety of detail, all resolve themselves when generalised into this one great undeniable fact—that Lord Raglan deliberately sacrificed his troops by assigning to them a task far beyond their strength and organisation, under circumstances which necessarily involved most fatal and disastrous consequences. He undertook an equal share of the actual siege operations with the French, who had three times as great a force, and, being on the right, his men had to bear the brunt of Inkermann and Balaklava, besides the harassing duties of constantly guarding a long line which might at any moment be assailed in great force by the enemy. The questions of the constitution of the staff, of the difficulties of transit from Balaklava, of the confusion and mistakes with reference to supplies, of men miserably clothed and fed, the climatic influences, and the sanitary state of the army on its arrival in the Crimea, are all subordinate matters to and included in this one gigantic blunder, which has cost us so many thousand soldiers, and left our military reputation humiliated before the whole world. Had our share in the siege been less ambitious, there would have been time to remedy some at least of these evils; but what could be done in that way when every available man was already worked far beyond his strength in forming and guarding the trenches? Lord Raglan has as much thrown away the army which was intrusted to him as if he had lost it by bad general-

tional pang of knowing, which they must have done sooner or later, that their soldiers, even in hospital, had found scanty refuge and relief from the unparalleled miseries with which this war has hitherto been attended."

Mr. Macdonald's Samaritan labours at Scutari ended when the sum entrusted to him by the *Times*, amounting altogether to £11,585 10s. 5d., was exhausted. That gentleman was compelled, by severe indisposition, contracted in the poisonous atmosphere of the hospitals, to relinquish his task and return to this country. The proprietors of the *Times*, however, having expressed their willingness to receive a further fund of £15,000 for the assistance of our sick and wounded soldiers, the place of Mr. Macdonald was supplied by another gentleman, who immediately afterwards proceeded to the East to administer the public bounty.*

The following anecdote went the round ship in a pitched battle. It is this mighty error of his which has filled our hospitals with such overwhelming numbers of sick, while our allies have preserved their army entire behind the buckler of British valour. They have now a much larger share in the siege of Sebastopol, and will engross more entirely the glory of capturing it when it falls than could possibly have been the case had the strength of our army been properly husbanded by a prudent general. Secondly, for the defective state of the military hospitals in the East, the chief blame must be attached to Dr. Andrew Smith, the director-general. He it was who brought his department into a position which deprived it of all that authority and force requisite for its efficiency. The servile submissiveness of its *régime* has prevented its chief officers from protesting with the requisite energy when its free action was impeded or interfered with. While every other department of the service victimised it, the stringent rule of the director-general had destroyed all zeal and independence of spirit in the mass of his subordinates; and when the hour of trial came, it was found that neither in the Crimea nor at Scutari had the principal medical officers the power or the courage to secure from other quarters the co-operation and assistance which were indispensable to them. They were thrown over by the naval authorities, by the quartermaster-general's people, by the commander-in-chief, by, in fact, everybody with whom they came in contact, or upon whom they were dependent; and to complete their humiliation and the weight of responsibility resting on their chief, they would have submitted in silence and drawn a veil over the horrors of the military hospitals, had these not been disclosed by the press. Such are the miserable results of having at the head of an important department a man whose only qualifications for that office are blind subserviency to his superiors and a stern terrorism over those placed under his own control. In the last place, let me point out where the fault rests that the remedial measures required by the state of the hospitals and the treatment of our sick have been so long delayed, and are still so

of the camp, and was vouched for as a fact. An English officer was taken prisoner and sent to Simpheropol. His friends in England, ignorant of his fate, sent him a packet of letters, which were duly delivered after they had been opened and read by his captors. One of the letters was from a young lady, who modestly desired the officer to take Sebastopol as soon as possible, and to be sure and capture Prince Mentschikoff in person, adding, that she expected to receive a button off the prince's coat, as a proof of the young gentleman's courage. This letter was delivered to the imprisoned officer, accompanied by another from the Russian general enclosing a button, and stating that he had read the young lady's letter, and regretted that he could not accede to her views as regarded the taking of Sebastopol or himself, but that he was happy to be enabled to meet her wishes on a third point, and that he begged to enclose a button from his coat, which he requested the gentleman to forward to the lady who was so anxious to possess it.

Another of Mr. Russell's amusing little camp stories we cannot resist. *Apròpos* of the French, he says—"In cooking, I need not say, our neighbours beat us hollow. I partook of a sumptuous banquet in the tent of an officer of the guards the other night, the staple of which was a goose, purchased for a golden egg in Balaklava, but which assumed so many forms, and was so good and strange in all—now coming upon you imperfectly applied. Here was a case for the exercise of summary authority by some superior power; and one naturally asks how our ambassador, the representative of his sovereign here, behaved in such an emergency. Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, from his palace, which has cost the nation so much money, can see the melancholy piles of building in which for months the bravest and finest army that England ever sent from her shores has been perishing miserably day by day. He has known of overcrowded hospitals, defective stores, patients clothed by charity, wards wretchedly furnished—everything disorganised and in confusion. The horrors of the transport service for the sick have been communicated to him by at least one faithful witness, and in no other respect can he plead ignorance of what has been taking place at his very doors. Yet will it be believed that since my arrival here on the 6th of November last, he has paid only one short visit to Scutari? He came, passed through two or three corridors, and returned again; nor would he have seen the little he did but for the anxiety of Miss Nightingale to have some repairs executed, to expedite which his consent was important. It may be said that, though he did not come himself, he sent Lady Stratford repeatedly, and that she acted as his delegate; but surely this was no matter to be handed over to a lady, however kindly her sympathies and

as a *pièce de resistance*, again assuming the shape of a *giblotte* that would do credit to Philippe, and again turning up as a delicate little *plat* with a flavour of woodcocks, that the name of the artist was at once demanded. He was a grisly-headed Zouave, who stood at the door of the tent, prouder of the compliments which were paid to him than of the few francs he was to get for his services, 'lent,' as he was, by the captain of his company for the day. A few days after—these were Christmas times, or were meant to be so—there was a dinner in another friendly tent. A Samaritan sea-captain had presented a mess with a leg of English mutton, a case of preserved turnips, and a wild duck. Hungry as hunters, the little party assembled at the appointed hour, full of anticipated pleasure and good fare from the fatherland. 'Bankes, bring in dinner,' said the host proudly to his *chef de cuisine*. The guests were set—the cover was placed on the table—it was removed with enthusiasm, and, lo! there lay the duck, burnt black and dry as charcoal, in the centre of a mound of turnips. 'I thou't vovls wor al'ays ate vurst,' was the sole defence of the wretched criminal as he removed the sacrifice for the time. Then he brought in the soup, which was excellent, especially the bouilli; but we could not eat soup all night, especially when the mutton was waiting. 'Now then, Bankes, bring in the leg of mutton.' 'The wawt, zur?' 'The leg of mutton, and look sharp, do benevolent her intentions. Here were crying evils to remove and grievous wants to supply. Here were thousands of English soldiers—the half of her army—sinking into the grave, and Lord Stratford de Redcliffe is content to send his wife to look after them. Why did he not come occasionally himself, and try to breathe life and vigour into the administration of the hospitals? Why did he not now and then show himself in the wards, and let their suffering occupants feel the interest which he, as the representative of their sovereign, took in their welfare? Had he done so, it is impossible that the reforms and improvements which are now beginning slowly to take place could have been so long postponed, and especially that we should be so cramped for hospital space, while our more pushing and vigorous allies have the pick and choice of all the finest palaces and buildings on the Constantinople side of the Bosphorus. The time has come when every servant of the state, high and low, must put forth his best energies fearlessly in its cause.

"The honour and reputation of England, as a great power, have been rudely shaken throughout the East by the events of the last few months, and, unless we take decisive steps to recover the ground which we have lost, no diplomatic *finesse* will ever restore our damaged *prestige*."

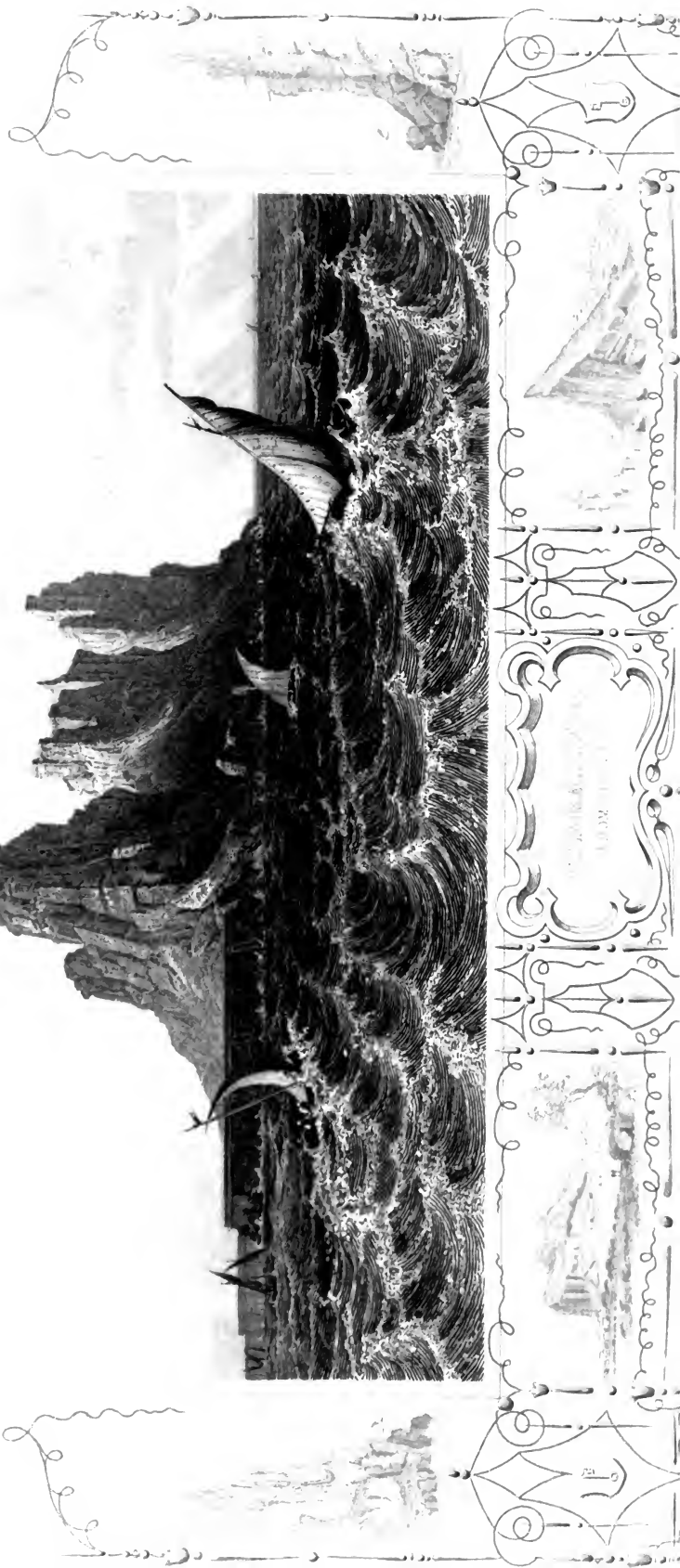
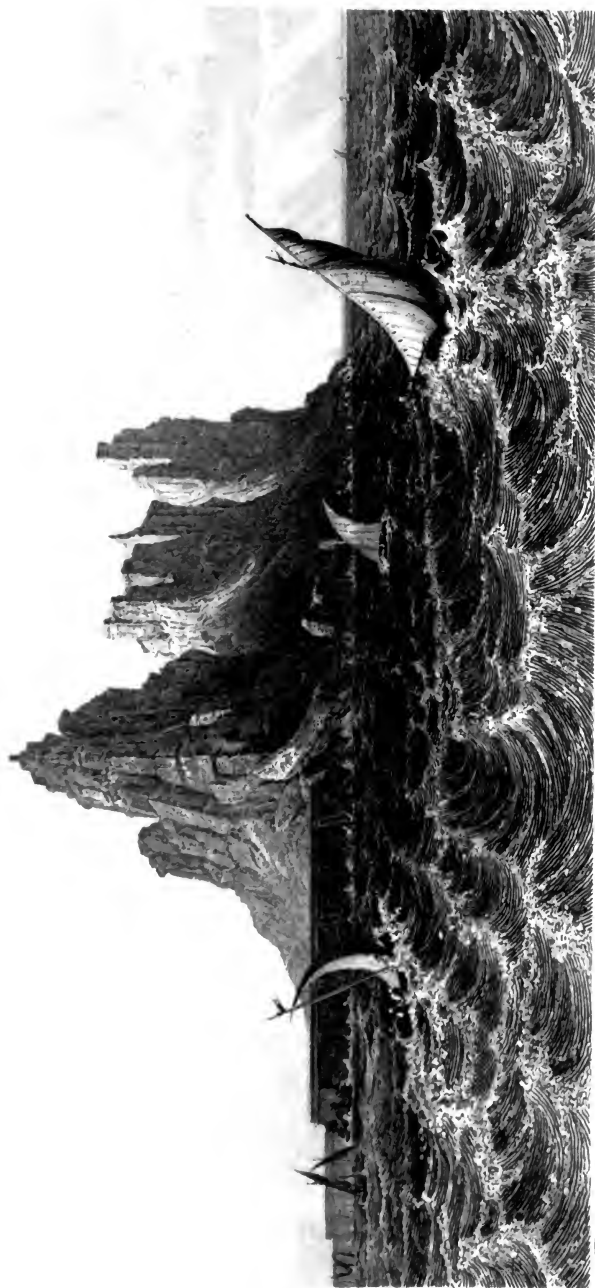
you hear? I hope you've not spoiled *that* too.' Woy, zur, theese been 'atin oot!' The miserable being had actually boiled down the leg of mutton in the soup, having cut it—large slices off it—to make it fit the pot!"

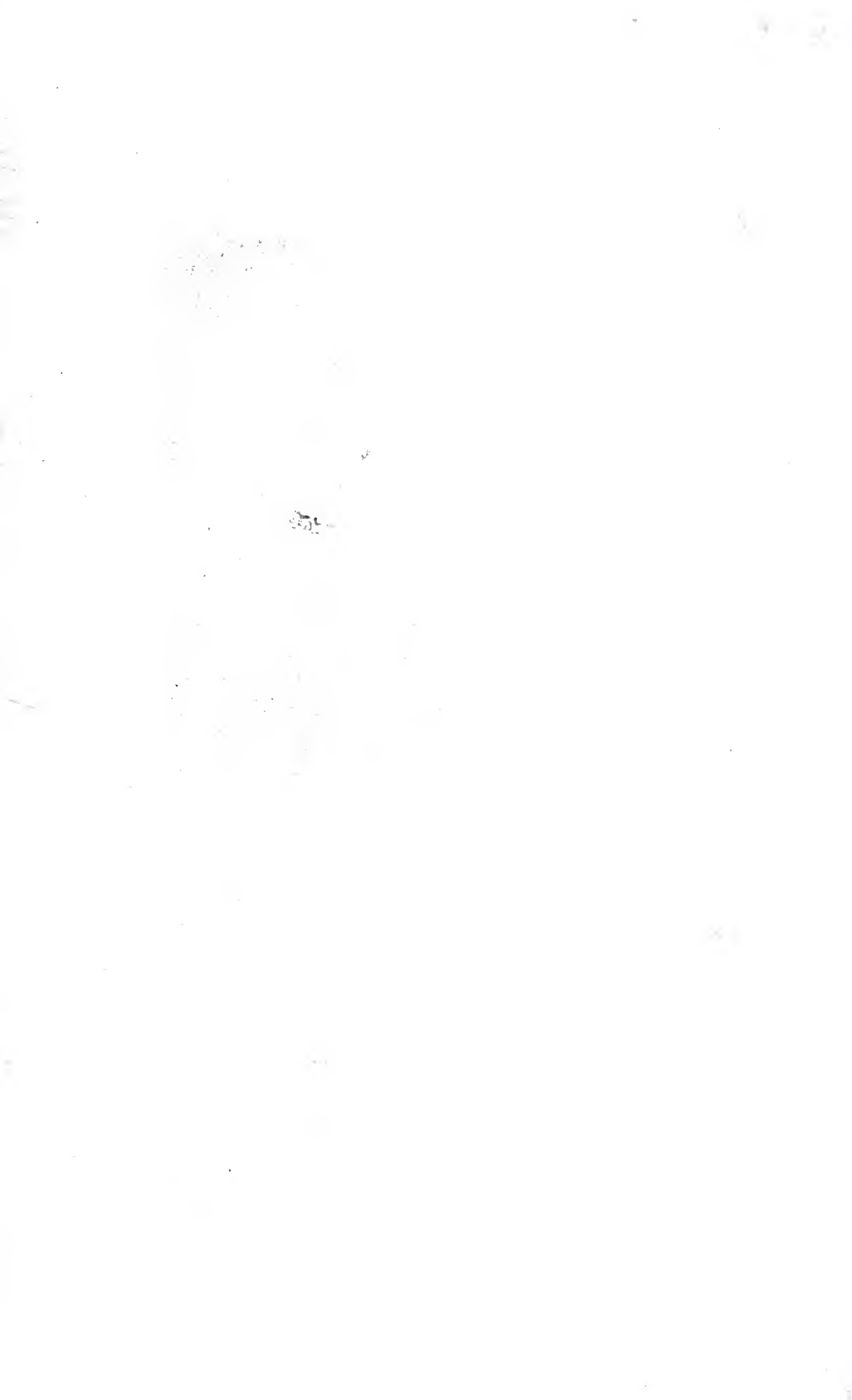
We extract the following from one of Mr. Russell's excellent gossiping letters, dated January 31st:—"To day a spy *walked through some of our trenches*, counted the guns, and made whatever observations he pleased besides, in addition to information acquired from the men with whom he conversed. He was closely shaven, and wore a blue frock-coat buttoned up to the chin, and he stopped for some time to look at Mr. Murdock 'bouching' the guns, or putting new vents into them. Some said he was like a Frenchman; others, that he looked like a doctor; no one suspected he was a Russian till he suddenly bolted away down the front of the battery towards the Russian pickets, under a sharp fire of musketry, through which he had the singular good luck to escape unscathed. Strict orders have been issued, in consequence of this daring act, to admit no one into the trenches or works without a written permission from the proper authorities, and that all persons found loitering about the camp shall be arrested and sent to divisional head-quarters for examination. On the other hand, our spy who was sent out some time ago to report on the condition of the army towards the Belbek, has returned, and states that he went as far as Simpheropol, that the enemy are in some force along the route, but that the cavalry is in a miserable condition, and that their horses are lying dead by hundreds all over the country. I stated, some time ago, that the French have been in the habit of sending out working parties through our lines towards the valley of Baidar, to cut wood for gabions and fuel, along the sides of the romantic glens which intersect the high mountain ranges to the south-east of Balaklava. They have frequently come across the Cossack pickets; and as it is our interest not to provoke hostilities with them, a kind of good-natured fellowship has sprung up between our allies and the men of the Russian outposts. The other day the French came upon three cavalry horses tied up to a tree, and the officer in command ordered them not to be touched. On the same day a chasseur had left his belt and accoutrements behind him in the ruined Cossack

picket-house, and naturally gave up all hope of recovering them, but on his next visit he found them on the wall untouched. To requite this act of forbearance, a French soldier, who had taken a Cossack's lance and pistol, which he found leaning against a tree, has been ordered to return them and leave them in the place he found them. The next time the French went out, one of the men left a biscuit in a cleft stick, beckoning to the Cossacks to come and eat it. The following day they found a white loaf of excellent bread stuck on a stick in the same place, with a note in Russian, which has been translated for them in Balaklava, to the effect that the Russians had plenty of biscuit, and, that though greatly obliged for that which had been left for them, they really did not want it; but if the French had bread to spare like the sample left for them, it would be acceptable. The sentries on both sides shout and yell to each other; and the other day a Russian called out, as the French were retiring for the day—'Nous nous reverrons, mes amis—Français, Anglais, Russes, nous sommes tous amis!' I fear the cannonade going on before Sebastopol, the echoes of which reach the remote glades distinctly, must have furnished a strange commentary on the assurance, and must have rather tested the sincerity of the declaration."

We do not mention all the little sorties and skirmishes that took place during this period of comparative inaction. Their result was almost invariably the same—that is, adverse to the Russians. Before daylight on the morning of the 1st of February, a vigorous sortie was made on the most advanced works of the French right. The firing was furious and incessant; our brave allies suffered severely, and had about 300 men and several officers put *hors de combat* before the Russians were driven back. The pain of the loss was aggravated by the sad reflection that a considerable amount of it was occasioned by an unfortunate mistake, which led one French regiment to fire upon another in the obscurity of the night.

The English navvies, and the materials for the railway from Balaklava to Sebastopol, were arriving at the Crimea during this period; but of the completion of that work we shall speak presently. Here we will merely quote a brief but amusing account of the conduct of the navvies during the voyage:—







"The first thing they did to prevent their own affairs being ingulfed in the general medley was to secure a wharf for the special use of the 'navvy' fleet—an invaluable precaution, and one which permitted something like a system of order and method being created out of the chaos. A fatigue party of soldiers was also obtained to pull down some old buildings to admit of a distinct *locale* being made for the 'navvies,' respecting whom instructions had been given for the whole of them to be berthed and victualled aboard the vessels they arrived in until huts could be erected for their accommodation on shore. This arrangement, with the excellent food and warm clothing provided for them, will, it is presumed, keep them in their present healthy and vigorous condition. Not a single case of sickness occurred among them during the voyage out, nor had any complaint been made of the quality or quantity of the provisions.

"Mindful, however, of the compliment paid them by Captain Andrews on their embarkation at Blackwall, as to the 'eyes of Europe being upon them,' they have been at some pains to keep themselves conspicuous before the several 'nationalities' during their progress to the East. Thus, at Gibraltar, a party of them achieved the hitherto impossible exploit of storming the rock, to the amazement alike of commanders and sentinels, and roamed all over the place, despite of every remonstrance, the authorities good-humouredly tolerating eccentricities which a little more license and a little more delay might have converted into serious excess. This ebullition was repressed on board; and it was intimated that they must not go on shore at Malta, or, if they did, they might do so penniless, for they would be allowed to take no money with them. Nothing disheartened by this admonition and the pecuniary deprivation attending it, they landed; and hit upon a most characteristic expedient for raising the wind. Some dozen of them went about Valetta as perambulating advertisers, proclaiming that at a certain hour a grand display of the noble art of self-defence by real British pugilists, and for the special benefit of two professors of the same, would come off. And come off it accordingly did, amid a large concourse of spectators, and with sterling results, through the importunities of the navvies, who, hat in hand, solicited not only their own countrymen of the place, but the natives—descendants mayhap, many

of them, of Foulques de Valleret and other knights and grand masters,—to contribute to this illustration of the chivalry of Pierce Egan and Tom Cribb. Again, at Constantinople, they insisted on going ashore, and, when told that they could not go, as the place did not belong to the queen, they exclaimed that it ought to belong to her, and that it soon should if they had their way. However, they had not their way there at all events, and so reached their ultimate destination in quietness. Some grumbings and growlings, more or less uproarious, which they have had among each other since their arrival, seem to have begot fears among the military authorities that there may be serious disturbances. But those who know the idiosyncrasy of the navy, think nothing of these little manifestations, and regard occasional phlebotomy in the manner prescribed in *Boxiana* as one of the luxuries essential to the equanimity of the 'roughs,' which they will indulge in, no matter at what alarm to the nerves of disciplinarians, whether in black coats or red. There is no doubt they will be a trifle unruly at the outset, but as little that they will go on steadily, however doggedly and unsentimentally, afterwards. Their enterprise has certainly been commenced, all circumstances taken into consideration, under the most favourable auspices. The great drawbacks at present are the want of horses and the difficulty of procuring auxiliary labour."

On the side of the English the siege almost stood still; and although the French frequently carried on the bombardment with great energy, yet no result seemed to be produced at all commensurate with the great efforts they were making. In fact, the allied armies were paying a heavy penalty for having neglected the laws of war—laws which enjoin that an army should never sit down before a place which it is not numerous enough to invest.

We close this chapter with an interesting description, from the pen of the special correspondent of the *Morning Herald*, of a village, or rather town, which had risen up near Balaklava:—"To remedy the great and much-felt want of beasts of draught, our commissariat sent to Baltchik and Varna for a supply of buffaloes, those quiet, slow, and hideous beasts, which do more work in a day than a horse in a week. They arrived here a few days since, to the number of about 200, and as warm stables were necessary to shelter them from the intense severe

rity of a Crimean winter, a long row of comfortable wooden sheds was erected for their especial accommodation between Balaklava and Kadikoi. This place has now received the name of 'Buffalo Town,' and both from the extent and variety of its edifices, it bids fair to completely eclipse the remnant of a village of which it is an offshoot. To this spot, after being ejected from Balaklava, have migrated all the various tribes of all countries, who, under the general name of suttlers, have swindled both men and officers, and amassed small fortunes by trading on our necessities.* I went down yesterday to see the rising town, of which every one now begins to talk, and certainly was struck with the celerity with which the wooden metropolis and centre of our Crimean trade had been run up. Not that all the houses are of wood, far from it. Buffalo Town boasts every kind of structure, from the common stone stand of a Jew or Tartar, who has staked his all in a venture of clay pipes and cheeses, to the handsome eight-windowed residence of our Rothschild of the provision-market, Mr. Oppenheim. Tents, mud-huts, stalls, wooden houses, canvas screens, and in short, every possible kind of shelter from which any possible kind of article can be sold, abound here. The population which frequents this place is quite as varied as the place itself. All the different branches of the English, French, and Turkish services, with other foreigners innumerable, may be met here on Sunday, in every possible combination of winter costume, from the spruce, active, neat French soldier to our own men-of-war's men, with huge flowing beard and moustachios, great-coats made of cow-hide, and trowsers of buffalo-skin; resembling, in fact, great bears, with nothing to remind you of our blue-jackets but their bold, rollicking, defiant spirit, which four long months in the trenches have not been able to subdue. The Turks frequent the long,

* Well might the Balaklava traders amass small fortunes. A Maltese tailor, who for some months sold clothes and mended them, shut up his shop in the High-street and went back to Valetta with £2,000 in his pocket. Abraham, a Jew servant, who was discharged by his master because he was not contented with £150 a-year wages, opened a shop, and, after a few months, retired from business with a sum of between three and four thousand pounds. A French sailor, who had at one time been a baker, got possession of a house containing two ovens, and hired gangs of French soldiers to bake and to forage fuel for him. His ovens were either always full of bread or heating for a fresh supply. In London his

gaudy line of tents, where, under the crescent and sultan's cypher, gin, raki, coffee, sweetmeats, and tobacco are vended at the most exorbitant prices, and from which seductions the followers of the prophet always come away either discontented or drunk. The English haunt more extensive stores, where everything but the article of which you are in search can be obtained, and where, if one asks for preserved meats, he is sure to be told that they are all gone, but that some admirable tea-spoons, tin kettles, and pocket-combs still remain on hand. The French have peculiar places of their own, in which, after much vociferation and many threats of appealing to the authorities; they generally wind up by expending to the amount of an English penny or so. Amid all this clamour and hurry, little Greek and Maltese boys rush in and out, laden with eggs, bridles, thick boots, gloves, pipes, sausages, and all the other little creature comforts of which dwellers in the camp are supposed to stand so much in need, and generously offer them to passers-by for about one hundred times their actual value. Great was the astonishment and indignation of the 'navvies,' who were at Buffalo Town for the first time yesterday, to find the prices at which these things found eager purchasers here. Such was the scene at our new town on Sunday. Opposite the place where all the trade was going on, a large party of Turks were digging graves; while, a little below them were a party of our own men engaged in a similar melancholy duty; and along the road through the 'town' a long file of sick men from camp, coming in on cavalry horses, wrapped in their blankets, and scarcely able to sit in the saddle, completed the melancholy picture, and gave the 'navvies' a good idea of a Sunday in the Crimea.

"The condition of our soldiers in camp is much better in every respect than it was a short time ago. Still I regret to

loaves would sell for twopence or threepence; at Balaklava they sold, and readily, as fast as they were shot out, for two shillings each. Reckoning the flour (procured from Varna or Constantinople) as high as you will, and put a very high figure on the price of labour, still a loaf which a London baker could sell with profit for threepence, could not cost the Balaklava baker more than one shilling. So there was one shilling profit on each loaf; and it is said that above 1,000 loaves were baked in the twenty-four hours. This, at seven days a week (for there was no seventh day for rest in the camp), would produce, in a month, profits amounting to 30,000 shillings, or £1,500.

say the sickness continues almost unabated. A slight change for the better has taken place during the last two days, though even now we are invaliding to Scutari at the rate of 120 per day. This number is, of course, exclusive of those in hospital at Balaklava and at camp. The general opinion of all our army surgeons seems to be, that the comforts and warm clothing for the men have come too late to be of any real service to the great majority of our troops now out

here. To men who must succeed our present army, they will undoubtedly be of great benefit; but the constitutions of those who were exposed to the awful privations of November, December, and January, have sustained too severe a shock to be rallied by anything less than quiet, comfort, and nursing, which, of course, are all out of the question. Now our men are dying from the effects of what they underwent two months ago. The guards are a mere name."

CHAPTER IV.

THE LAST MANIFESTO OF THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS; BATTLE OF EUPATORIA; DESPATCHES CONCERNING IT; A RECONNAISSANCE BAFFLED BY THE WEATHER; DEATH OF THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS; ACCOUNT OF HIS LAST DAYS AND HOURS; REFLECTIONS ON HIS CHARACTER, INFLUENCE AND POLICY; SUCCESSION OF ALEXANDER II. TO THE IMPERIAL THRONE; DR. GRANVILLE'S LETTER ON THE STATE OF MIND OF THE CZAR NICHOLAS; AUSTRIA AND PRUSSIA CONDOLE WITH THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER; WARLIKE MANIFESTO OF ALEXANDER; REPORTED ADVICE OF THE DYING EMPEROR NICHOLAS TO HIS SUCCESSOR; ADDRESS OF ALEXANDER TO THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS.

ONCE again a voice came from St. Petersburg. At the close of an unusually bitter January, the Emperor Nicholas issued another imperial manifesto to the 60,000,000 of human beings who owned his sway. A shadow had fallen upon the palaces of the czar; gloom prevailed in his gorgeous chambers; disease preyed upon his body, and chilling doubts distracted his mind. Something more than the month was closing! Still the emperor wore an appearance of composure and confidence: though death was near him, and the hour was at hand, his tone was still high, and his exertions incessant. At this time he issued his *last* manifesto, which ran thus:—

We, by the grace of God, Nicholas I., Emperor and Autocrat of all the Russias, &c., make known—

Our faithful and beloved subjects know how much we desire to obtain without recourse to the force of arms, without a greater effusion of blood, the object which we have had constantly in view—that of defending the rights of our co-religionists, and in general of all the Christians in the East. That desire is also known to all those who have followed with attention and impartiality the progress of events as well as the invariable tendency of our acts. We have been, and will still remain, strangers to any

other mainspring of action, to any other view in matter of faith or conscience. Even now, true to those principles which we have adopted, we have announced our consent to the opening of negotiations with the Western Powers, who, with the Ottoman Porte, have formed a hostile alliance against us. We think that we are entitled to the same sincerity on their part, to the same disinterestedness of intentions; and we do not lose the hope of obtaining the re-establishment of peace, so much desired, and so precious for the whole of Christianity. Nevertheless, in the presence of the forces which they array against us, and of the other preparations which they are making to contend with us—preparations which, despite the measures taken for the opening of negotiations, are not discontinued, but, on the contrary, daily assume larger dimensions, we are constrained, on our side, to think of measures to increase the means which God has given us to defend our country, to oppose a firm and powerful barrier to all attempts hostile to Russia, and to all projects that menace its safety and its greatness.

This, the first of our duties, we accomplish, and invoking the support of the Most High, with entire faith in his grace, with full confidence in the love of our subjects,

animated like ourselves with the same sentiment of devotion for our faith, for the orthodox church, and for our beloved country, we address this new appeal to all classes of our subjects, ordaining—

The formation of a general militia of the empire.

The measures relative to the formation and organisation of this militia have been examined and confirmed by us, and are embodied in detail in special regulations; they will be everywhere carried out with punctuality and zeal.

More than once Russia has been menaced, and has undergone sad and cruel trials; but she has always found her salvation in her humble faith in Providence, and in the close and indissoluble bonds which unite the monarch with his subjects, his devoted children. Let it be so again to-day! May the Almighty, who reads every heart, who blesses pure intentions, grant us his assistance!

Given at St. Petersburg, the 29th of January of the year of grace 1855, and in the thirtieth year of our reign.

NICHOLAS.

Like most of the productions of Nicholas, this manifesto contained much affectation of piety, of forbearance, and of a desire for the restoration of peace as soon as the interests of the Christians of the East were sufficiently secured. The czar was dexterous in his use of religion as a lever to effect political objects: he was an admirable actor, and could play the suffering, peace-loving saint to perfection; still the glitter of steel could be discerned between the well-arranged folds of sackcloth, and the aspect of the soldier beneath the priestly assumption of the monarch. He longed, with Christian meekness, to prevent the further effusion of blood, yet he directed "the formation of a general militia of the empire." Pious potentate, merciful prince! Like a not very dissimilar creation of our national poet, the politic czar might have said:—

"I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.
The secret mischiefs that I set abroad,
I lay unto the grievous charge of others.

And thus I clothe my naked villany
With old odd ends, stol'n forth of holy writ;
And seem a saint where most I play the devil."

The czar's manifesto had not long been made public in England, before intelligence

was received from Lord Raglan, by electric telegraph, that the Turkish army at Eupatoria, under the command of Omar Pasha, had been attacked on the 17th of February by a Russian force consisting of 40,000 men, and that the latter had been repulsed with considerable loss after four hours' fighting. At the same time information came from Marseilles, that some thousand Russian soldiers, in marching towards Sebastopol, had perished from the extreme severity of the cold. This latter report, though highly probable, remained unconfirmed. Of the former, particulars were soon received in England. They were as follows:—

An attack in force upon Eupatoria had been long expected; for it was not to be supposed that the enemy would permit so important a position to be tacitly held by the invaders. It was indeed surprising that such an attack should have been delayed until the place was strongly fortified and an Ottoman army of 40,000 men, under the command of Omar Pasha, garrisoned there. *Reconnaissances* had been frequently made, but they were only of sufficient seriousness to keep the Turkish and French soldiers on the alert. Throughout the Crimean campaign the Russians had exercised a prudence that became almost equivocal. At the Alma they met the allies in equal battle and in open daylight; but since that famous engagement they preferred to make sudden sorties during the night, and to retire in order directly they perceived matters were against them. By this means they tarnished their honour in the eyes of brave men, but they avoided the defeat which we confidently believe would have awaited them in any pitched battle with the allies. They could not drive the enemy from their shores, but they trusted by indefinitely protracting the struggle, that the allied armies would succumb beneath the intense bitterness of a campaign during a Russian winter. They had not forgotten the events of 1812, and trusted for a repetition of them. Then, as in this war, the enormous extent of the Muscovite territory, and the peculiarity of its climate, supplied the place of that military heroism and dashing contempt for danger, and of the soldierly qualities possessed by the troops of the Anglo-French armies.

The attack on Eupatoria, intended doubtless to annihilate the power of the allies in that direction, took place at daybreak on



10. 11. 12.

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the morning of the 17th of February. On the 15th, large bodies of troops were seen moving along the Putrid Lake in the neighbourhood of the town. It was understood that troops withdrawn from before Sebastopol had united with others from Perekop and Simpheropol, on the flat ground that lies behind the heights in front of Eupatoria. Some French sailors who remained in the stranded hulk of the *Henri IV.*, wrecked on the night of the 14th of November, and since remaining like a battery upon the beach, observed some hundreds of arabas arriving with troops. Added to this, two Polish lancers, deserters from the Russians, brought news that an immediate attack was intended on the town. Every preparation was accordingly made, and the approach of the foe calmly expected.

The attack commenced about seven in the morning by a furious cannonade (at about 1,200 yards distance) from—according to the French account—eighty pieces of artillery, among which were some 32-pounders. The artillery was supported by a body of infantry, variously estimated from twenty-five to forty thousand, and a small body of cavalry. The morning was a gloomy one, and through the dim light might be seen many of the housetops covered with anxious Tartars, despite the shot and shell which hissed and roared over the town. The Turkish soldiers, under the brave Omar, remained tranquil and firm; each man grasped his musket firmly; and in the fierce expectant glare of their eyes was to be traced the warlike spirit of their ancestors. The cannonade of the Russians was replied to from the town, and also from the allied vessels in the harbour. The English and one Turkish man-of-war weighed anchor and took up their positions on both flanks of the Ottoman army. The Russian account of the battle states that five ammunition-waggons of the Turks were blown up, and several of their cannon dismounted in a few seconds, by their fire; but this circumstance is not alluded to in any of the other despatches.

As the mistiness of the morning cleared away, the great extent of the Russian army was apparent; and Omar Pasha, who with his staff occupied a rising ground, from which he could overlook the line of the enemy, was enabled to judge of their intentions. The cannonade lasted for about two hours without intermission, and the enemy then made preparations for an assault on

the north-east side of the town. Five battalions of infantry advanced under the protection of a fragment of wall belonging to an old cemetery, from whence two of them were thrown forward through the cemetery, provided with scaling-ladders and materials for taking the town by assault. Animated by an officer on horseback, the enemy rushed forward with great impetuosity. The Turkish infantry seemed resolved on retrieving the military reputation their countrymen had tarnished at Balaklava. They stood like adamant, and allowed the Russians to approach to within sixty or seventy yards. Then came the word of command, followed by a steady and deadly fire right into the faces of the advancing Russians. The latter paused, staggered, and fell back in confusion. Animated by their officers, they formed again and continued their advance. Another roar of musketry from the Turks, another deadly flight of bullets, and again the Russians were swept back in confusion. Most of the accounts state that they were twice repulsed in this way; but Omar Pasha says that they were three times driven back from the muzzles of his troops. Several trifling discrepancies occur in the various accounts of this engagement, but they are such as are ever likely to occur. It is hardly possible for two spectators of a battle to describe it alike. While the Russians were staggering from the warm reception they had met with, Ismail Bey, the colonel of the 7th regiment of Roumelians, made a sortie at the head of a battalion of his regiment, and, with the cavalry under Skander Bey, forced the enemy to retire. This, however, they did in good order, protected as they were by their artillery and by heavy masses of cavalry. Omar was glad enough to have repulsed so powerful a foe, and did not consider it prudent to give orders for pursuit, particularly as he was very deficient in cavalry. The Russians, whose high state of military discipline and immense reserves, almost invariably allowed them to conduct a retreat without confusion, falsely described this engagement as a mere *reconnaissance* in force. That it was an elaborate attempt to dispossess the Turks of Eupatoria and drive them into the sea, is evidenced by the circumstance that they left many scaling-ladders on the field behind them.

The Russians, on this occasion, showed none of that obstinate persistence they exhibited at the terrible battle of Inker-

mann. When not intoxicated by superstition or by raki, the Russians are rather tame soldiers. The check which they had received was the signal for general retreat, and the baffled enemy retired at about half-past nine; the engagement having thus lasted for two hours and a-half. A carriage was seen driving about among their cavalry, which was supposed to contain Prince Mentschikoff. During the conflict a gun was pointed at the carriage, and the shot would have struck it, had not the vehicle moved at the instant. The Russians left 453 dead upon the field, amongst which was found the body of the Greek bishop of Eupatoria. Three hundred of their artillery horses were also slain; and the number of wounded whom they contrived to carry away was very great. On the other side, eighty-seven Turks were killed, and 277 wounded; four French were killed, and nine wounded; and of the inhabitants of the town, thirteen were killed and eleven wounded. Of the horses, seventy-nine were killed, and eighteen wounded. Amongst the slain was Selim Pasha, an Egyptian general of division, whose loss was much regretted.

When the engagement was over, Omar Pasha rode round the lines, commending the brave conduct of the men, and exhorting them to behave in the same manner for the future. He was everywhere received with those expressions of joy and grateful admiration which usually greet victorious generals. In Omar the Turkish soldiers possess great confidence, and under his command they fight like brave and veteran troops.

The fullest and most interesting account of this battle, and the one containing the most picturesque colouring and vivid local touches, was from the pen of the special correspondent of the *Daily News*. We shall insert it as a bold and dashing war-picture in words:—

“Eupatoria, Feb. 17th.

“About half-an-hour before daybreak this morning I was roused from a sound and comfortable sleep by the clang of arms, the heavy tread of marching men, going at double quick time, and words of command yelled rather than shouted; and on listening more attentively, the dull, heavy roar of the cannon fell on my ear, as distinctly as the roar of the surge outside would let it, and caused the windows to vibrate faintly at every discharge. I had hardly yet got all my senses

into working order when my companion entered my room, booted, spurred, and armed, and announced the advance of the Russians. Upon going out I found the streets crowded with troops, all hurrying to the point of attack—officers tearing at a mad gallop over the frozen mud, the steamers in the harbour getting up their steam with all possible haste; the morning breaking slowly through a thick haze on cloudy sky, which every few seconds was lighted up by the flash of the rockets, which in their fiery course through the air threw a ghastly light upon the upturned faces of the Tartars clustered on the housetops, or standing in groups at the corners of the streets, and watching the progress of the combat in silent expectation. When I reached the intrenchment a furious cannonade was going on to the right, at an outwork thrown forward a short distance on the plain, and almost surrounded by diminutive windmills; for four or five minutes nothing could be heard but the rapid and tumultuous barking of the field artillery, and then the heavy pieces broke in with a roar which drowned all other sounds, and seemed to rend the clouds, from which the rosy light of the morning now began to stream faintly upon the town and the plain. The ground surrounding Eupatoria is a vast sandy plain, broken now and then by hillocks, and, close to the intrenchments, by two or three small ravines. To the extreme right there is a large salt lake which completely protects it on that side, and on the left an eminence of no great elevation runs away in a north-westerly direction till lost in the distance. Upon the summit of this were two large masses of Russian cavalry, lancers and dragoons, drawn up in squares, and further on to the right were huge columns of infantry, some displayed on the slope, but larger numbers still, I suspect, were behind the hill, the glittering of their bayonets when the sun rose being distinctly visible. In front of these, in a long line, were at least seventy guns, about a third of which were pouring a torrent of shot upon the Turkish hornwork and the adjacent portions of the intrenchment in the rear, the fire being vigorously returned, not only from the point of attack, but from all the redoubts on the left and centre of the Turkish lines. Anything more picturesque than the flash and smoke of the guns, before the day broke clearly, can hardly be imagined; but, when the sun burst through the clouds, and re-

vealed clearly the enormous masses of artillery and infantry that crowned the eminence and lined the slope, I confess—and there were many who partook of my fears—that I could not contemplate the result without considerable apprehension, above all when I remember that the only means of retreat open in case of reverse, was the Black Sea, which roared and foamed in our rear with considerable violence. The cannonade lasted in this way without any striking result on either side till nearly eight o'clock, when the Russians brought down another battery of eight pieces at full gallop, and taking up a position within 800 yards of the hornwork (the garrison of which, though the works were still unfinished, had defended itself with unshaken courage), opened a furious enfilading fire. To draw off a portion of this, a redoubt—the position occupied by the regiment of Colonel Ogleby—opened its fire from one gun, and drew on it instantly a succession of discharges from four pieces out of the eight. Happily (though in one or two instances they got the range very fairly, and knocked clay off the top of the ramparts in the men's faces), the majority of the shots went very high, and, after whizzing over some tents, fell in among some cavalry on the heights in the centre of the position, or dropped right into the sea, without hurting any one. This lasted about an hour, during the whole of which the cannonade continued towards the outwork and on the extreme right with the same violence as ever, and now became mingled with a sharp rattle of musketry, which inspired some apprehension for those parts of the field from this point not visible. In the early part of the day I had planted myself in the redoubt held by Colonel Ogleby's regiment, but as soon as it opened fire it became untenable for lockers-on, partly on account of the smoke, and the impossibility of remaining upright without making one's person a target for such portions of the Russian artillery as might think it a suitable point of aim. On going higher up along the intrenchment, I witnessed some splendid practice from the *Valorous* steamer in the harbour, which threw shells with great precision across the mounds of sand on the sea-shore, and in amongst the cavalry on the left, causing them to shift their position several times, till they got fairly out of range. Throughout the Turkish artillery acquitted itself remarkably well; after every shot, we

could see the enemy's horses rolling over, or flying off riderless across the field. Their artillery must certainly have suffered severely, as was testified by the number of dead horses, and fragments of gun-carriages found afterwards. About 10 o'clock a column composed of the Azovski regiment was pushed forward to the assault on the extreme right, where they had less to fear from the fire of the artillery, through a large graveyard filled with memorials of departed worth in the shape of stones of every size and form, from the simple cross or headstone of the peasant, to the square and ponderous tomb of some wealthy shop-keeper or director of the quarantine. What induced them to choose such a spot as this for the attack it is hard to imagine, as the inequalities of the ground must have thrown them more or less into disorder from the first moment. A few minutes previously the *Furious* had sent a rocket party ashore, who landed on the extreme right of the town, and, coming round amongst the windmills, opened their fire on the Russians, just as the head of the column issued from the burying-ground and appeared on the glacis, and at the same moment the musketry commenced from the intrenchment. The column pushed on to a distance of not more than twenty yards from the ditch, but there gave way and fell into disorder. Selim Pasha now made a sortie with a brigade of Egyptians, and charged them with the bayonet; but, in the act of leading his men on, received a musket-ball through the body, and fell dead. Ismail Bey was also wounded on the same occasion. The Russians now fell into disorder, gave way, and retired, leaving the graveyard strewn with their dead. The artillery limbered up and went off, firing occasional shots till it passed the brow of the hill. The cavalry preceded it at a canter, but, when on the other side, the whole retreated in the most beautiful order to a distance of about two miles, where they bivouacked on the plain. Immediately after the cessation of the firing I walked down to the crownwork, and at every yard along the inside of the inner intrenchment, found traces of the conflict in the shape of battered houses, dead horses, and here and there wounded and dead men. These were, however, the natural consequences of four hours' fierce cannonading, and I passed them without bestowing much attention on them, till I was stopped in a narrow passage between the parapet and ruined wall, by two soldiers

marching abreast, with a very excited, triumphant air, and each carrying in his hand what at first I took to be a pig's head, but which, on nearer approach, I found to my infinite disgust to be the heads of two unfortunate Russians who had fallen in the graveyard; one, from the long hair, evidently that of a Greek volunteer; the other the closely cropped skull of a soldier of the line—both gory and disfigured, and leaving bloody traces on the ground over which they passed. I had scarce recovered from my surprise and horror, when I met two other savages bearing aloft on the points of their bayonets two other trophies of a similar nature. They had scarcely passed me, however, when they were stopped by the news that their two *confreres*, who preceded them, on laying their hideous *spoila* at the feet of Omar Pasha, instead, as they expected, of being patted on the back, and receiving a good baksheesh, were instantly arrested and marched off to prison. The two last instantly lost their enthusiasm, dropped their bayonets, and went back, with a very downcast air, all the way looking as if they wished to rid themselves of their burden without exhibiting their fears or their weakness to their comrades. The scene in the interior of the outwork was terrific. Men lay on every side gashed and torn by those frightful wounds which round shot invariably inflict. Here a gory trunk, looking as if the head had been wrenched from the shoulders by the hand of a giant; there is an artilleryman, lying across a splinter of his own gun-carriage—the splintered bones of his thighs protruding from the flesh; another cut in two as if by a knife, and his body doubled up like a strip of brown paper. The artillery horses and their drivers were stationed amongst the windmills which stand in thick clusters between the outwork and the fortifications of the interior, and as the whole of this space was swept for nearly two hours by the fire of the battery which was last brought up, the havoc was dreadful. Nearly eighty artillery horses were killed on a small patch of ground, some by the shot, others by the splinters of wood and stone, which flew in showers from the mills at every discharge, and the soil was strewn with their blood and entrails. I saw all the horses of one gun knocked together into one indiscriminate mass, as if some mighty force had squeezed them up like so much butter. The mills presented a most ludicrous spectacle; some had one arm left, others two; and

some were tumbled into a mass of ruins, from which a wheel or a wing stuck up in the air as if protesting against the outrage. None of all these things, however, attracted much attention from the defenders of the position. All were talking loudly, some few laughing; artillerymen, taking the harness off the dead horses, and making repairs on the damaged guns; some throwing up fresh clay where the works had suffered; others carrying off the wounded in blankets, many of the latter groaning loudly; others reverently covering the faces of the dead with the skirts of their coats; and all this amidst a hum and buzz of voices which rose as merrily and cheerfully upon the morning air, towards the sunny sky, as if it were the close of a *fête*, and no grim evidences of a bloody struggle lay on every yard of the soil. Omar Pasha rode round soon after, with a large staff, and most of the European officers who were in the place; and in this train I went down to the graveyard. The firing had certainly not ceased twenty minutes, and yet at least 2,000 Tartars had rushed out of the town and stripped and plundered the dead Russians. When Omar Pasha reached the spot he drove them all away, but not before every one of the bodies was stark naked. The greater number seemed very young men, some mere boys; all wore an expression of perfect repose; no straining or distortion was visible either in the features or the limbs; they lay like men who were weary and slept. Many were half-buried and crushed under the tombstones, which the round shot and the rockets had hurled from their places, and sent flying in pieces in all directions. Many of the Russians had still a shred of a shirt or an old pair of drawers clinging to their mangled remains, and it would have required no great stretch of imagination to have supposed them the peaceable tenants of the tombs around, who had risen to ask the cause of the wild tumult which raged above their abodes. In all, 200 bodies were collected and buried by the Turks. As the artillery must have carried off a large portion of theirs, as is usually the case, I think the Russian loss may be fairly estimated at 300 killed and 700 wounded. The Turks have lost eighty killed and 200 wounded. These accounts both exceed my rough guess given in a telegraphic despatch immediately after the action. The damage done to the fortifications was very trifling, and was repaired in

three or four hours. The troops are now working night and day in strengthening the position, and I think no fears whatever, considering the large force which garrisons it, and notwithstanding the enormous masses of artillery with which the Russians threaten it, need be entertained as to its safety. The whole of Liprandi's division is supposed to be here. They have an overwhelming force of cavalry all round the town, and they are right, for no finer cavalry ground, I suppose, exists in the world. The whole country from this to Perekop is one immense plain, smooth as a bowling-green."

The following despatch, by Omar Pasha, containing an account of the engagement, was addressed by his highness to Lord Raglan, and forwarded by the latter general to the English minister of war (Lord Panmure):—

Head-quarters, Eupatoria, Feb., 1855.

My Lord,—I have the honour to inform your lordship that the enemy attacked Eupatoria on the morning of the 17th inst.

The troops intended for this attack had left the camp before Sebastopol six days ago, and other troops from Perekop and Simpheropol had joined them in the night of the 16th and the morning of the 17th, in the flat ground that lays behind the heights that are before Eupatoria.

As far as one could guess, and according to the information furnished by prisoners, the enemy mustered thirty-six battalions of infantry, six regiments of cavalry, 400 Cosacks, eighty pieces of artillery in position, and some troops of horse-artillery, which were in reserve.

The attack commenced at daylight by a strong cannonade, during which the enemy used even 32-pounders. At first the Russians showed themselves in great force along our whole position; but, seeing that our left was protected by men-of-war, which went there when the first shot was fired, they concentrated against our centre and right.

I then requested the senior officer of the English royal navy to send the gun-boat *Viper* to the right, and to take up a position near the French steamer *Vélocé* and the Turkish steamer *Schehfaer*, on board of which was the vice-admiral, Ahmed Pasha. At the same time I reinforced the right with some battalions of infantry and some pieces of artillery, which I withdrew from the left.

The enemy continued his fire without ceasing, from the position held by his artillery, supported by a powerful fire of skir-

mishers, and then his infantry, carrying planks and ladders, three times tried to storm the works. Each time it was repulsed and obliged to retire under our fire, but it was enabled to effect this retrograde movement under cover of its artillery and of heavy masses of cavalry.

Our cavalry, which at the present moment only musters about two or three hundred horses, and which charged the Russian infantry at the commencement of its retreat, did not dare to pursue it in the face of such heavy masses.

This superiority in artillery and cavalry prevented our disturbing the Russians on their retreat. After four hours and a-half fighting, they commenced retiring in three different directions—towards the bridge of Lake Sasik, towards Top Mamai, and towards the Perekop road.

I have every reason to be satisfied with the conduct of my troops during the day. Although behind works only half finished, and not fully armed, they showed a bold front and were very steady.

Our losses are not very numerous, but they are to be deplored. We regret the death of Selim Pasha, lieutenant-general commanding the Egyptian troops. We had, moreover, eighty-seven killed and 277 wounded; seventy-nine horses killed and eighteen wounded.

Among the killed there are seven officers, and ten are wounded, among them Suleiman Pasha; thirteen inhabitants of the town have been killed, and eleven wounded.

I consider it my duty to make honourable mention of the French detachment that is here, and of the English men-of-war *Curaçoa*, *Furious*, *Valorous*, *Viper*, of the Turkish steamer *Schehfaer*, and of the energetic co-operation of the French steamer *Vélocé*, who all contributed greatly towards frustrating the efforts of the enemy. The French detachment had four men killed and nine wounded; among the latter is a naval officer.

The Russians must have suffered a heavy loss. According to the report of the civil authorities of the town, who had to bury the dead, their number of killed amounts to 453; their artillery lost 300 horses. They carried away a great many of their dead, and almost all their wounded. We have taken seven prisoners.

I have, &c.,

OMAR.

His Excellency Lord Raglan, &c.

Annexed also is a translation of the French general's account of the attack on Eupatoria.—

Crimea, February 19th.

Monsieur le Maréchal,—Yesterday, the 18th, an English steamer coming from Eupatoria brought the news that the enemy had vigorously attacked that place, and had been repulsed. That vessel left Eupatoria without taking the despatches of Commandant Osmont, and I was without details.

To-day only I received a report from Commandant Osmont, containing the precise details, which I subjoin:—

In the night between the 16th and 17th the Russians, taking advantage of the darkness, established round the place, the circumvallation works of which are not quite completed, a sort of irregular parallel, consisting of earth mounds thrown up, intended to cover their artillery and riflemen.

On the 17th, at eight, A.M., eighty pieces of artillery opened their fire. Behind this artillery there was a mass of 25,000 infantry, commanded (according to Commandant Osmont) by General Osten-Sacken. There were also 400 horse.

After a cannonade of nearly two hours' duration the enemy made their preparations for an assault on the north-east side, where the smallest number of guns are mounted. Five battalions of infantry, provided with the necessary materials for crossing the fosse and scaling the walls, advanced to within 400 metres, protected by a fragment of wall belonging to an old cemetery. Two of these battalions were then thrown forward. This column arrived within twenty metres of the fosse, but, received by a brisk fire, was compelled to retreat. Brought up a second time to the attack, it was vigorously repulsed by a Turkish battalion, which, making a sortie from the town, attacked it boldly at the point of the bayonet and routed it, while the small body of Turkish cavalry charged it on the flank. This column left 150 dead in the cemetery.

Meantime the cannonade continued along the whole line. The fire of the enemy was chiefly concentrated on the hill, "so called, of the mills," where the Egyptian general of division, Selim Pasha, and the Egyptian colonel, Rustem Bey, were killed nobly fulfilling their duty.

At ten o'clock the Russians began to waver, and were soon in full retreat.

The defence of Eupatoria confers the

greatest honour upon the commander-in-chief, Omar Pasha, and the troops under his orders. It inaugurates, in the happiest and most brilliant manner, the *début* of the Ottoman arms in the Crimea.

Commandant Osmont estimates the loss of the enemy at 500 killed and 2,000 wounded. Writing at the very moment of the event, he had not yet received the official return of the losses of the garrison. He estimates them at about 100 killed and a proportionate number of wounded.

Our little French garrison of about 200 men of the 3rd regiment of marines, and a portion of the crew of the *Henri IV.*, figured honourably in the defence, under the orders of their commander, Chef-d'Escadron of the Staff Osmont, whose intelligence and firmness are known to you. We had four men killed and eight wounded; among the latter Lieutenant Las Cases, who had command of the marine guns. His wound is not serious. He is a distinguished officer, full of vigour.

The steamers in the roadstead, among which I must mention the *Veloce*, Captain Dufour de Mont Louis, rendered good service to the defence of Eupatoria by a well-directed fire.

I am, M. le Maréchal, &c.,

CANROBERT.

It is just also to let the Russians give their version of this engagement, which they did in the *Invalide Russe*, as follows:—

"We knew by the report of Prince Mentschikoff's aide-de-camp of the 12th, that on the 3rd the Turkish troops disembarked at Eupatoria had made an offensive movement upon the village of Saki, in numbers of more than 10,000.

"In order to assure himself of the exact amount of the enemy's forces in occupation of Eupatoria, and to ascertain if there was not a possibility of expelling them, Prince Mentschikoff ordered Lieutenant-general Churleff to execute on the 17th a strong *reconnaissance* upon that town, with a party of troops stationed in the vicinity.

"The troops destined for this operation approached Eupatoria within the distance of 250 yards, and opened a cross fire of artillery upon the place.

"The enemy responded with a lively cannonade from the fortifications which surround the city; nevertheless, the action of our artillery was so happily executed, that in a few seconds five ammunition waggons

belonging to the Turks were blown up, and several pieces of cannon dismounted.

"Carried away by this success, the 3rd and 4th battalions of the regiment of the Azoff infantry, the battalion of Greek volunteers, and three sotnias of the regiment No. 61 of Cossacks of the Don de Jeroff, got nearer to the town, and, profiting by the shelter which the locality offered, commenced a smart fusilade with the enemy; nevertheless, General Chruleff, being assured that the town contained nearly 40,000 troops with 100 pieces of artillery, and that further effort on our part promised no result, gave orders to the troops to retire. This difficult movement was executed with remarkable order.

"Our loss in this affair amounts to nearly 500 men killed or wounded. The loss of the enemy was in all probability much greater; for his troops, pent up in narrow streets, remained for a long time exposed to the terrible fire of our artillery, the projectiles of which had clear range of the entire town."

For some time extensive preparations had been secretly making in the allied camps before Sebastopol for a *reconnaissance*, to be conducted by Sir Colin Campbell and by generals Bosquet and Villenois. The object was to test the strength of the enemy, who were supposed to be lurking among the valleys about Tchorgoun. The weather had been unfavourable, but in consequence of a few fine days having hardened the ground, the 19th of February was fixed for the movement. The exploring party was to consist of 1,800 British and 4,000 French. The night before all was expectation, and everybody engaged in the *reconnaissance* was to be up and under arms long before daylight. About midnight the French assembled, soon after which the rain began to fall heavily. Then the wind changed to the north, the rain became hail, the cold increased in severity, snow fell, and the wind became higher and fiercer. The troops could not see a yard before them; a *reconnaissance* under such circumstances would be useless, and no good was to be derived from exposing the men to such bitter weather. Under these circumstances the French resolved on abandoning the projected excursion, and Major Foley was dispatched by General Canrobert to inform Sir Colin Campbell that the French would not move. The messenger arrived too late; Sir Colin and the men under his command had set

out about three o'clock in the morning for the heights over Balaklava. An aide-de-camp overtook the general on the march, but the brave old warrior refused to turn back, especially as the French brigadier-general, Villenois, had sent word that he would move forward his men to support Sir Colin, in case the latter should have advanced before counter-orders had reached him.

The British troops proceeded, in defiance of the snow-storm, which increased in violence and intensity as the morning dawned. Such was the closeness of the falling snow, that even after daylight it was impossible for the men to distinguish any object more than six feet before them. The skirmishers in advance came suddenly upon three Russian sentries, whom they captured, though not before the alarm was given to the enemy. As our troops advanced, the Cossacks and infantry videttes fell back, firing their carbines and muskets at random into the thick white mist before them. The drums of the enemy were heard beating, and, through rifts in the veil of snow, their columns could be observed slowly retiring. Their numbers were estimated at about 5,000 men, and by their movements it was presumed that they had strong reserves in their rear. Our men were suffering so severely from the cold, that they were scarcely able to obey the command to "fix bayonets;" and, indeed, could with difficulty keep their rifles in their hands. The horses almost refused to face the storm, and men's ears, noses, and fingers, gave premonitory symptoms of frost-bite. Added to this, the snow fell still more heavily, quite excluding the Russians from view, and the French did not make their appearance. It was impossible to resist the conviction that the *reconnaissance* had been defeated by the weather, and Sir Colin Campbell very unwillingly gave the order to return. By about eleven, A.M., the troops arrived at their quarters, exhausted by fatigue and suffering bitterly from the cold.

Slight as was the repulse of the Russians at Eupatoria—that is, slight in comparison with the great battles of Alma and of Inkermann—yet it tended in some measure to produce an event which startled Europe, and produced astonishment throughout Russia. We have lately referred to the failing health and the spasmodic industry of the Emperor of Russia. Calm and dignified as the great autocrat seemed to those around him, stern and unbending as was the front he bore to

his enemies, yet the terrible struggle on which he had entered was secretly undermining his health and bearing him downward to the grave. Baffled ambition and an humbled pride gnawed like serpents on his heart, and beneath their venomous bites he doubtless writhed in secret, while he smothered the bitterness that reigned within him, and presented outwardly the unruffled calm of aristocratic *hauteur* and majestic repose. On the evening of Friday, the 2nd of March, it was known in the great European capitals that the Emperor Nicholas was no more! A telegraphic despatch had scarcely informed the people of this country that he was seriously ill, when another arrived bringing news of his death. At the first the information was received with incredulity, but it was speedily confirmed. Anxiety and sickness had done their work, and the troubler of the peace of the world was a powerless, breathless thing, soon to return to the obscure dust from which he rose.

At first a suspicion arose that the Emperor Nicholas had met the fate that had overtaken so many of his predecessors—namely, assassination. The surmise was natural, but it proved to be unfounded. Though his death was unexpected, he had been more than commonly ill for twelve days. It is said the illness which caused, or, rather, which immediately preceded his death, was brought on by a cold. Notwithstanding the severity of a St. Petersburg winter, the emperor insisted on attending to his usual occupations. His anxiety for the success of the war into which he had rushed, induced him to inspect everything for himself, even to the most minute details. He visited the soldiers in their barracks; he attended long and frequent reviews, forgetful of the precautions which his age required in such a climate and in such a season. To all the observations made to him by his children and by his most devoted servants, he replied that he had something else to do besides taking care of his health. He had beside treated himself according to his own ideas, and had insisted on his physicians putting him on a regimen which would prevent his getting corpulent, a condition of which he had considerable dread.

The emperor expired on the morning of the 2nd of March, and his death was attributed to pulmonic apoplexy, or congestion of the lungs. We have already stated

that he was born on the 6th of July, 1796, and that he succeeded his brother Alexander as emperor on the 1st of December, 1825; he was therefore in the fifty-ninth year of his age, and he had filled the imperial throne of the czars for nearly thirty years.

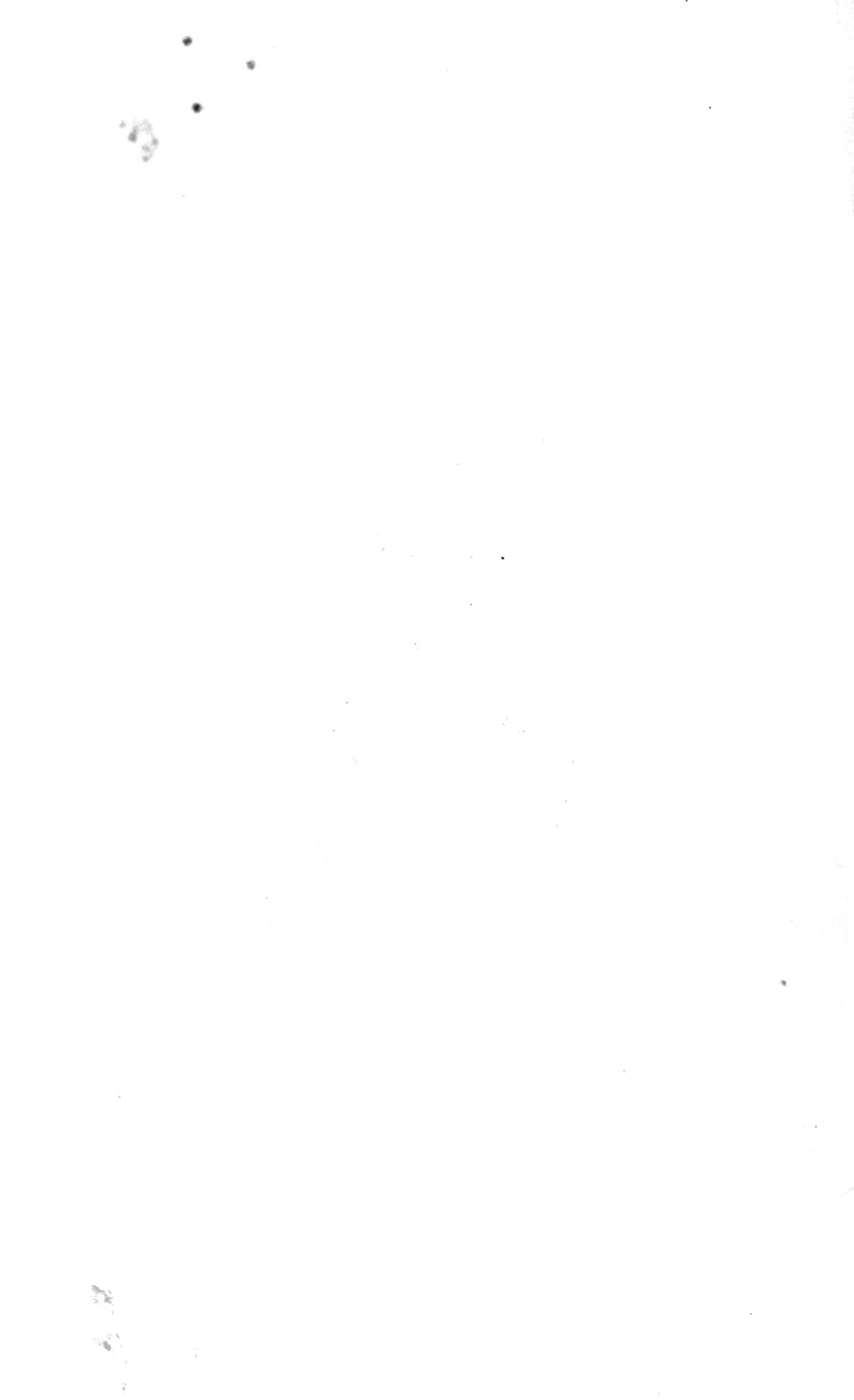
Of the last illness and the last hours of the man who had played so great a part in the affairs of Europe, the accounts we possess are but meagre. It would be a matter of great, though perhaps of morbid, interest to know what were the secret thoughts of such a man at such a time. We cannot know them with any degree of certainty; but from the dignified composure with which he received the news of his approaching fate, it may be inferred that no emotions of remorse for the blood that he had so wantonly caused to be shed disturbed his numbered minutes. He died as many a tyrant has died before him—in seeming confidence that he had played his part justly upon “this great stage of fools.” He regarded his career of blood with satisfaction; he spoke of religion as if he felt himself a saint; and his hopes of a happy futurity seemed to rest on the vestibule of certainty.

During the last few days of the emperor's life, influenza was rapidly succeeded by fever and inflammation of the lungs. Dr. Mandt informed him that atrophy of the lungs was possible. He received the communication with calmness, merely inquiring, “When shall I be paralysed?” The physician could not give a precise answer. He then said to Dr. Carell, “When shall I be suffocated?” On the morning of the 1st of March he declined receiving the last sacrament just then, but later in the day he consented to do so. He then took leave of his wife, children, and grandchildren, and blessed them separately in a firm voice, and with great calmness. Shortly afterwards the paralysis reached his lungs, and he expired. A rumour which could not be traced to any authentic source, affirmed that among the last words uttered by the Emperor Nicholas were the following, in reference to the King of Prussia:—“Tell my brother-in-law that I trust he will not forsake his own nephew and my children in the great perils which may lie before them.” Whether such a speech was made by the dying autocrat we cannot certainly say; but there were those about him in his last hours who had the strongest inducement to frame such an injunction, and to give it whatever weight with the King of Prussia that it



NICHOLAS I.
EMPEROR OF RUSSIA

OB. 1864



might acquire from the solemnity of the moment at which it was uttered.

The following account of the emperor's last days and hours, from a Russian source, is extremely interesting:—

"As it now turns out, his majesty had been for some time violently affected with *grippe*. About the 18th of February his body physician, Dr. Mandt, begged for permission to call in other physicians. The emperor took this very lightly, and turned it off with a joke, but consented that the body physician, Dr. Karell, should be also consulted. The emperor became by degrees worse from want of sleep and increased cough, with plentiful expectoration, so that the physicians, on the 22nd, begged his majesty would keep his room. The emperor would not hear a word of it; on which one of the physicians said to him, 'No medical man in the whole army would allow any soldier so unwell as your majesty is to leave the hospital, for he would be sure that his patient would soon come in again worse.' The emperor answered, 'You have done your duty, gentlemen, and I thank you, and now I will do mine;' and on this he got into his sledge in rather cold weather, and drove to the exercising-house to see some men of the infantry of the guard, who were about to march into Lithuania to make up the complement of the regiments there.

"At this inspection, which was the last occasion of the emperor's being seen in public, he was evidently very unwell, coughed violently, expectorated excessively, and said as he went away, 'I am in a perfect bath (of perspiration),' although it was anything but warm in the exercising-house. The emperor then drove to Prince Dolgorouki, the minister of war, who was ill, cautioned him not to go out too soon, and then returned to the winter palace. In the evening he was present at the prayers for the first week of Lent, stayed some time with the empress, but complained of being cold, and kept his cloak on in the room. From that evening the emperor did not quit his little study. It was there, on February 23rd, that he received his flügel adjutant, Colonel von Tettenborn, and dispatched him to Sebastopol; all the while lying on the sofa, and covered up with his cloak. After that his majesty transferred all business into the hands of the Grand-duke Alexander.

"The days from February 24th to the 27th passed over without one's learning

anything further on inquiry than that 'the emperor does not leave his bed, as he is somewhat feverish: the cough is getting less and less hard,' &c. During the whole time he was ill the emperor lay only on his camp bed, *i.e.*, on a casing of Russia leather filled with hay, a bolster of the same kind, and with a blanket and his cloak over him. It was not till February 28th that his state was looked on as decidedly serious. On that night he became rapidly worse. The physicians apprehended a paralysis of the lungs. On the evening of March 1st they despaired of his recovery.

"The empress and the crown prince begged him, at the request of the physicians, to take the sacrament. It was not till then that the emperor seems to have recognised the real danger of his state; but hardly any shock is stated to have been noticeable in him.

"In the night from the 1st to the 2nd instant, Dr. Mandt communicated to the emperor that he was dangerously ill, and that more particularly his lungs were violently affected, and gave great ground for apprehension. The emperor answered very calmly, 'And so you think that I am liable to a paralysis of the lungs?' To which Dr. Mandt answered, 'Such a result is very possible.' On this the emperor very calmly and collectedly took the sacrament, took leave of the empress, their children and grandchildren, kissed each, and blessed each one, with a firm voice, and then retained only the empress and the crown prince with him. This was about four o'clock in the morning. The emperor said subsequently to the empress, 'Do go now and take a little rest, I beg of you.' She answered, 'Let me remain with you; I would I could depart with you, if it were only possible.' To this the emperor replied, 'No; you must remain here on earth. Take care of your health, so that you may be the centre of the whole family. Go now; I will send for you when the moment approaches.' The empress could not do otherwise than obey this distinct expression of the emperor's will, and left the room.

"The emperor then sent for Graf Orloff, Graf Adlerberg, and Prince Dolgorouki, thanked them for their fidelity, and bade them farewell. Subsequently the emperor had all the servants immediately about him sent in, thanked them for their services, blessed them, and took leave of them: on which occasion he is said to have been him-

self very much affected. Last of all the Kammerfrau von Rohrbeck was sent for. The emperor thanked her for the fidelity she had always shown the empress, for the care with which she had always tended her in sickness, begged her never to quit the empress, and ended with, 'And remember me kindly at Peterhoff, that I'm so fond of.' The emperor pressed Dr. Kareli's hand, and said to him, 'It is no fault of yours.'

"Whilst the emperor's father-confessor was speaking with him he took the empress's hand and put it into the priest's, as if he would confide the empress to the ecclesiastic. After this the emperor lost his speech for a while, during which time he was engaged in prayer, and crossed himself repeatedly. He subsequently regained his voice, and spoke from time to time up to his decease, which took place without a struggle in the presence of the whole family, March 2nd, at ten minutes past noon.

"Almost the last articulate words that the emperor spoke were, 'Dites à Fritz (King of Prussia) de rester toujours le même pour la Russie, et de ne pas oublier les paroles de papa' (the late King of Prussia.) At first the face of the corpse was very much sunk and fallen in; but in the evening the fine features had become more imposing than ever from their repose and regularity."

We have in a previous part of this work spoken of the appearance and manners of the living emperor; but we have yet a word to add concerning the departed despot. Whatever power the war party and aggressive policy of Russia received from his personal character and talents, of course terminated with his death. It is therefore well here to inquire, as far as can be ascertained, what was the nature of that character and the amount of that influence? In brief, what did Russia lose, or the allies gain, by the death of the emperor? No very definite answer could be given to these questions, for but a small amount of certain and positive information concerning them existed. The politicians had to grope about in twilight and mist, and collect slender inferences rather than make unqualified statements.

The Emperor Nicholas was undoubtedly a man of considerable mental powers, but he possessed nothing of the great or the heroic. He originated no new design with reference to the cherished theme of Russian statesmen—the extension of the empire and the advance of his subjects—but rather ser-

vily followed the ideas of his predecessors. In some respects, indeed, he had fallen behind them in the great onward march of nations. Nicholas was proud of being regarded as the champion of absolute authority and the foe of liberal institutions. Such a pride is inconsistent with greatness of soul, and, we consider, inseparable from a certain narrowness of mind and pettiness of spirit. In the matter of government he clung to what seemed safe—to expediency and coercion, to a fettered press, and a servile, superstitious priesthood; he could not rise to the grand height of placing a faith in the affections of his subjects. There had been reformers even upon the throne of Russia; but Nicholas had not the mind or desire to follow in their footsteps. Such a course he regarded as dangerous, and he clung to the effete conventionalities of the past as to that which, though not best, seemed safest. Compare the career of Nicholas with that of his ancestor, the illustrious barbarian, Peter the Great, and you will see at once the rude heroism of the latter, and the cleverness and polished shams that stood in the place of heroism in the former. Peter produced a policy; Nicholas was merely the product of one—the blind agent of a scheme grand in its conception, and not utterly discordant with the era of Peter, but which had become a madness and an impossibility in this.

Still, though Nicholas was not a great man, he possessed remarkable talents. His shadow overspread the German states; and in the courts of some of the minor powers of that great confederation, his influence was almost irresistible. He possessed a capability of inspiring those around him with strong emotions both of fear and attachment. His industry was persevering and untiring; ease, and even health, were sternly sacrificed at the call of ambition. His influence over his people was remarkable, though it has been conjectured that, in some respects, he followed where he seemed to lead, and that he was sustained and driven forward in his aggressive policy by a powerful public opinion. But the leading characteristic of the mind of Nicholas seems to have been dissimulation. In craft, he resembled one of our own monarchs—the first of the house of Tudor, of whom it was said that he possessed the art of making peace more dangerous to his enemies than war. Finding that the feeling of the courts of Europe was opposed to schemes of mili-

tary conquest, Nicholas substituted for a considerable time the wily encroachments of diplomacy. In this he was so successful, that he gained more by negotiations than by the power of the sword. The conduct of the last two years of his life was a mistake, brought on by a too eager attempt to grasp the coveted prize at once. The imperial Overreach paid a heavy penalty for his precipitation.

The policy of the Emperor Nicholas is thus described by the writer of an elaborate article on that subject in the *Moniteur*. "To stretch forth the powerful hand of Russia upon Europe to enslave it; to make Germany its vassal, and, if necessary, step over its body to reach the East; to keep the mouths of the Danube as the gates of Austria, and the banks of the Niemen as the entrance to Prussia; to stifle the last palpitations of Poland, so as to prevent the revival of a nationality which protected the south against the north; to place the Baltic and the Black Sea under the sovereignty of the Russian flag floating from the towers of Cronstadt and Sebastopol; to keep the East in check; to weaken Turkey, to exhaust her

* In seeking for the causes of the war, we must look beyond the resolute and acquisitive ambition of Nicholas to the traditional policy of the house of Romanoff. We have more than once alluded to the secret instructions said to be handed down in the Russian court, since the time of Peter the Great, from cabinet to cabinet. That policy is said to be explained in the following document, assuming to be a copy of the will of that remarkable man. We insert it here as an historical curiosity, for it certainly seems to indicate the course which the recent potentates of Russia, from Catherine II. downwards, have all (with the exception of the unhappy Peter III.) more or less pursued. The document, however, came to light through a suspicious medium, and we confess to a strong doubt as to its genuineness. If authentic, we cannot understand how the astute statesmen of Russia were deceived into allowing a foreigner to take a copy of it, as of course the value of the policy laid down in it is lost the moment the veil of profound secrecy is removed. The copy we here present has been translated from a German work entitled *Geschichte Peters des Grossen*. Von Eduard Pelz, Leipsic. It is there said to have been translated by the notorious Chevalier d'Eon, French ambassador at the court of St. Petersburg in the year 1757, and to have been made public shortly afterwards.

"THE WILL OF PETER THE GREAT.

"In the name of the holy and indivisible Trinity, we, Peter, Emperor and Autocrat of all the Russias, &c., to all our successors on the throne and in the government of the Russian nation;

"Forasmuch as the great God, who is the author and giver of our life and crown, hath constantly illumined us with His light, and upheld us with His support," &c.

Here Peter sets out in detail that, according to

without killing her, and to await the propitious moment for pouncing upon that prey so eagerly watched for a century by the eagle-eye of the czars; to possess the first army and first navy in the world, so as to be master by land as well as by sea; to fix a day in the future when the Colossus, continuing his giant strides, would boldly cross the Bosphorus, and establish himself at the mouth of the Dardanelles, on the shores of that beautiful Mediterranean which was to become a Russian lake; to universalise the Greek dogma, and make St. Sophia the St. Peter of future centuries—in a word, to construct a new Roman empire with new Cæsars;—such was the policy of the Emperor Nicholas."

At first it was presumed that a speedy peace would be the result of the czar's death, and both at London and Paris the funds rose at once and considerably. The death of Nicholas removed the chief cause of the war, or that which was so regarded; for it was generally, and probably to a large extent truly, assumed that that cause was his gigantic ambition and inflexible will.* Those who believed in the speedy advent of

his view, which he takes to be also that of Providence, he regards the Russian nation as destined hereafter to exercise supreme dominion over Europe. He bases his opinion on the fact that the European nations have for the most part fallen into a condition of decrepitude not far removed from collapse, whence he considers that they may easily be subjugated by a new and youthful race, as soon as the latter shall have attained its full vigour.

The Russian monarch looks upon the coming influx of the northerns into the east and west as a periodical movement, which forms part of the scheme of Providence, which, in like manner, by the invasions of the barbarians, effected the regeneration of the Roman world. He compares these migrations of the Polar nations to the inundations of the Nile, which at certain seasons fertilises the arid soil of Egypt. He adds, that Russia, which he found a brook, and should leave a river, must, under his successors, grow to a mighty sea, destined to fertilise worn-out Europe, and that its waves would advance over all obstacles if his successors were only capable of guiding the stream. On this account he leaves behind him for their use the following rules, which he recommends to their attention and constant study, even as Moses consigned his tables of the law to the Jewish people:—

"RULES.

"1. The Russian nation must be constantly on a war footing to keep the soldiers warlike and in good condition. No rest must be allowed except for the purpose of relieving the state finances, recruiting the army, or biding the favourable moment for attack. By these means peace is made subservient to war, and war to peace, in the interest of the aggrandisement and increasing prosperity of Russia.

"2. Every possible means must be used to invite from the most cultivated European states comman-

peace considered that the counsels of the aged Nesselrode (who is understood to have been ever opposed to the war) would soon acquire that influence with the new sovereign which they once possessed with Nicholas, until overborne and subdued by his imperative will. On the other hand, it was conjectured that the successor of Nicholas, who was supposed to be of a peaceable and pleasure-loving nature, might swim with the stream, whether for peace or

war; and it was regarded as certain that all the old Muscovite nobility desired a continuance of the struggle, in order that the ascendancy of Russia might be established, and that which they regarded as the national destiny fulfilled. The idea had been broached in Russia, that the son of the emperor—the son born after his father's accession to the throne—had a better claim to the succession than the son born to Nicholas while himself yet a subject. Constantine, the second son

in war and philosophers in peace, to enable the Russian nation to participate in the advantages of other countries without losing any of its own.

"3. No opportunity must be lost of taking part in the affairs and disputes of Europe, especially in those of Germany, which, from its vicinity, is of the most direct interest to us.

"4. Poland must be divided by keeping up constant jealousies and confusions there. The authorities must be gained over with money, and the assemblies corrupted so as to influence the election of the kings. We must get up a party of our own there, send Russian troops into the country, and let them sojourn there so long that they may ultimately find some pretext for remaining there for ever. Should the neighbouring states make difficulties, we must appease them for the moment by allowing them a share of the territory until we can safely resume what we have thus given away.

"5. We must take away as much territory as possible from Sweden, and contrive that they shall attack us first, so as to give us a pretext for their subjugation. With this object in view, we must keep Sweden in opposition to Denmark, and Denmark to Sweden, and sedulously foster their mutual jealousies.

"6. The consorts of the Russian princes must always be chosen from among the German princesses, in order to multiply our family alliances with the Germans, and so unite our interests with theirs; and thus, by consolidating our influence in Germany, to cause it to attach itself spontaneously to our policy.

"7. We must be careful to keep up our commercial alliance with England, for she is the power which has most need of our products for her navy, and at the same time may be of the greatest service to us in the development of our own. We must export wood and other articles in exchange for her gold, and establish permanent connexions between her merchants and seamen and our own.

"8. We must keep steadily extending our frontiers—northward along the Baltic, and southward along the shores of the Black Sea.

"9. We must progress as much as possible in the direction of Constantinople and India. He who can once get possession of these places is the real ruler of the world. With this view we must provoke constant quarrels at one time with Turkey and at another with Persia. We must establish wharfs and docks in the Euxine, and by degrees make ourselves masters of that sea as well as of the Baltic, which is a doubly important element in the success of our plan. We must hasten the downfall of Persia, push on into the Persian Gulf; if possible re-establish the ancient commercial intercourse with the Levant through Syria, and force our way into the Indies,

which are the storehouses of the world. Once there, we can dispense with English gold.

"10. Moreover, we must take pains to establish and maintain an intimate union with Austria, apparently countenancing her schemes for future aggrandisement in Germany, and all the while secretly rousing the jealousy of the minor states against her. In this way we must bring it to pass that one or the other party shall seek aid from Russia; and thus we shall exercise a sort of protectorate over the country, which will pave the way for future supremacy.

"11. We must make the house of Austria interested in the expulsion of the Turks from Europe, and we must neutralise its jealousy at the capture of Constantinople either by preoccupying it with a war with the old European states, or by allowing it a share of the spoil, which we can afterwards resume at our leisure.

"12. We must collect round our house, as round a centre, all the detached sections of Greeks which are scattered abroad in Hungary, Turkey, and South Poland. We must make them look to us for support, and then, by establishing beforehand a sort of ecclesiastical supremacy, we shall pave the way for universal sovereignty.

"13. When Sweden is ours, Persia vanquished, Poland subjugated, Turkey conquered—when our armies are united, and the Euxine and the Baltic are in the possession of our ships, then we must make separate and secret overtures first to the court of Versailles, and then to that of Vienna, to share with them the dominion of the world. If either of them accepts our propositions, which is certain to happen if their ambition and self-interest are properly worked upon, we must make use of this one to annihilate the other; this done, we have only to destroy the remaining one by finding a pretext for a quarrel, the issue of which cannot be doubtful, as Russia will then be already in the absolute possession of the East and of the best part of Europe.

"14. Should the improbable case happen of both rejecting the propositions of Russia—then our policy will be to set one against the other, and make them tear each other to pieces. Russia must then watch for and seize the favourable moment, and pour her already assembled hosts into Germany, while two immense fleets, laden with Asiatic hordes and conveyed by the armed squadrons of the Euxine and the Baltic, set sail simultaneously from the Sea of Azoff and the harbour of Archangel. Sweeping along the Mediterranean and the Atlantic, they will overrun France on the one side, while Germany is overpowered on the other. When these countries are fully conquered, the rest of Europe must fall easily and without a struggle under our yoke. Thus Europe can and must be subjugated."

of the late emperor, was of a fanatical, warlike, and ambitious nature, and it was assumed that his claim was secretly favoured by the war party, including the ancient nobility and clergy of Russia. When, therefore, it was known that Alexander had been permitted to assume the imperial sceptre without opposition, it was regarded as probable that he had changed his opinions, and was prepared to carry out, as best he could, the policy he found organised to his hand.

Notwithstanding the floating surmises to the contrary, the late czar's eldest son, Alexander, assumed the government without opposition immediately after his father's death, and at once received homage as emperor. His position was one of difficulty, if not of danger. If Russia prevailed in the war, the result would probably be an European convulsion; but if it failed, the consequences would probably shake the throne of the new czar to its foundations. Few empires—none, perhaps, except the Turkish—possess within themselves the seeds of disruption to a greater extent than that of Russia. It is composed of an aggregate of discordant nationalities, many of which are ready to fly asunder. The Muscovite population is indeed the dominant party in the state, and the nucleus of the population; but in numerical comparison with the millions under the sway of the czar, it is but of insignificant importance. Great as was the energy of Nicholas, it was instantly perceived that that of Alexander must be greater to succeed where his father had failed. Yet he stood in a highly favourable position for the conclusion of peace. He could recede without humbling himself in the estimation of the princes of Europe. He was not identified with the pretensions which led to the war, nor bound to employ the men who had promoted it. His pride was not pledged to the refusal of conditions, and his honour was more concerned in the restoration of peace than in the prolongation of hostilities.

Shortly after the death of the Emperor Nicholas, a very remarkable letter, from the pen of a distinguished physician, appeared in the columns of the *Times*. It contained a prophecy based upon science, which events had fulfilled with a singular accuracy:—

"Sir,—I commit into your hands the following letter and memorandum for publica-

* In many respects it is fortunate that there is not. But circumstances have materially altered since Pitt's time; and were he now living he would

tion. It is fit that the people of this country should know that at the commencement of the diplomatic dispute with Russia, ministers were made aware of the state of mind and prospect of life of its mighty ruler. The discussions carried on with him were shaped on the usual metaphysical grounds. They should have been guided instead by a knowledge of the physical condition of the disputant.

"At every confidential interview with the British representative, up started the monomaniacal idea of '*l'homme malade—grave-ment malade*,' which was often repeated, 'not without excitement,' added Sir George. If this fact did not of itself open the eyes of ministers in January and February of 1853, the timely professional warning conveyed to them in the annexed letter not long after might, one would think, put ministers on their guard, albeit the warning came from an humble individual. Who knows how many thousand lives since sacrificed and millions of money squandered might not have been saved if, on the conviction of the truth of the warning received, instead of continuing for months together all sorts of unprofitable arguments, peremptory language and peremptory action had been employed, leaving no time to the imperial and real 'sick man' for the infliction on his own devoted people and those of the three nations allied against him of that irreparable mischief which he has been suffered to perpetrate! It was thus that Pitt dealt with Paul. But, alas! there is no Pitt now.*

"For regularity's sake, I mention that three passages in the following letter, which was strictly confidential, are omitted. The first was the expression of a purely religious opinion, which, though awfully appropriate at this moment, might be considered presumptuous. The second detailed the grounds on which during my residence of several weeks in St. Petersburg, in 1849, in attendance on a high personage at the imperial court, I formed the medical opinion which I deemed it my duty to convey to the government at home; their publication at this moment would be injudicious. The third passage was an allusion to my ill-requested service in the navy, which cannot interest your readers.

"Your obedient servant,

"A. B. GRANVILLE, M.D.

find it impossible to acquire that almost despotic authority which he possessed during the last great war.

“ ‘*Confidential Letter to Viscount Palmerston, dated Kissingen, Bavaria, July 6th, 1853.*

“ ‘My Lord,—Failing in my endeavours to meet with your lordship at the appointed interview at the House of Commons on the 22nd ult., at which I proposed to make a *viva voce* communication of some importance to the government, as I thought, concerning the present political discussions with Russia, I stated, in a second note written at the moment of my departure from England for this place, that I regretted the disappointment, inasmuch as the subject of the intended communication, from its delicate nature, did not admit of being committed to paper.

“ ‘I think so still. But, on the other hand, the necessity of the government being put in possession of the communication appears to me to become every day so much more urgent, that if it is to be of any use it must be made at once, or it will fail to direct ministers in time, as I think the communication is capable of doing, in their negotiations with Russia, and in their estimation of the one particular element which, I apprehend, has first provoked, and is since pushing on the emperor in his present reckless course.

“ ‘Mine is not a political, but a professional communication, therefore strictly confidential. It is not conjectural, but positive, largely based on personal knowledge, and partly on imparted information accidentally obtained—it is not essential that I should say from whom, for I take the responsibility of the whole on myself, inasmuch as the whole but confirms what I have myself observed, studied, or heard on the spot.

“ ‘The western cabinets find the conduct of the Emperor Nicholas strange, posterous, inconsistent, unexpected. They wonder at his demands; they are startled at his state papers; they cannot comprehend their context; they recognise not in them the clear and close reasoning of the Nestor of Russian diplomacy, but rather the dictates of an iron will to which he has been made to affix his name; they view the emperor's new international principles as extravagant; they doubt if he be under the guidance of wise counsels. Yet they proceed to treat, negotiate, and speak as if none of these perplexing novelties in diplomacy existed on the part of a power hitherto considered as the model of political loyalty. The western cabinets are in error.

“ ‘The health of the czar is shaken. It has become so gradually for the last five years. He has been irritable, passionate, fanciful, more than usually superstitious, capricious, hasty, precipitate, and obstinate withal—all from ill-health, unskillfully treated; and of late deteriorating into a degree of cerebral excitement, which, while it takes from him the power of steady reasoning, impels him to every extravagance, in the same manner as with his father in 1800; as with Alexander, in Poland, in 1820; as with Constantine, at Warsaw, in 1830; as with Michael, at St. Petersburg, in 1848-'9. Like them, his nature feels the fatal transmission of hereditary insanity, the natural consequence of an overlooked and progressive congestion of the brain. Like them, he is hurrying to his fate—sudden death, from congestive disease. The same period of life, between forty-five and sixty years of age, sees the career of this fated family cut short.

“ ‘Paul, at first violent and fanatical, a perfect lunatic at forty-five years of age, is dispatched at forty-seven, in 1801.

“ ‘Alexander dies at Taganrog, in December, 1825, aged forty-eight. For five years previously his temper and his mind had at times exhibited the parental malady by his capricious and wayward manner of treating the Polish provinces. He died of congestive fever of the brain, during which he knocked down his favourite physician, Sir James Wylie, who assured me of the fact at St. Petersburg in 1828, because he wished to apply leeches to his temples.

“ ‘Constantine, eccentric always, tyrannical, cruel, dies at Warsaw suddenly in July, 1831, aged fifty-two years, after having caused rebellion in the country by his harsh treatment of the cadet officers. I saw and conversed with him on the parade and in his palace at Warsaw in December, 1828. His looks and demeanour sufficiently denoted to a medical man what he was, and what his fate would be. It has been said that he died of cholera; again, that he had been dispatched like his father. The physician-in-chief of the Polish military hospitals assured me some years after that he had died apoplectic and in a rage.

“ ‘Michael, after many years of suffering from the same complaints which afflict his only surviving brother—enlarged liver, deranged digestion, and fulness of blood in the head—became in 1848-'9, intolerably irritable, violent, and tyrannical to his own

officers of the artillery and engineers service, of which he was the supreme chief. In July, 1849, he consulted me at St. Petersburg. It was after he had passed in review the whole train of artillery which was leaving the capital for Hungary, at which review I was present and near him, and witnessed scenes of violent temper towards generals and aides-de-camp hardly equalled in a lunatic asylum. I found him as described above. I advised cupping, diet, non-exposure to the sun and to fatigue, the administration of suitable medicines and the cessation from drinking steel mineral waters, of which he was fond ever since he had been at Kissingen. His physician, the younger Sir James Wylie (himself since suddenly dead), assented reluctantly, but did not carry my advice into execution. The grand-duke, in the state he was, unrelieved by any medical measure or proper treatment, joined the army, rode out in the sun, and fell from his horse apoplectic in September, 1849, aged forty-eight.

"To complete this disastrous picture of the grandchildren of Catherine, their mother, Maria of Wurtemberg, a most exemplary princess, died apoplectic in November, 1829, scarcely more than sixty-five years of age. The attack, mistaken for weakness, was treated with stimulants and bark by her physician, Ruhl, and bleeding was only had recourse to when the mistake was discovered—but too late to save. The meek and mild Elizabeth had but a short time before followed her imperial partner, Alexander, to the grave, in the still fresh years of womanhood, fifty years of age.

"During my second sojourn in St. Petersburg, in 1849, for a period of ten weeks What the opinion was of the emperor's health—what acts of his came to my knowledge, which bespoke eccentricity—what were the sentiments of his physician, Dr. Mandt, who, homœopathist as he is, and exercising a most peremptory influence over his master, leaves him, nevertheless, unrelieved, except by mystical drops and globules—what transpired of political doctrines and opinions, or, in fine, what I gathered afterwards at Moscow, on all co-equal points, must be left to your lordship's conjecture—not difficult after all I have divulged. To go further would be like a breach of trust, and of that I shall never be guilty.

"In all I have related there is nothing that had been committed to me as a pri-

vileged communication; while the imperative requirements of the moment calling for its immediate divulgement, I hesitate not to make it, under the firmest conviction that my fears and anticipations will be surely realised.

"If so, then the method of dealing with an all-powerful sovereign so visited must differ from the more regular mode of transacting business between government and government. For this purpose it is—namely, to put her majesty's ministers on their guard accordingly, that I have determined to place in your lordship's hands the present professional information, which must be considered as so strictly confidential that I shall not sign it with my name.

"That I have selected your lordship as the channel of my communication rather than the minister of foreign affairs, to whom more properly it should have been addressed, will at once appear natural to your lordship. In my capacity of once, and for some years, your lordship's physician (though not now honoured with that title), your lordship has known me personally, and is convinced that what my pen commits to paper may be taken as coming from an honourable man and your obedient servant.

"N.B.—An acknowledgment of the receipt of this letter came by return of post in Lord Palmerston's handwriting.

"Memorandum.—At an interview with Lord Palmerston, February 23rd, 1854, on matters of a private nature, his lordship was pleased to ask me before we separated whether I still adhered to my opinion and prediction. I replied that before July, 1855 (the emperor would then be fifty-nine years old), what I had anticipated would happen. 'Let but a few reverses overtake the emperor,' I added, 'and his death, like that of all his brothers, will be sudden.' It has proved so. Alma, Inkermann, Balaklava, shook the mighty brain. Eupatoria completed the stroke, which has anticipated my prognosis only by a few weeks.

"A. B. G."

It is impossible to deny the correctness of Dr. Granville's observations, or the sagacity of his conclusions with reference to the physical condition of the Emperor Nicholas. Still we demur to the political inference which the doctor drew from his premises. We do not think the czar's irritability and excitement amounted to insanity, even in a very minor degree; and certainly disease did not prevail to such an extent as to

make him an irresponsible being, or unaware of the terrible results of his actions. But assuming this to be the case—assuming that the brain was diseased—we greatly doubt that the employment of “peremptory language and peremptory action” towards the czar, in the first instance, would have averted the evils which his ambition inflicted upon Europe. Such a line of conduct would, we fancy, have hurried a potentate, who trembled on the brink of insanity, into further violence, and probably into acts of outrage, tyranny, and furious recklessness. It occurs to us that the British government did take Dr. Granville’s suggestions into consideration; and we point to the long forbearance and readiness of conciliation they exhibited towards the czar as proofs of our supposition.

It may be readily conceived that the news of the czar’s death was received with feelings of gratification both in France and England. Those emotions were not, however, universal throughout Europe. The court of Prussia went into mourning for a month; and the theatres in that country were commanded to remain closed for three days. On receiving the news, Frederick William immediately commissioned the Prince of Prussia to set off to St. Petersburg, to express the condolence of his family with the empress, and to be present at the funeral. The prince’s travelling equipages were accordingly got ready, but in consequence of the representations of his physician as to the danger of the journey in the prince’s delicate state of health, the king commissioned Prince Charles to go instead.

In the Austrian court, also, information of the death of Nicholas was received with real or assumed sorrow. The emperor issued an order of the day to his army, ordaining that, as a mark of gratitude for the assistance given to the empire by the late czar at a period of trial and calamity, the Austrian cuirassier regiment “Emperor Nicholas,” should retain that denomination for ever in the Austrian army. At Vienna the following official article, on the death of the Emperor Nicholas, appeared in the *Oesterreichische Correspondenz* on the evening of March the 3rd. Though we suppose too much importance must not be attached to the formal ceremonies and observances of courts, yet it looked as if the affection of Austria still leant in the direction of Russia.

“The melancholy tidings which we yesterday evening communicated to the public have filled all hearts with sorrow. Recent occurrences have led to dissensions; there have been differences of opinion as to the duties of the various powers in regard to the events in the East; there have been conflicting opinions as to the course of action which the state of affairs requires; but all these matters have been cast into the background by the painful feeling caused by the great loss which the whole of Europe has suffered by the decease of one of its most highly gifted sovereigns. The reign of the emperor, which lasted almost thirty years, is one of the most brilliant periods in the history of Russia, and the name and memory of the defunct monarch is intimately connected with all those important events which have occurred within that long and momentous space of time. No one will be so prejudiced by the complications of the last few months as to refuse to acknowledge, and that with the deepest gratitude, the great services rendered by the late Emperor Nicholas to the cause of order, of legality, and of the monarchical principle, which together form the great pillars of the European family of states. But Austria, which yesterday, as the anniversary of the death of the Emperor Francis (1835), had such a vivid recollection of its affliction at the loss of that ever-memorable paternal ruler, is particularly struck that, by a singular dispensation of Providence, Russia should on the very same day receive such a heavy blow, and that it should in both empires be a date attended with sorrowful recollections.

“The only alleviation that can be found for the painful impression which the astounding news has caused, is in the thought of the estimable qualities of the eldest son and successor of the Emperor Nicholas, the Emperor Alexander II.

“It is confidently to be expected that the monarch who has now ascended the throne of his deceased father will realise the sanguine hopes which are placed in him, as well in his own great empire as in the rest of the world, and that the work of peace just commenced—which was rendered possible by the honourable advances made by the defunct sovereign—will, from a feeling of filial devotion, be brought to a happy issue by the mild and propitiatory spirit of Alexander II.”

The Austrian emperor, Francis Joseph, also sent his imperial highness the Arch-

duke William to St. Petersburg, to present his condolences to the empress-dowager and to the new emperor, and to congratulate the latter on his accession to the throne. It was urged by those who believed that Austria would eventually draw the sword in conjunction with the allies, that these were simply acts of courtesy, customary between princes, but by no means proof of a modification of the policy of the court of Vienna. It is said that the Austrian government made a communication to this effect to the respective governments of France and England; adding, that the visit of the archduke had nothing whatever to do with political matters, and that, should any such topics be touched upon during his stay in the Russian capital, he was requested to declare that his instructions were that he should not enter upon any political topics. The French government also showed some cold tokens of respect for the deceased czar. Invitations for some concerts which were to have taken place at the Tuileries were countermanded; several vendors of ballads and doggerel stanzas, insulting the memory of the czar, were arrested; and two sub-prefects, who had invited their districts to illuminate, as a manifestation of public rejoicing, were punished.

The Emperor Alexander soon made known to his people the course he proposed to pursue. The day of his father's death he composed and issued the following warlike manifesto. In it, it will be observed that he promised to address himself to accomplish the views of his predecessors Peter, Catherine, Alexander, and of his father—that is, to extend the Russian sway and territory, especially in the direction of the East. If this was to be regarded as a truthful representation of his views, the politicians of Europe had been singularly deceived when they represented Alexander as a mild and peace-loving prince. It was, however, generally considered that this vaunting manifesto did not express the real convictions of the emperor, but that it was merely a sacrifice to the warlike spirit of his people, whose aggressive ambition, it was contended, he might not feel himself at liberty to check, until securely seated on the imperial throne:—

By the grace of God, we, Alexander II., Emperor and Autocrat of all the Russias, King of Poland, &c.,

To all our faithful subjects make known:—

In his impenetrable ways, it has pleased God to strike us all with a blow as terrible as it was unexpected.

After a short but serious illness, which in the last days developed itself with unheard-of rapidity, our beloved father, the Emperor Nicholas Paulovitsch, expired this day, February 18th (March 2nd.) Words cannot express our grief, which will be also the grief of all our faithful subjects. We submit with resignation to the impenetrable view of Divine Providence. We seek consolation only in it, and from it alone do we expect the necessary strength to support the load which it has pleased the Almighty to impose upon us. In the same manner as our beloved father, whose loss we weep, devoted all his efforts and every moment of his life to the labours and cares claimed by the welfare of his subjects—in like manner do we also at this sad but grave and solemn moment, in ascending our hereditary throne of the empire of Russia, and of the kingdom of Poland, and of the Grand-duchy of Finland, which are inseparable from it, take before the invisible God, always present at our side, the sacred engagement never to have any other object than the prosperity of our country. May Providence, which has called us to this high mission, may we, under its guidance and protection, consolidate Russia in the highest degree of power and glory; that through us may be accomplished the views and the desires of our illustrious predecessors, Peter, Catherine, Alexander the well-beloved, and of our august father, of imperishable memory!

By their proved zeal, by their prayers, united with fervour to ours, before the altars of the Most High, our dear subjects will come to our aid. We invite them to do so, ordering them at the same time to take the oath of allegiance to us and also to our heir his imperial highness the Czarovitsch Grand-duke Nicholas Alexandrovitsch.

Given at St. Petersburg, the 18th day of the month of February (2nd March), 1855, and of our reign the first.

ALEXANDER.

The new emperor, Alexander II., also addressed the two following orders of the day, dated March 3rd, to the Russian army:—

1. "Valiant warriors, faithful defenders of church, and throne, and fatherland!—It has pleased Almighty God to visit us with a most severe and heavy loss. Our common

father and benefactor has been taken from us. In the midst of indefatigable cares for the welfare of Russia and the glory of the Russian arms, my beloved father, the Emperor Nicholas Paulovitch, has passed away to eternal life!

"His last words were,—'I thank my glorious faithful guard that saved Russia in 1825; I thank the brave and faithful army and fleet. I pray to God that He will preserve in them constantly the same bravery, the same spirit for which they have distinguished themselves under me. As long as this spirit exists, the peace of the empire is secured from within and without, and then woe to its foes! I have loved my troops as my own children, and have endeavoured, as only I could, to improve their state. If I have not succeeded in everything, it was not for want of the desire, but because I either did not know better, or was not able to do more.'

"May you preserve for ever these memorable words in your hearts as the proof of his sincere love for you, which I, in the fullest degree, participate in, and as the pledge of your devotion to me and Russia."

2. "Valiant warriors! Stanch comrades in arms of your illustrious leader, now resting in God!—You have impressed on your hearts the last expression of his tender, fatherly love for you. As a remembrance of this love, I confer on you, troops of the guard, 1st corps of cadets, and grenadier regiment (Suwarrow), the uniforms that his majesty the emperor, your benefactor, was pleased to wear. Preserve this pledge, and may it be held by you as a relic, as a memento to future generations.

"I further order—1. In the companies and squadrons which have hitherto borne the name of his imperial majesty all ranks shall wear on their epaulettes and shoulder-pieces the initials of the Emperor Nicholas I., as long as there is one man left of those on the rolls of the army February 18th, 1855 (March 2nd.) 2. The generals attached to the person of his imperial majesty, and also the general and flügel adjutants of his majesty, shall retain these initials in all cases where they formerly had them.

"Thus may the hallowed remembrance of Nicholas I. for ever be perpetuated in our ranks, and may it be a terror to the enemy and the glory of the fatherland."

Prince Mentschikoff had been recalled from the command of the army in the

Crimea by the late emperor, ostensibly on the ground of ill-health, but in reality on account of the uniform failure of his attempts to defeat the allied armies, or compel them to raise the siege of Sebastopol. Prince Gortschakoff was appointed by the new emperor as commander-in-chief of the army of the south.

Everything of importance in reference to the last hours of the Emperor Nicholas is of interest to the historical reader; we therefore feel no hesitation in giving the following account in connexion with them from the pen of the Paris correspondent of the *Times*:—"There have been various versions of the incidents which passed at the death-bed of the Emperor Nicholas, and of the words he addressed, or is supposed to have addressed, to the present emperor. I have seen a letter, which professes to give an exact account of the matter; and though I do not generally attach much credit to this sort of relations, and though I by no means vouch for the accuracy of the present one, yet, as I have found on a previous occasion a remarkable instance of the writer's correctness, I have no hesitation in giving it. According to this account, the czar, on his death-bed, and in presence of the empress, said to the heir to his crown, that it was necessary to make peace, even though at the cost of reducing their power in the Black Sea; that the responsibility of that concession would not rest on Alexander II., but on himself; that he never could bring himself to believe in the possibility or the reality of an alliance between England and France, and in that incredulity consisted his great error; that the tone of public opinion in England led him astray, because he had believed that the Emperor Napoleon cherished in his heart an ardent hatred against the English; that the Emperor Napoleon, being a man of a most obstinate character, would to the last moment persist in humiliating Russia; *that England and France united would sooner or later unite all Europe in their alliance*, with perhaps the exception of Prussia and of two or three petty states of Germany; that France alone, aided with the money of England, was capable of throwing an immense host into the Russian territory, and would pass over the body of Prussia to do so if necessary; that such were the reasons why he recommended his heir to make peace; that he should for the moment reduce the Russian power; that he (the Emperor Nicholas) had been great and

powerful, and perhaps his pride had been excessive throughout his long reign; and that perhaps God had, therefore, humbled him at the close of his career; but the will of God be done; that the object his heir should never lose sight of was to labour for the dissolution of the English and French alliance, and to bring over to Russia Austria, which Prussia had foolishly alienated and offended, and that his immediate care should be that Prussia should have weight in the conference, in order to diminish as much as possible the onerous conditions demanded by the Western Powers. Such is the substance of what the emperor is said to have recommended to his son in his dying moments."

It was reported that a circular despatch, of a very different tone from the Emperor Alexander's manifesto, had been issued to Russian representatives abroad. It stated that the mission of the new emperor was to shield the integrity of Russia, but especially to restore peace to his empire and the world. On the other hand, this was directly opposed by information received from St. Petersburg, as the following letter, dated March 9th, from that capital will show:—

"The acts of the government, and especially the official words of the new emperor, tend to show more and more clearly the line of conduct which he purposes to follow. All these speeches, addressed at the present moment to the representatives of the different bodies and administrations of the state, may be condensed in these two words, '*Je maintiendrai*;' or in other words, 'I am firmly resolved to march in the way traced out by my father.' The evening before he addressed the diplomatic corps the czar appeared at the council of state. There, for more than half-an-hour, he spoke on the present situation of affairs with an eloquence and precision of language which struck every one present. His warlike address to the officers of the guard, who assembled to take the oaths of allegiance to him, was also much remarked; and the deputation of the nobility having presented themselves, in order to render an account to his majesty of the election of the chiefs of the militia, were harangued in their turn with much warmth. This discourse terminated thus:—'I solemnly declare that I will not give up a single inch of Russian territory to our enemies. I will take good care to prevent their penetrating further on the soil of our country—and never, never—may my hand wither first!—

will I affix my signature to a treaty which shall bring the slightest dishonour on the national honour.' These words were spoken with a tone and energy of vehemence which excited among all present the most rapturous applause.

"In order to explain this enthusiasm, I must mention to you that in the saloons of the capital, and particularly at Moscow, the centre of the old Russian party, the late emperor was frequently reproached with having made too many concessions. You may judge by that fact if it be possible for his successor to grant any of the kind expected from him by the Western Powers. Amid the general movement of the public mind which carries them on more and more to a war à l'outrance—to a war which is declared to be holy throughout the whole empire, I must not conceal from you that a good deal of discontent begins to show itself. Whether right or wrong—and this fact time alone can show to be just—the Slavonic party accuses the new sovereign of showing tendencies by far too Germanic. The old Muscovites murmur at what they term the *German invasion* in the most important public offices of the state. They complain that the men who have the nearest access to the person of the czar are of German extraction. For example, they see in the rank of his most intimate counsellors the two counts Adlerberg, father and son; two other aides-de-camp, Patkoul and Merder, who enjoy especial favour, derive their origin from the Baltic provinces; the recall of Prince Mentschikoff, and the nomination of generals Osten-Sacken, Luders, Berg, and Rudiger are not of a kind to reassure the Russians of the old stock on the Germanic tendencies with which they reproach the Emperor Alexander II.; and, finally, the personages sent to the different courts to notify his accession to the crown are all of Teutonic origin, as, for instance, generals Lieven Grünwald, Budberg, and the son of Count Nesselrode. This predilection for the German party excites, I repeat, serious complaints. It is generally supposed in Europe that the autocrat is absolute master in his empire, but this is a great error. The czar is much more subservient than people think to the exigencies of his nobility, and he is obliged to allow them a large share in the government. The great difficulty for him is to know how to distribute his favours so as to avoid giving dissatisfaction either to the Slavonic party or the German party,

between whom the struggle has never for a moment ceased since the time of Peter the Great. At the commencement of each reign each of these rival parties make desperate efforts to raise its influence above the other, and they wage a mortal war. The Russians were in high favour under Catherine II., but were ousted by the Germans under Alexander I., so much so that General Yermoloff is related to have said one day to that sovereign, when asked to demand some favour, 'Make me a German.' The Emperor Nicholas showed much ability in holding the balance, so as not to incline to one party or the other, and he kept both down with an iron hand. Will his successor succeed in doing the same? That is the question. It will be resolved before long, but in the meantime I think it right to direct your attention to the fact, as it may exercise much influence on the energy and duration of the present conflict."

On the 7th of March, the Emperor Alexander II. delivered the following address to the diplomatic corps; an address which appears to exhibit a considerable amount of mental vigour:—

"I am persuaded, gentlemen, that all your courts feel sincere sorrow at the misfortune which has befallen us; I have already received proofs of it from all sides; they have greatly moved me, and I stated yesterday to the ministers of Prussia and Austria how much I appreciated them. I solemnly declare here before you, gentlemen, that I remain faithful to all the sentiments of my father, and that I will persevere in the line of political principles which served as a rule to my uncle, the Emperor Alexander, and to my father. These principles are those of the holy alliance. But, if that alliance no longer exists, it is certainly not the fault of my father. His intentions were always upright and loyal; and, if recently they were misunderstood by some persons, I do not doubt that God and history will do him justice. I am ready to contribute to a good understanding, on the conditions which he accepted. Like him, I desire peace, and wish to see the evils of war terminated; but if the conferences which are about to open at Vienna do not lead to a result honourable for us, then, gentlemen, at the head of my faithful Russia, I will combat with the whole nation, and I will perish sooner than yield.

As to my personal sentiments for your sovereign (here the emperor addressed Baron de Werther, minister of Prussia), they have not varied. I have never doubted the fraternal affection and friendship which his majesty the king always had for my father, and I told you yesterday how grateful I am to him for it. I am deeply sensible of the kind words which the emperor has caused to be transmitted to me on this occasion. (This was addressed to Count Esterhazy, minister of Austria.) His majesty cannot doubt the sincere affection which my father entertained for him at an epoch which he himself has recalled by the order of the day addressed to his army. Be kind enough, gentlemen, to communicate my words to your respective courts."

The body of the Emperor Nicholas lay in state at the winter palace, and the public were admitted at certain hours to see it. Three priests stood near the corpse and said mass alternately. Immense crowds thronged the apartment, the decorations of which were extremely simple, and every Russian as he passed knelt near the coffin, made the sign of the cross, and kissed the covering over the body. On the 11th of March, the remains of the emperor were carried to their final resting-place, in the cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul. The gorgeous procession proceeded amidst salvoes of artillery, the mournful beating of muffled drums, and the wailing of wind-instruments. As the magnificent sarcophagus passed along, the vast multitude bowed humbly and crossed themselves, and a great number knelt, as if in the presence of some sacred relic.

The remains of the emperor were left in silence and in darkness to return to dust, but his guilty ambition still disturbed the world; and his hand seemed to rise armed from the grave to smite down the peace of Europe. The evil spirit he had raised survived him, and the calamities he had created rolled on their gloomy course, though he no longer lived to contribute to them. Half a million of brave men had been his immediate heralds to the tomb, and a million of mourners had been made by his remorseless commands; still, no living man could say that a far greater number of victims would not be offered up to the memory of the ambitious and gorgeous despot of the north!

CHAPTER V.

ANOTHER DAY OF HUMILIATION; FEELING OF THE COUNTRY RESPECTING IT; DEBATE CONCERNING MR. ROEBUCK'S COMMITTEE OF INQUIRY; THE QUEEN VISITS THE WOUNDED SOLDIERS AT CHATHAM; RENEWAL OF THE BLOCKADE IN THE BLACK SEA; PROCEEDINGS OF THE COMMITTEE OF INQUIRY; EXAMINATION OF WITNESSES; REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE.

It will be remembered, that soon after her majesty's declaration of war against Russia, on the 28th of March, 1854, a day of national humiliation and prayer was observed, for the purpose of imploring a blessing upon the efforts of our arms. At that time such an act was, at the least, unobjectionable, if not commendable. Although it can scarcely be conceived that the Eternal and All-merciful Father of the universe would assist one community of his creatures to slaughter another community, yet it must be acknowledged that fervent, sincere prayer is of the nature of an inspiration to a religious mind. If it does not reach the throne of the Divine Mystery, and return laden with a blessing, yet it strengthens the man who prays, and gives him a resolution to address himself to his labour with an enthusiastic devotion to it. It is well, also, that war should be entered on with a due solemnity, and not without just cause; and therefore it is proper, in going to war, to appoint a day when the collective mind of the nation shall be fixed upon the terrible and awful act which it sanctions, and, in effect, performs. Thus, although it was urged by many that to implore the Deity for success in works of gigantic bloodshed and torture, was an unhallowed request—a prayer which, indeed, stood almost on the verge of blasphemy—yet we spoke no word against the observance of a day of national humiliation and prayer on that occasion.

Very different was the feeling which animated us, in common with hundreds of thousands of the most intelligent of our countrymen, when, on the 28th of February, 1855, another proclamation was put forth, in the name of the queen, for another day “of solemn fast, humiliation, and prayer.” It was considered that this great people had been indeed most bitterly humiliated already—not by the act of God, for that would necessarily constitute a case for prayer and mental abasement, but by the incompetence or misconduct of their rulers. To hold a day of humiliation at such a

critical period, was equivalent to a confession of weakness to the enemy, and an announcement to Europe that we feared we were overmatched in the great struggle in which we were engaged. How, it was inquired, would the news be received at St. Petersburg if not as a cheering hope to the enemy, and a sign that the resources of England were almost exhausted? The terms also of the proclamation were offensive to the religious feelings of a great part of the country, as well as to the sense of spiritual liberty which, in ruder ages, has been purchased by so vast an amount of suffering, and which in these times is justly prized as the inalienable right of Englishmen. “We,” said the document—speaking in the name of the noble lady whose title it usurped—“do strictly charge and command that the said day be reverently and devoutly observed by all our loving subjects in England and Ireland, as they tender the favour of Almighty God, and would avoid His wrath and indignation.” It was felt that the state of mind necessary for fervent prayer was not to be arbitrarily produced by a royal mandate, and that as God alone was the object to whom all prayers must be addressed, so that to God alone belonged the solemn duty of commanding men to pray. It was felt that, in this great matter, governments and princes have ever erred, and that the objects for which they had commanded prayer had been often unworthy, low, and base. It was felt that the secular power of a fallible sovereign should not presume to direct the spiritual prayers and aspirations of a people, and stand like a shadow between them and their God. It was felt that, since the papal tyranny had been trampled under foot by the English nation, it would not be permitted to any sovereign to assume his shattered sceptre, and claim authority over the souls of his subjects. It was felt that a proposition for national prayer and prostration ought to come from the people to the state, and not from the state to the people. Feelings of

this kind made the 21st of March (the day appointed) coldly observed by some, and sternly condemned by others. The vast body of English dissenters were not the only people in these islands who regarded the command to pray and fast as a popish

* The following able remarks on this subject appeared in the columns of the *Examiner*, on the Sunday preceding the appointed day of humiliation:—"We certainly are a people much given to the observance of precedents. We lose an army, and precedent consoles us: it always happens in the first campaign. Why does it always happen? we are strongly disposed to ask; but we are told there is no precedent for such an inquiry. We nominate unproved men to important employments, we retain proved inefficient men in high offices, and ample precedent justifies the proceeding. And now, according to precedent, we are to pray and fast on Wednesday next. We are informed, indeed, that this 21st of March is not to be a fast-day. We have abandoned that popish superstition—by no means let us fast. Well, to those who are in easy circumstances this may be a gracious dispensation. Our statesmen who have bungled, and who now bid us all humble ourselves to deprecate the consequences of their bungling—they certainly will not fast. The 21st of March will be to them as other days, excepting only that it will be a holiday. No office, no committee, no House of Commons; only attendance at church in the morning to hear Mr. Melville, and, that popish superstition may not be countenanced in high places, dinner as usual in the evening. But there are some in this country upon whom that law is enforced which says, 'He that will not work, neither shall he eat.' There are some to whom daily labour is daily bread, and to whom a command to be idle is, indeed, a command to fast. This seems hard. If ministers, or even if a member of parliament, were to be mulcted a day's pay, the inconvenience would not be great—the injustice perhaps still less. But these sheep—what have they done? Their part was to pay taxes, and they have paid them; was to send forth soldiers, and they have sent them. Their work, one would say, has not been done ill or grudgingly. A severe winter has combined with the war to increase suffering; an unusually long frost has combined with a dull trade to diminish employment, and so multiply hardship; and what religion is that which, when all this has been so patiently and bravely borne, steps in and says—'Humble yourselves; give up another day's work, another day's shopkeeping, another day's wages, another day's profits; for this will be pleasing in the sight of heaven, this will prove that the nation is lowly and penitent, this will perhaps avert some misfortune, perhaps win some favour for us—even the taking of Sebastopol?' What religion, we repeat, is this that presses thus hardly on the poor, while it makes dull the conscience of the rich? A day of humiliation! Surely we are already sorely humbled. What summons will stir in us such depths of shame as the letters from the Crimea? The lines of Sebastopol—the harbour of Balaklava—the graves of Scutari—a military system tried and found wanting, a military reputation jeopardised in the sight of Europe, a national *prestige* departing from us—if the thought of these things do not humble us, would a whole month of fast-days avail

ceremonial bordering upon profaneness and mummery. Our rulers were not in a condition to ask Heaven for success against our enemies, when they had done so little of themselves to obtain it.*

On the appointed day, the Bishop of

to do it? A year ago we fasted and prayed by precedent; we went to church; we heard sermons; but we came away, and we went on as usual writing, and reading, and talking of our glorious army, our unequalled fleets, and the magnificent spectacle which we presented to the nation. Alas! if the privy council day of humiliation could not keep us from boasting then, who shall say that it is wanted to make us humble now? A day of prayer—it is a solemn phrase, not to be spoken of irreverently; but of all things reverence is most opposed to cant. We have starved an army—therefore let us fast; we have found our vaunted system worthless—therefore let us humble ourselves; we have taken all measures to insure disaster, and disaster has attended our efforts—therefore let us pray! But it is not reverence to be cowardly, and it is not piety to be superstitious. *Laborare est orare*. The gods help those who help themselves; but never did the gods lend a pitying ear to those who in the hour of peril, when the ship was drifting towards breakers, left the ropes and betook themselves to easy prayers. Our Puritan ancestors fought with sword in one hand and Bible in the other; but the Bible was not in the wrong hand. The Great Apostle did not desire the sailors of a disabled ship to fast, but to eat; nor was it till those resources of precaution had been taken which eventually saved the vessel that he deemed it seemly or pious to call upon the ship's company to pray."

Mr. Charles Dickens, in his excellent serial the *Household Words*, had also the following reflections, which though somewhat whimsical, nevertheless go right to the heart of the matter, and express the common-sense views of hundreds of thousands of Englishmen:—"If the directors of any great joint-stock commercial undertaking—say a railway company—were to get themselves made directors principally in virtue of some blind superstition declaring every man of the name of Bolter to be a man of business, every man of the name of Jolter to be a mathematician, and every man of the name of Polter to possess a minute acquaintance with the construction of locomotive steam-engines; and if those ignorant directors so managed the affairs of the body corporate as that the trains never started at the right times, began at their right beginnings, or got to their right ends, but always devoted their steam to bringing themselves into violent collision with one another; and if by such means those incapable directors destroyed thousands of lives, wasted millions of money, and hopelessly bewildered and conglomerated themselves and everybody else; what would the shareholding body say if those brazen-faced directors called them together in the midst of the wreck and ruin they had made, and with an audacious piety addressed them thus:—'Lo, ye miserable sinners, the hand of Providence is heavy on you! Attire yourselves in sackcloth, throw ashes on your heads, fast, and hear us condescend to make discourses to you on the wrong you have done?' Or, if Mr. Matthew Marshall, of the Bank of England, were to be superseded by Bolter; if the whole bank parlour were to be cleared for Jolter; and the

Salisbury preached in Westminster Abbey, before the lord chancellor and about twenty peers, who represented the House of Lords on that occasion. The bishop took as his text part of the 13th verse of the eighteenth chapter of St. Luke,—“God be merciful to me a sinner.” The peers returned to their house of assembly after the service, where Earl Granville moved, that the thanks of their lordships be given to the bishop for his sermon, and that he be requested to print it. At St. Margaret's, Westminster, the Rev. Henry Melville, B.D., delivered a sermon before the prime minister, other members of the government, and a very small minority of the members of the House of Commons. The general congregation, however, attracted by the sight of so many public characters, was very numerous. “We regret to say,” observed a morning journal, “that an indecorous rush for admittance was made by the concourse which had collected from an early hour outside, on the church-doors being thrown open.” The text chosen by Mr. Melville for his discourse, was from the First Book of Kings, the eighth chapter, the 44th and 45th verses,—“If thy people go out to battle against their enemy, whithersoever thou shalt send them, and shall pray unto the Lord toward the city which thou hast chosen, and toward the house which I have built for thy name, then hear thou in heaven their prayer and their supplication, and maintain their cause.” Mr. Melville was a deservedly popular preacher, and we will quote the conclusion of his discourse for its eloquence and interest, apart from its theological character:—“Above all,” exclaimed the preacher, “the war had called forth one fine and noble trait; it had shown that numbers of the weaker sex, though born to wealth and bred in luxury, were ready to renounce every comfort and to brave every hardship, that they might engraving of bank-notes were to be given as a snug thing to Polter; and if Bolter, Jolter, and Polter, with a short pull and a weak pull and a pull no two of them together, should tear the money-market to pieces, and rend the whole mercantile system and credit of the country to shreds; what kind of reception would Bolter, Jolter, and Polter get from Baring Brothers, Rothschilds, and Lombard-street in general, if those incapables should cry out, ‘Providence has brought you all to the *Gazette*. Listen, wicked ones, and we will give you an improving lecture on the death of the old lady in Threadneedle-street!’ Or, if the servants in a rich man's household were to distribute their duties exactly as the fancy took them; if the housemaid were to undertake the kennel of hounds, and the dairymaid were to mount the coachbox, and the cook were to pounce upon the

minister to the suffering, tend the wounded in their agony, and soothe the last struggles of the dying. God bless them in this their heroic mission—it might almost be said in their heroic martyrdom!—for, in walking those long lines of sick beds, in devoting themselves to all the ghastly duties of a hospital, they were doing a harder thing than had been allotted to many who had mounted the scaffold or dared the stake. Passing, however, from these cheering circumstances, it must be recollected that our national sin had produced national calamity.* We had not acted up to the high calling as a people specially intrusted with ‘the oracles of God;’ and, with regard to the present struggle in particular, we had entered upon it in too boastful and overweening a spirit. All classes were therefore to be exhorted to do their part in the great work of national amendment; our legislators, by giving countenance to true religion, by extending the machinery of a sound and Christian education, and by enacting measures for repressing vice and ungodliness; and the community in general by self-examination, by repentance, by holiness of thought, word, and deed. To the discharge of this sacred duty all should address themselves at once. Who would reckon on to-morrow? There recently came sudden tidings to England; with ‘bated breath’ men whispered them one to the other; they seemed almost incredible, and yet they were authentic. The potentate who had been foremost in this struggle,—the man who stood out from the rest of his race, the most conspicuous, perhaps, in power, in energy, in strength of will, in firmness of purpose, in sweep of enterprise,—he was dead, dead with countless squadrons waiting his bidding—dead, with a convulsed kingdom watching his throes—dead, while a whole world, it might almost be said, was being shaken by secretaryship, and the groom were to dress the dinner, and the gamekeeper were to make the beds, while the gardener gave the young ladies lessons on the piano, and the stable-helper took the baby out for an airing; would the rich man, soon very poor, be much improved in his mind when the whole incompetent establishment, surrounding him, exclaimed, ‘You have brought yourself to a pretty pass, sir! You had better see what fasting and humiliation will do to get you out of this. We will trouble you to pay us, keep us, and try!’”

* Humanly speaking, it would have been far more strictly in accordance with truth to have said that national *negligence*, and more especially the negligence of the rulers of the empire, had produced national calamity. England's rulers were guilty rather of wrong against the nation than of sin against God.

his tread. Then who would presume to count upon to-morrow? At once, lest death overtake us, let each resolve to be a better patriot, by being a better Christian. Thus might all be instrumental towards obtaining those blessings for which the nation now humbled itself in prayer. Better and brighter times might break upon the land. We might live to welcome back victorious armies. If thousands lay buried in a foreign strand—buried in no ignoble grave; for their resting-place would be a spot at which, for ages to come, valour would gain fresh life, and freedom trim her torch,—we might live to rejoice that they had not died in vain; that their death had procured for us a peace securing the rights of nations, and throwing up a rampart against future aggression. Then, in the beautiful imagery of prophecy, we might ‘sit, every man under his vine and under his fig-tree, and none shall make us afraid.’ There would be ‘no decay, no leading into captivity, and no complaining in our streets;’ but we should experience all the emphasis, all the richness of the saying—‘Happy is that people that is in such a case; yea, happy is that people whose God is the Lord.’”

On Friday, the 2nd of March, Mr. Roebuck moved in the House of Commons, that the committee of inquiry into the conduct of the war should be a committee of secrecy. The reasons urged by Mr. Roebuck (who had been chosen chairman of the committee) in behalf of a secret inquiry, were neither powerful nor conclusive. The chief point of objection to publicity was, that the proceedings of the French might come under censure, and our alliance with them be jeopardised in consequence. This argument certainly did not carry much weight with it, as the inquiry had nothing to do with the French, but with the condition in which our troops were, and the causes that had brought them into that condition. It is difficult to see how their alliance with the admirably organised army of France could have brought disorder, disease, and starvation amongst our soldiers. It was represented by Lord Palmerston, that the secrecy, if granted, would be a perfect nullity, for the committee could not prevent the persons examined from stating, in conversation, the nature of their evidence. He added, that the people would think it a juggle, and would never be satisfied with an inquiry of which they did not know the progress. Mr. Duncombe truly observed, that the

wrongs and disasters to our troops of which the people complained, had been perpetrated in the eyes of the world, and the inquiry ought to be conducted in the light of day.

The most effective objections to making the inquiry a secret one were urged by Sir James Graham, whose speech was of such interest that we make a few selections from it. “I have great faith in publicity,” said that gentleman, “as the great check where the cause of justice is at stake; and why is any tribunal here, involving the conduct of public men, the character of admirals, of generals, and of statesmen, to be conducted on principles different to those which prevail in our courts of law? In them life and property, and what are dearer than life and property—namely, the character and position of men in society, daily become the subject of investigation; and it is the life and spirit, and the very soul of justice, that publicity shall pervade and check all these proceedings. The sacred cause of justice itself is promoted by it. Bystanders constantly afford the means of contradicting false evidence, or suggest the means wanting to complete evidence. This tends to promote the cause of truth, and, if the same principle be adopted in a committee of this kind, I am convinced it will have the same effect. The object of the committee is to satisfy the desire of the public that an investigation should take place. I believe that that desire on the part of the public, is an honest desire to have the truth ascertained, with a view of correctives being applied to maladministration; and I do not believe that there is anything whatever vindictive in that desire. Perhaps the house will pardon me if I say that we, the representatives of the people, are influenced by somewhat different motives. Party feelings and party objects have mingled in our discussions in reference to this subject. The existence of those feelings, swaying even the judgment of the most honest men, will interfere, unless you take due precautions, with the justice of the investigation; and I know no check so strong as that the name of every person who puts a question shall be known to the public. His motives will be well understood, his words will be well weighed, and the salutary check of public opinion will be brought to bear upon the inquiry. I also conceive that the inquiry itself will be infinitely more guarded, when every witness knows that what he says before the committee is certain to be subject to

the ordeal of publicity and the ordeal of public opinion."

Sir James also considered that it was impossible to keep secret, proceedings in which the public took a vital interest. "My belief is," said he, "that between No. 17 up-stairs and Printing-house-square, a whispering-gallery will be established, which, day by day, will disclose to the public, in a manner which I think most exceptionable—namely, partially and imperfectly, what takes place before your committee of secrecy. The desire to maintain the character and the position of this house, is stronger than any other feeling which actuates me. That mace—that bauble—has encountered the sceptre of the Stuarts, and it overcame that sceptre. In my time the Reform Bill was carried by a majority of this house, despite the opposition of a majority of the House of Lords. I entreat this house well to weigh the consequences of a conflict with the press of this country. If the house embarks in that conflict—(here the speaker met with great interruption)—I have before said that, with the permission of the house, I would express my opinion as a private gentleman in a deliberative assembly, amid great public difficulties, and that I would warn the house of what occurred to me as dangers to be avoided. I say, sir, that if this house does give an order of secrecy, and if that order of secrecy is constantly and deliberately violated, you will be lowered in public estimation if you have not the courage and the constancy to give effect to your decision. But if you are going to enter into a conflict with the press of this country, you must gird up your loins and prepare for a serious struggle; and I warn you, that in that conflict you will not succeed unless you are backed by public opinion. My belief is, that if you engage in such a conflict, as matters now stand, you will not succeed. I will say more, that I think you ought not to succeed, because I believe that the public interests will not be promoted by your order of secrecy. Public opinion will be grossly violated by it, and justice to individuals will be placed in the utmost jeopardy." After a debate of some length, Mr. Roebuck yielded to the opinion of the house, and withdrew his motion.

We have alluded to the womanly interest which the queen took in the affairs of her troops, and the tender sympathy she expressed for their sufferings. It must have been gratifying to those brave fellows to

know, that if any act of her's could have alleviated the miseries they had undergone, that act would have been instantly and joyously performed. On Saturday morning, the 3rd of March, the queen, accompanied by Prince Albert, the Duke of Cambridge, the Prince of Wales, and Prince Alfred, paid a visit to the Fort Pitt and Brompton hospitals, at Chatham. The object of the royal family was to express their sympathy with the sick and wounded soldiers of the army of the East, who had been sent back to England and received into these establishments. To eulogise the generous motives which dictated such a visit, would be merely idle; they speak eloquently enough for themselves. Such a manifestation of her majesty's solicitude for the poor fellows who had shed their blood or lost their limbs in our battles on Russian soil, was natural and becoming; and while it evinced her truly womanly nature, also, for a moment at least, shed the lustre of royal favour over the obscure valour of the ranks.

The royal visitors, attended by the military authorities of Chatham, and the medical officers of the two hospitals, walked through all the wards, except those containing fever cases. To many of the wounded men who were well enough to be up, the queen addressed kind inquiries and words of pleasant encouragement. Considering the frightful ravages which war and sickness had made in the Crimea, the patients at Chatham were not numerous. Fort Pitt hospital contained only 197, and Brompton barracks but 164; the great majority of whom, in both cases, were convalescents. The poor fellows were delighted at the condescension of their sovereign, and, no doubt, none the less so when she directed an entertainment to be provided for them, as liberal in its character as the medical men considered could be allowed them without detriment to the treatment they were under.

Information was received from Sir Edmund Lyons, that the blockade in the Black Sea had been renewed from the 1st of February. The announcement in the *Gazette* stated:—"The mouth of the river Dniester, the ports of Akermann, Ovidiopol, Odessa, all the ports situated between Ochzakov Point and Kinbourn Point, including the ports of Nicolaiew and Kherson, the rivers Boug and Dnieper; also the ports between Kinbourn Point and Cape Tarkan, including the ports in the Gulf of Perekop, the port of Sebastopol, the ports comprised

between Cape Aia and the Strait of Kertch, including those of Yalta, Aloushta, Soudak, Kaffa, or Theodosia; the port of Kertch, the Strait of Kertch, the entrance to, and all the ports in the Sea of Azoff, including especially the ports of Berdiensk, Taganrog, and Araba; the river Don, and also the ports of Anapa and Soudjak, were strictly blockaded by a competent force of the allied fleets of France and England." It was added that the ports of Eupatoria, Strelzka, Kamiesch, Kazatch, and Balaklava were, and would remain, open and free from all blockade until further notice. This latter arrangement was of course necessary for the convenience of the allies themselves.

The committee of the House of Commons appointed to inquire into the state of the British army before Sebastopol, commenced on the morning of Monday, the 5th of March, in room No. 17. In accordance with the feeling expressed by the house, the investigation was carried on in a perfectly public manner. The committee met at one o'clock, and consisted of Mr. Roebuck, the chairman; Mr. J. Ball, Mr. Bramston, Mr. Drummond, Mr. Ellice, Mr. Layard, Colonel Lindsay, Sir James Pakington, General Peel, Lord Seymour, and Sir J. Hanmer. The space allotted to strangers was filled immediately the doors were opened. On the first day, Mr. G. Dundas, M.P., who during the past year had visited the Crimea in a non-official capacity, and General Sir De Lacy Evans, were examined. They bore testimony to the painful and neglected state of the troops, and to the mismanagement already described in our pages; but nothing was elicited which served to throw any new light on the subject.

The following day, the examination of General Evans was resumed. He attributed many deficiencies in the commissariat and other departments to a delusion that existed, to the effect that matters would be settled without any explosion of gunpowder, and that there was no necessity for any magazine at all. He said that when an army was formed, after forty years of peace, there were rather unreasonable expectations, on the part of the public, as to the officers of the staff. He expressed his conviction, that neither the deficiency in the supplies of clothes, food, or fuel, would have produced the sickness and death in the army, had not the troops been overworked in the trenches. It was the fatigue of the men that was so injurious. From the first, the work cut out

for them was entirely beyond their numerical strength. The overwork during the nights was decidedly the main cause of the sufferings of the army. Compared with other armies, he thought the provisions were not bad: they had some advantages not always possessed by armies before; but, with their full command of the sea, their supplies might have been unlimited.

Day after day the examination by the committee was continued, and many startling and painful incidents were disclosed; but few of them were of a nature to possess much permanent interest. Some brief passages, here and there, we will extract: to do more would be to risk becoming tedious, and to incur the certainty of needlessly shocking the feelings of the reader. The depositions of the witnesses were, for the most part, a melancholy, wailing commentary upon the want of forethought and arrangement which appeared to pervade every branch of our military service.

During the examination of Dr. Vaux, of the *Harbinger* steamer, on the 8th of March, he was asked by Mr. Roebuck if he had visited the cavalry camp? He replied, Yes: the horses were in a very bad condition; in appearance, only fit for the knacker's yard. That was in the latter part of November, or beginning of December. He believed the horses were not well fed: they were sent down to Balaklava to take up their own provender; they did not get anything otherwise: he had seen a sergeant open a truss of hay to feed them on the way up. The horses had no shelter; no clothing was served out to them. The officers took care of their horses; those of the soldiers were unsheltered, and merely tied to a picket-ropes: *he had seen them eating the earth beside them.* Of a load of vegetables the *Harbinger* brought out to check the scurvy amongst the men, he said,—the vegetables were landed on the shore, and a sentry placed over them; some were taken away, but nearly the whole cargo rotted on the beach. There was bread spoiling on the beach also.

The examination of Mr. Clay, on the 9th of March, elicited information which, perhaps, our readers will read with interest. Mr. Clay was the owner of three steamers—the *Emperor*, the *Cottingham*, and the *Alster*—taken up as transports by the government.

Chairman.—What was the state of the harbour?—It was in a most filthy condition.

The bodies of horses, camels, and sheep were floating in it.

Did you make any representation to the authorities?—No.

Was there any landing-place?—It was anything but a landing-place. It was made of a few bundles of hay to prevent people falling into the water. Corn and other stores were heaped up without any order at all. He was not in Balaklava during the storm of November; but he knew that in the storm many of the transports were much damaged.

Did you make any representation to Captain Christie of the danger of allowing the transports to anchor outside?—I did; but he is a rather reserved man, and he received the suggestion in silence. I stated that it would be better for the ships to stand out to sea.

Was there any hay floating in the harbour?—There was. He imagined it came in from the wrecks. His ship was consigned to the commissariat. She was in harbour several weeks before she could be unloaded. At that time she was loaded with planks to construct huts, brought from Sinope. The roads were in a most dreadful condition—up to the knees in mud. There were some conveyances—the long, low waggon of the country, drawn by six horses. They were horses of the government; they afterwards perished. He often visited the cavalry camp. The men were eating their food raw. He saw them doing it. The horses were in a very miserable state. They could not have made a charge. They did not seem to have a gallop in them. The Scots grays were particularly wretched. He never saw horses in such a state. In one brigade twenty-eight horses died in one night. The men were very ragged, badly shod, and dirty; they were very lousy—overrun with vermin.

What was their mental condition?—In spite of that, they seemed pretty jolly and full of pluck—as many as were left of them. The condition of the French troops was much better—quite a contrast to ours. He saw the English sick brought down on French mules at the latter end of December. In the French camp there were bands playing from morning till night. It had a very good effect on the French; it kept them quite lively and in good spirits. It had also a good effect on the English troops in the valley below. They were very much delighted with the French music. His ship

had not been employed to carry sick. He had heard of the state of the sick on board a ship called the *Monarchy*. He was told that twenty had died on board in one day, and that of some of the men who were frost-bitten the legs had dropped off and been thrown overboard. Witness was then examined as to the mode of coaling steamers at Constantinople, which he said was a very bad one indeed for the government. There were complaints of Admiral Boxer and his regulations from all the shipmasters; but the chief defect was in the system. The *Emperor* required 300 tons of coals, which at Malta would have been put on board in one day; at Constantinople they could not get more than thirty tons a-day put on board; as the ship was detained at an expense to the government of £100 a-day, it cost the government £1,000 in time for coaling the *Emperor* alone. He did not make any representations to Admiral Boxer; he was not the most agreeable man in the world to make any representations to. The light brigade, out of 250 horses, lost twenty-five from the bad manner of shipping them. Many representations had been made to the transport board as to the mode in which the horses were placed on board ship. By the mode adopted for the exporters from Hull, whence more horses are shipped than from any other port, the horses are placed on the ballast, where they can lie down as in the stable; in a gale of wind and rough weather at sea they generally lie down. In 1,000 horses shipped for St. Petersburg and Riga there was not a case of death. Generally, they arrived in as good condition as when they were shipped at Hull. In bad weather a horse may perhaps get unruly, but the groom has the means of hoisting him up by a strap when he is restive, which renders him impotent. He did not think they could carry so many horses by the Hull mode, but it was evident the great Yorkshire horse-dealers found an advantage in their method. The government horses are boxed up in a space of two feet three inches wide, and cannot lie down at all.

Then, if the voyage lasts six weeks, the horses are six weeks without lying down?—Of course.

Are they very much deteriorated in consequence?—Yes; when of 250 horses twenty-five die, it may be imagined those which survive are much deteriorated.

Mr. Layard.—How were the horses put on board at Woolwich?—They were walked

on board. The horses all belonged to Lord Raglan and his staff. The horse-boxes were fitted up by the Messrs. Wigram, and very substantially done—too much so. The boxes had a deal covering that rain could not pass through. He could not speak as to how the cavalry horses were sent out, and whether they had sufficient food.

Can you tell the committee at what rate your ships were taken up by the government?—The *Emperor* was chartered at £650 per week, the government finding fuel; the *Cottingham* at £2 5s. per ton a-month—she was about 550 tons; and the *Alster*, of about 100 tons, at £2 10s. per ton a-month. For all the steamers the government found the fuel. He paid his own insurances. He could not tell how much work they actually did, but they were so often detained idly waiting to discharge cargo, that they were not much occupied. At first the *Emperor* was almost constantly employed, being often ordered by Lord Raglan on special services. Those special services were from port to port in the East, fetching horses from Varna, and other purposes. Once he believed the *Emperor* was sent to Varna with an order for shipment of horses, but there was something not clear about it, and as the officer there could not understand it, the ship came back without the horses. Captain Christie lived on board the *Emperor* in Balaklava. The government paid £650 a-week for her, but she was never specially devoted to Captain Christie. When she was wanted for any purpose she was sent away. Captain Christie afterwards lived on board the *Harbinger*.

What was the state of the harbour. Was it well organised?—It was very disorganised.

That is, it was very badly organised?—It was. Captain Christie, who had the charge of the transports, appeared to him overborne with work. He had too much to do. A younger man would have suited the post better; though his next in command, Mr. Pritchard, was a very able and active man. When a vessel arrived it was reported to Captain Christie, and it then received orders as to entering and anchoring. The longest period any of his vessels were detained waiting for cargo did not exceed a month; the longest detention he recollected was a cargo of timber from Sinope. He was never in communication with Mr. Filder; he did not know him. He believed that many of the stores of his ships were received by the commissariat. The cattle

and sheep certainly were. Receipts were given for the stores. He thought there was at times a confusion between the commissariat and the transport department. Had he received an order from the commissariat, he could not have unloaded without another order from Captain Christie; he was the head of the transport service.

Could not the offal floating in the harbour have been easily removed by the contrivance called a rake, if the crews of the ships lying in the harbour had been employed?—Not easily. He thought it was inevitable at the moment. There were carcasses of oxen floating in the harbour; they might have been thrown over dead from the ships.

Mr. Ellice.—If compensation had been given to the crews of the ships, would they not have undertaken to remove those bodies?—Certainly.

For good pay would not the men and their officers have found the means of taking those things out to sea?—I think they might have done it.

Whose business was it to see that nothing was thrown into the harbour?—The harbourmaster's; he saw the bodies of sheep floating about. The offal in the harbour would be very likely to create disease. Had any proper system of organisation been adopted, many of the transports might have been usefully employed, instead of lying idle. If properly regulated, one-third less in number would have sufficed. Vessels never went out without orders from Captain Christie or special orders from Lord Raglan. The system that a mercantile firm would adopt was out of the question, because all the shipowners and masters were under the naval and transport regulations.

But had Captain Christie given regular orders, you could have executed them?—Certainly.

Then, organisation was not impossible?—No; but there was nothing like system employed; for instance, there were no bands of men organised for coaling at Constantinople. It was what was wanted. In Balaklava, the ship containing coals was brought alongside the steamer. The ships were moored athwart the harbour; vessels could have got out when they chose with a little trouble. No huts had been put up before he left. The houses in Balaklava were inhabited, many of them by sick Turks. He was not aware that any of the houses were appropriated to single officers. The large house marked as Lord Raglan's





only contained a few blacksmiths. The church was turned into a hospital. He saw no ill-treatment of the Turks, nor did he know how they were fed. They died rapidly, and he supposed they must have been badly fed. The cavalry horses were treated as well as they could be under the circumstances; those of the Scots grays were picketed in rows about three or four feet apart, with their heads tied down. Their manes and tails appeared to have been gnawed or eaten. The cavalry was not entirely dependent on England for food; ships were sometimes sent to the ports of the Black Sea for forage. There were depôts of coal at Constantinople, but not at Balaklava, except on board ship. There was not labour enough to form depôts on shore. But it might have been done by a judicious expenditure and organisation.

There was nothing inevitable in the confusion and disorder?—No.

Did you know Admiral Boxer?—Yes; he was a very intemperate old man, and used to give very strange orders. He had heard complaints of him from all the masters of ships he had met. He was removed from Constantinople to establish order at Balaklava.

Mr. Ellice.—If the authorities at Balaklava had sent for the captains of transports and furnished them with the means, could they not have cleared the harbour of the dead animals floating in it?—They could have cleared it in a week.

Might there not have been some regulations to prevent dead carcasses being thrown overboard from the ships?—There might.

Chairman.—You would not have dared to throw them over in the harbour of Hull?—No.

On the 12th of March, the Duke of Cambridge was examined before the committee. No new facts of interest concerning the expedition were elicited from his royal highness. He supported the statements that the sufferings and excessive mortality in our Crimean army had arisen from the overwork and exposure to which the men had been subjected. When asked if he was satisfied with the general staff, he spoke in the highest terms of that body; and amongst others, mentioned Colonel Brownrigg, whom his royal highness described as “an excellent officer.” On the same day, Colonel Wilson, of the Coldstream guards, gave the following startling information as to the

exhausting labour exacted from the soldiers:—“They were on duty three nights, and might be able to lie down part of the fourth. If they came off duty in the trenches at six in the morning, they might be able to lie down till ten; they would then be called on some working party. On that night, perhaps, they might lie down for a short period; but at four the next morning they would be called out to go on picket duty, and they were on that duty twenty-four hours at a time, including the march to and fro. Their food in the trenches was salt pork and rum. In the trenches the men had means of cooking. They generally contrived to cook their pork in their tents, and eat it cold in the trenches.” To the question, How many hours, on an average, had the soldiers to themselves out of the twenty-four?—Colonel Wilson replied, “*Not more than three.*” The men left behind in the tents, generally, by an agreement among themselves, had something ready-cooked when their comrades came in from the trenches.” He had heard that men had sometimes eaten their rations raw, but he had never seen them do it. They had no vegetables.

The following selections from Colonel Wilson’s evidence, also possess that painful interest which envelopes so much of the details of the war. He did not think the difference in weight between the English knapsack and the French was very much. The French soldier carried with him more essentials on a march than the English, as he carried part of his tent. He had seen the contents of a French knapsack; every article was lighter, which was the great thing in war. If tents could not be carried by the commissariat, it was better the men should carry them at all risks. In the Crimea he had to carry his own baggage. He suffered very much; at the end of a march he was too exhausted for any duty. One officer, Colonel Cox, died of exhaustion from carrying his baggage.

In answer to questions respecting the bands of the regiments, Colonel Wilson said, —“They were employed to carry the wounded; he believed they landed with their instruments, but they were soon thrown away. The men were very fond of the French music. He had seen them throng round the French bands, and cheer when they finished playing.

Was there sufficient provision for the sick and wounded? The colonel thought not. He believed some of the wounded at

the battle of the Alma remained one night on the field, but not two.

In what state was the clothing of the men when you left?—It was becoming very bad; it was getting very thin. The men were dressed in all sorts of things, and one could hardly tell they were English soldiers. Very many of the men wore Russian trowsers. He had heard that some clothing for the army was lost in the *Prince*; but no new clothing of any kind had been distributed. The officers were as badly off as the men: from the 14th of September till the 26th of November he had never changed his clothes; there were many others in the same condition. He did not obtain his baggage till he arrived at Constantinople; he never took off his trowsers till he got on board ship; he had not a change of linen, nor had the men; he never heard there was any expectation of their getting any.

Have you been in the field hospitals?—Yes. The men were lying on the bare ground, and much crowded; he had heard them complain, but not frequently. Indeed, one remarkable thing with regard to the troops, was the rarity of complaints from them. He did not know which to praise most, their surpassing bravery in action, or, when under great suffering, their almost pious resignation. He attributed much of the disease to overwork and want of fresh meat. What the medical men called scorbutic diarrhoea, was brought on by want of vegetables.

On the 13th of March, Captain Kellock, late commander of the *Himalaya*, a noble transport screw-steamer, of 3,550 tons, and 750 horse-power, was examined. This vessel took the horses of the ambulance to the Crimea. She also took charcoal from Constantinople to Balaklava. There were about 650 sacks. It was much wanted by the army, and was pressed for the service of the government. When he arrived with it at Balaklava, it was not landed because Captain Christie (the head of the transport service) would not receive it, and he took it back to Constantinople again. He was extremely anxious about the charcoal, and offered Captain Christie, if he would receive it, to land it by his own boats, and with his own crew. It was not received, and he carried it back to Constantinople again. There he delivered it to Admiral Boxer, who sent lighters to land it.

To the inquiry, Did you make any repre-

sentations on the subject? Captain Kellock replied,—He reported the existence of great mismanagement to the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company; he was still in the pay of that company, and his crew also, he believed in consequence of an arrangement with the government. The letters of complaint were addressed to the secretary of the company; he had no copies of them. They had on board also some Moorsom shells, and engineering stores for the steamers of the fleet. Everything was landed except the charcoal. When he landed the horses, he was not aware of any stores of forage having been erected. He took convalescents from Scutari to the Crimea; they were still mostly very sick and ill; he remonstrated with Major Bunbury on the absurdity of taking such men to the Crimea again, and twenty-five of them were landed and sent back to the hospital. Dr. Hall was on board with these men as a passenger. The greater part of them were landed at Balaklava in the gun-vessel, the *Arrow*. He was not at Balaklava during the storm of November. The anchorage outside that port was exceedingly dangerous. He had spoken of the dangerous character of the place, but not in the way of remonstrance. Every sailor could see the objections to the place as an anchorage. In a south-west gale every ship must go on shore; a steamer might easily get off the coast. He had daily opportunities of examining the state of the harbour. It was in a very beastly condition, with offal floating about, thrown over from the ships. The burial-ground had become very offensive indeed; it was not 400 yards from the harbour. The graves were dug too shallow; he buried some of the sailors of the *Himalaya* there, and paid some soldiers half-a-crown each to dig the graves deeper. The offal floating in the harbour could easily have been removed. He would have made a requisition to the commander of one of the ships of war, and with a hundred men from her crew, he would have undertaken to clean out the harbour and the town in seven days.

From this day's proceedings, we also extract the examination of Sergeant Thomas Dawson, of the grenadier guards:—

Witness had lost his left arm at the battle of Inkermann. He stated he first joined the regiment in Aladyn, in Bulgaria, and went with it to the Crimea. It was encamped in tents at Aladyn; there were

upwards of a thousand men in the regiment. Disease had already broken out when he joined; two men who went out with him died two days after they landed. Round the camp was brushwood; there were fourteen or fifteen men in one tent; it was very hot in the tent during the day. They made a kind of shade of brushwood to lie under during the day, as it was cooler. The tents could be ventilated by turning up the bottom of them. They used to turn them up the first thing in the morning. The tents were very close indeed in the night. In wet weather, when the tent was closed it was often past bearing. Men became faint from the heat and closeness. They changed the place of the tent frequently, and changed the boughs and what they were lying on; but it was put up again on the same spot, unless the camp altered its position. It was difficult to get vegetables. Sometimes they had tea, and sometimes coffee. Tea was much the best; the coffee was green, and gave the men too much trouble to roast. They spoilt their tin kettles in doing so. They seldom got any porter, and not at all till they arrived at Galata. The bread at Varna was generally good; it was a little gritty, but wholesome; at times it turned sour if kept, but when fresh served it was pretty good. He could not tell how many men they lost. The Coldstreams lost as many as ten a-day at Varna. The men were in a very low state when they embarked for the Crimea. They could not march more than four or five miles a-day in coming down to Varna. The men then carried their knapsacks; those of the men who fell out of the march were put on the baggage waggons. The men recovered their health a great deal after they embarked; they were much better on the water than ashore. They landed in the Crimea in good spirits and in much better health. They did not have their knapsacks when they landed in the Crimea. They had their blanket rolled up, with a pair of boots and a change of linen inside. The men would rather have had their knapsacks. The blanket was not so easy to carry. With the knapsack a man could bring his elbow to the rear, and ease it up when it pressed hard, but with the blanket he could not. He did not know the weight of the French knapsack; he believed theirs was a great deal heavier than the French. He knew the French soldiers carried tents; he had heard the men speak very highly of them.

They had twenty-five camp kettles to every company. They carried them the best way they could; many of them were lost on the march; but the men retained their own small mess kettles. The men wounded at Alma were taken on board the ships the following morning. He crossed the field on the morning after, and saw no wounded there then. The sailors took them off to the ships. After they went up to the heights of Sebastopol, their commissary kept them pretty well supplied with provisions. The worst thing was the coffee. The men did not grumble so much about the provisions as about the green coffee. They had no tea after they left Balaklava for the heights. They had no means of cooking, except their own tin kettles. They gathered brushwood in front of the camp; there was plenty of it. After going to Sebastopol they did not get fresh meat more than three days a-week. They never had any cocoa; the men had complained of it. They liked tea better; it refreshed them more than coffee. In roasting the coffee it was often burnt to a cinder, which they had to grind up. They broke it up with the mallets they used to drive in the tent-pegs with. When on duty in the trenches a man did not get one whole night's rest in the week. The most rest they got was on the outlying picket. They used to cook their food and take it to the trenches with them, and perhaps the order would come before they got it cooked. He was wounded at Inkermann, and his arm was amputated the same evening. He was taken to Balaklava in one of the ambulance carts. They were very well on a smooth road, but in some places they suffered very much; he had to hold on by his right hand to keep his left shoulder from coming against the other side. He never saw the French wounded carried down, but had seen their mules; he thought they must be much easier to ride. After they landed, many men of weak constitutions suffered very much from sleeping on the ground.

Would it have been a great advantage to have small tents, as the French had?—It would. The men would not refuse to carry them; they would have been very glad to do so. He was sent to Scutari in the *Sydney* transport. He was well attended to on the voyage; he was twenty-seven days in the barrack hospital; he was also well treated in the hospital. He came home in the *Talavera*.

By General Peel.—The wounded men

were carried from the field by soldiers told off for that duty; they did not depend on the sailors for that; the sailors took them from the shore to the ships.

By Mr. Layard.—There was a large hospital tent for the operations, with circular tents round it, where the men were placed afterwards. In the tents they lay on boards six or seven inches from the ground. His wound was from a musket-ball that broke the bone of the arm.

What was the cause of the men's illness on the march?—Many of the men were weak from diarrhœa, and the stock was too tight.

How do you like the bearskin cap?—Not at all, it is too heavy. On a march the men always take them off and carry them on their bayonets, and put on their foraging caps. This cap (touching it) is very well adapted to the service. He had heard it had been changed. He had only seen the new one at home. The new one might be the best for home service.

In what state was the clothing of the men when you left?—Very bad, it was getting very ragged.

You worked in the trenches?—Yes.

Did you hear any complaints of the tools?—Yes, often; the tools we had were very bad indeed. The bills would not cut a piece of wood; pieces chipped out of the edges an inch long. The pickaxes were generally bad; they were always coming off the handles, if they did not break. The shovels were worse than the picks.

How did the men like the Minié rifle?—Very well; only when engaged there is no time to fix the slides, and the men have to judge the sight by their own eye.

The evidence of that philanthropic gentleman, Mr. Augustus Stafford, M.P., respecting the hospitals and the treatment of the sick and wounded soldiers, abounded in facts, from the bare contemplation of which even the decent—not to say humane—mind recoiled in horror and disgust. At the same time, according to Mr. Stafford, such was the dreadful condition of the soldiers in the camp, that his wonder on seeing them was, not that the hospitals at Scutari were full, but that the camp was not completely empty. Much of Mr. Stafford's evidence was of too painful and revolting a character to be transmitted to these pages; but something of the confusion reigning in the hospitals at Scutari may be understood from the following passage:—What Miss Nightin-

gale supplied was not so much medicines as medical comforts; but it was impossible not to see that it was these, rather than medicines, the men most wanted. They landed in a state of exhaustion; let it be called by any medical name whatever, it was chiefly exhaustion—a flickering of the lamp of life; for men in this state, these medical comforts were what was most needed. There was one case of a man dying from his diet having been changed. He had been put on a strengthening diet, and was recovering, when by a mistake it was changed to a lowering one, and he died in consequence. He was quite aware of the cause of his death, as he spoke of it; he said he supposed that in so great a crowd it could not be helped. Things were in a state of utter confusion. When he left the beds were not numbered; any registry in the hospitals must have been very difficult to keep correctly. He knew one case of a false return. He had with him the letter of a soldier which was brought to him by the permission of his commanding officer, in which the man stated he had been returned as dead, and the report had reached his family at home; he wished to contradict it, and, for better security, his officer had allowed him to bring witness the letter of contradiction himself.

On the 23rd, 24th, and 25th of April, the Duke of Newcastle was examined before the committee. This weary three days' questioning ended without leading to any discovery of the hidden sources of mismanagement. "The Duke of Newcastle," said the *Times*, "doubtless did his best; but he was always seeing obstacles which he was unable to remove, and attempting in vain to produce directness and unity of action amid warring departments and complicated forms. He suggested remedies, overruled forms, and did some things on his own personal responsibility. But, somehow or other, his well-intended measures fell wide of the mark, or short of it, like old Priam's javelin."

Sir John Burgoyne, who, while he was in the Crimea, had been the principal director of the siege operations, was examined on the 1st of May. He said that with respect to the formation of a road from Balaklava to the camp, that the English force was too small to construct one. He allowed it would have been better to have had a good road, but said they had not men sufficient to work in the trenches; and added, that if

the men had been withdrawn from them for the purpose of making a road, the enemy would have advanced upon the trenches and the rear, and the army could hardly have kept its camp. He considered many complaints were exaggerations, but said that all our institutions for the field were extremely inefficient.

Mr. Sidney Herbert, the late secretary at war, was examined on the 9th of May; Vice-admiral J. W. Dundas on the 10th; Lord Hardinge, the commander-in-chief of the British forces, on the 11th; and Sir James Graham, late first lord of the admiralty, on the 14th. The following day the Earl of Aberdeen was questioned by the committee, and with his examination their inquiries closed.

On the 18th of June, Mr. Roebuck presented the report of the committee to the House of Commons, and it was read to the members by Sir Denis Le Marchant. As it is an historical document which gives as much light as can readily be thrown upon the miscarriages in connexion with the gigantic war, and as it will be referred to by political writers for many years to come, as an enduring monument in commemoration of the evils arising from aristocratic mismanagement and a system of blind, unreasoning routine, we shall give such an account of it, accompanied by brief extracts, as will render its nature clear to the reader; the report being, as a whole, far too bulky for insertion in a work of this kind.

Having referred to the complicated nature of the inquiry, to the variety of subjects investigated, the number of witnesses examined, and the frequent inconsistency of their evidence, which threw difficulties in the way of presenting a clear, definite, and just exposition of the subjects presented to the committee, the report laid down the opinions that body had arrived at. First, on the condition of the army before Sebastopol; and, secondly, on the conduct of the departments, both at home and abroad, whose duty it was to minister to the wants of that army. The reader of this work is but too well aware of what the condition of our army was, for it to be requisite here to repeat the dreary list of frightful miseries that assailed it. Granting that much suffering was necessarily unavoidable, the committee expressed their opinion that the amount of it was mainly to be attributed to dilatory and insufficient arrangements for the supply of the army with the necessaries

indispensable to its healthy and effective condition. The imperativeness, or otherwise, of the fatal amount of overwork to which the troops were subjected, the committee regarded as a matter beyond the limit of their inquiry.

The second division of the subject was treated at great length, and under no less than seventeen headings. The first of these related to the conduct of the government at home, upon which the responsibility of the expedition to the Crimea rested. It pointed out that the government gave orders for the expedition without having obtained the requisite information concerning the harbours, roads, and water-supply of the Crimea; or of, what was most important, a statement of the force by which it was defended. One estimate it obtained set down the Russian forces in the Crimea as but 30,000 men; while another estimated them at 120,000. Our ambassadors at St. Petersburg or Constantinople, had been unable to furnish any information upon these important points. The report considered that the members of the cabinet had not given that earnest attention to the war that so great a proceeding required, and that evils resulting from delay were justly laid to their charge. This heading concluded with remarking—"Your committee must express their regret that the formation of a large reserve at home, and also in the proximity of the seat of war, was not considered at a much earlier period, and that the government, well knowing the limited numbers of the British army, the nature of the climate in the East, as well as the power we were about to encounter, did not, at the commencement of the war, take means to augment the ranks of the army beyond the ordinary recruiting; and also that earlier steps were not taken to render the militia available, both for the purpose of obtaining supplies of men, and also, in case of necessity, for the relief of regiments of the line stationed in garrisons in the Mediterranean—measures which they found themselves compelled to adopt at a later period."

The report gave the Duke of Newcastle credit for the best of intentions, and even put forward some apologies for the difficulties of his position; but it inferred that he was unequal to the onerous duties assigned to him. "The duke," it says, "was imperfectly acquainted with the best mode of exercising his authority over the subordinate departments, and these departments

were not officially informed of their relative position, or of their new duties towards the minister for war. His interference was sought for in matters of detail wherein his time should not have been occupied, and he was left unacquainted with transactions of which he should have received official cognizance. Feeling his large responsibilities, he took upon himself to remedy innumerable deficiencies which were brought to his notice; and, in the meantime, matters of paramount importance were postponed. The evidence, moreover, shows that the duke was long left in ignorance, or was misinformed respecting the progress, of affairs in the East. He was not, until a late period, made acquainted with the state of the hospitals at Scutari, and the horrible mode in which the sick and wounded were conveyed from Balaklava to the Bosphorus. Lord Aberdeen has significantly observed, that the government were left in ignorance longer than they ought to have been of the real state of matters in the East. The ministers, he says, were informed of the condition of the army from public papers and private sources long before they heard it officially; and, not hearing it officially, they discredited the rumours around them. Thus, while the whole country was dismayed by reports, and was eagerly looking for some gleam of official intelligence, the cabinet, according to the statement of ministers, was in darkness."

Of Mr. Sidney Herbert, the late secretary of war, the report expressed itself to the effect that, although very well-intentioned, he was more busy than useful. It employed more courtly circumlocution to express this than we have done; but we content ourselves with the sense of its language. The ordnance department was described as working improperly on account of the absence of Lord Raglan, the master-general, whose duties were imperfectly attended to by a substitute. The consequence was, that a struggle for authority arose between the members of the board, and they were quarrelling with each other and making trivial appeals to the Duke of Newcastle, when they ought to have been engaged in attending to the business of the country. The report speaks severely of the disordered condition of this department, and observes—"The supply of inferior tools must be ascribed to *carelessness or dishonesty* on the part of the persons responsible for the supply."

With respect to the transport department at home, the report observes—"The unnecessary sufferings of the soldiers, directly referrible to this neglect, form one of the most painful portions of the evidence; but on what department the blame should rest,—whether on the office of the commander-in-chief, or of the secretary at war, or of the secretary of state for war,—your committee are unable to decide." In the same way, no one seems to have been able to say who was responsible for the management of the transport service in the Black Sea. Sir James Graham said that Admiral Dundas was; but the admiral declared that he had nothing to do with the transports, but that they were under the management of Lord Raglan, Rear-admiral Boxer, and Captain Christie. If these gentlemen could have been examined, it is probable that they also would have repudiated all responsibility for the Black Sea transports. One of the sad results of this want of responsibility, and, consequently, of proper management, was the wreck and loss of so many valuable ships during the dreadful storm of the 14th of November. It was ascertained that the transport service in the Bosphorus was under the orders of Rear-admiral Boxer, who, although his rough manners had caused him to be harshly spoken of, had endeavoured efficiently to discharge his duty, which he was prevented from doing by the inattention of Sir James Graham, then first lord of the admiralty.

Of the commissariat, the report observed—"The military system in this country affords the commissariat no opportunity of becoming acquainted with the army, or of ministering to its wants; so that in a campaign, the officers in this department find themselves called upon to furnish supplies in regard to which they have had no experience; while the officers and men, being often ignorant of the proper duties of the commissariat, consider this department responsible for everything they may require." The land transport service was condemned in severe terms by the committee; and with regard to a road from Balaklava to the camp, they stated there had been a want of due foresight and decision. They observed, that the consequences resulting from the failure of the transport service, would have been in some degree obviated by the formation of *dépôts* in the neighbourhood of the camp, or between the camp and Balaklava. Some attempt to do this was

made, but not persevered in; one reason for its abandonment being, that after the battle of Inkermann, and the storm of the 14th of November, all the available animals were employed for the daily requirements of the army.

The mode in which the soldiers were supplied with food was censured, and the explanations of irregularities in this respect declared to be unsatisfactory. The circumstance of distributing green coffee to the soldiers, who were unprovided with any means of roasting or grinding it, was dwelt upon. "The more immediate comfort of the troops," said the report, "appears to have been overlooked; while ingenious arguments on the volatile aroma of the berry, and on the Turkish mode of packing coffee, were passing backwards and forwards between Commissary-general Filder and the treasury." As the men were so neglected, it can scarcely be supposed that the horses were properly attended to. When the army first encamped before Sebastopol, stacks of forage were found in the neighbourhood; when these were consumed, the horses were soon in want: after the hurricane the supply of forage failed; and, under the combined effects of work, exposure, and insufficient food, the cavalry gradually ceased to exist as an effective force. In this matter, also, the committee were in doubt as to whom they ought to lay the blame.

With respect to the medical department at home, Dr. Smith, the director-general, said, that he was under the immediate authority of five different superiors—the commander-in-chief, the secretary of state for war, the secretary at war, the master-general of the ordnance, and the board of ordnance. Under such circumstances, it excites no wonder to find that he did not properly understand or discharge the duties appertaining to his office. In this department, as in most others, the inexperience arising from many years of peace, proved a serious obstacle to its efficiency in a time of war. Dr. Smith was animated by a desire to discharge his duty, but on many points he suggested and remonstrated in vain. Before the fearful calamities arising from official negligence fell upon the army like a curse and a plague, a zealous officer seems to have been regarded as a rather troublesome person. The report observes—"The strict economy enforced, during a long period of peace, by means of a rigid system of audit and account, may, doubtless, at the first

outbreak of war, have still fettered Dr. Smith, as well as other public servants, who dreaded to incur responsibility for any expenditure, however urgent, which was not guarded by all the forms and documents usually required. An excess of caution, in the first instance, led probably to some evils which a lavish outlay could not afterwards repair."

The committee referred mournfully to the medical department in the East, and declared it to be so wretched and painful a subject, that they gladly avoided repeating its deplorable details. They observed—"The medical men, it is said, were indefatigable in their attention; but so great was the want of the commonest necessities, even of bedding, as well as of medicines and medical comforts, that they sorrowfully admitted their services to be of little avail."

The state of the hospitals at Scutari—one of the darkest spots in this perplexed career of mismanagement—the committee considered last in their report. Of these hospitals Major Sillery was military commandant; while Dr. Menzies, with Dr. M'Gregor under his orders, was medical superintendent. Major Sillery was totally incompetent to the discharge of the onerous duties devolving upon him, and ridiculously timid of incurring any responsibility. Dr. Menzies seems to have been impressed with old-fashioned notions of routine, and to have been, moreover, somewhat deficient in natural kindness to the hosts of sufferers under his charge. The committee censured him for not correctly reporting the circumstances of the hospital, and stating *that he wanted nothing in the shape of stores or medical comforts, at the time when his patients were destitute of the commonest necessities*. They modified this censure by adding—"In justice to Dr. Menzies, it must be admitted, that he was engaged in incessant and onerous duties. He was consulted in all difficult surgical cases; he performed the most serious operations himself. His time was occupied in invaliding men, holding boards, making monthly returns and quarterly returns, daily reports and weekly reports—reports to Dr. Smith, who could not interfere—reports to the Duke of Newcastle, who was never informed of the real state of things. Amid all these labours, he had no time left for that which should have been his principal duty, the proper superintendence of these hospitals. Dr. Menzies states, 'that he was overwhelmed by the work of three deputy-

inspectors when he gave up his charge; his health being then broken down.' This statement is confirmed by Dr. Dumbreck, who, having heard Dr. Menzies' evidence, says, 'the clashing of responsibility and confusion that existed in the administration of the hospitals, was not creditable to our system; we seem to have fallen into a state of inaction; we had no purveyors, no orderlies, no hospital corps. Dr. Menzies I believe to have been clearly overworked, and put in a position that no one man was able to cope with.'"

In connexion with this point, the committee further expressed themselves totally at a loss to comprehend the report of Dr. Hall, which they considered to have misled both Lord Raglan and the government at home, and to have occasioned much delay in measures taken afterwards for the remedy of evils which might have been arrested earlier in their progress. The committee referred to the selection of an improper person as purveyor, and to the retaining him in office after he had been pronounced unfit to discharge its duties. They severely condemned the state of the apothecary's department at Scutari, of which no account whatever seems to have been kept; at any rate, no entry was made in the books by the officer in charge of that department from the 24th of September to the 28th of November. "Your committee," continues the report, "are not aware under what instructions he was acting; but the late secretary at war admits that such conduct was a gross dereliction of duty. It is, moreover, manifest that the government had been deceived in regard to these hospital stores, since Mr. S. Herbert had stated in the House of Commons, 'there had been all manner of forms to be gone through before these stores could be issued; with plenty of materials, the forms were so cumbrous, that they could never be produced with the rapidity necessary for the purposes of a military hospital.' *It is now proved, that if there were cumbrous forms inconveniencing the service of the hospital, and aggravating the sufferings of the patients, there were, at least, no forms to protect the public purse against negligence or peculation.* The distress in these hospitals would have been more severe, and the sufferings more acute, if private charity had not stepped in to redress the evils of official mismanagement. Assistance which had been discouraged as superfluous, was eventually found to be essential for the

lives of the patients. When the quantities of hospital stores which were sent from England are contrasted with the scarcity, or rather the absolute dearth of them, at Scutari, and when the state of the purveyor's accounts is remembered, *it is impossible not to harbour a suspicion that some dishonesty has been practised in regard to these stores.*"

The report terminated with the following observations:—"Your committee, in conclusion, cannot but remark, that the first real improvements in the lamentable condition of the hospitals at Scutari, are to be attributed to *private suggestions, private exertions, and private benevolence.* A fund, raised by public subscription, was administered by the proprietors of the *Times* newspaper, through Mr. Macdonald, an intelligent and zealous agent. At the suggestion of the secretary at war, Miss Nightingale, with admirable devotion, organised a band of nurses, and undertook the care of the sick and wounded. The Hon. Jocelyn Percy, the Hon. and Rev. Sidney Godolphin Osborne, and Mr. Augustus Stafford, after a personal inspection of the hospitals, furnished valuable reports and suggestions to the government. By these means much suffering was alleviated, the spirits of the men were raised, and many lives were saved. Your committee have now adverted to the chief points contained in the replies to above TWENTY-ONE THOUSAND QUESTIONS, and, in noticing these various subjects, they have divided them under distinct heads, in order fairly to apportion the responsibility. Your committee report, that the sufferings of the army mainly resulted from the circumstances under which the expedition to the Crimea was undertaken and executed. The administration which ordered that expedition, had no adequate information as to the amount of the forces in the Crimea. They were not acquainted with the strength of the fortresses to be attacked, or with the resources of the country to be invaded. They hoped and expected the expedition to be immediately successful; and, as they did not foresee the probability of a protracted struggle, they made no provision for a winter campaign. The patience and fortitude of this army demand the admiration and gratitude of the nation on whose behalf they have fought, bled, and suffered. Their heroic valour, and equally heroic patience, under sufferings and privations, have given them claims upon their

country which will doubtless be gratefully acknowledged. Your committee will now close their report, with a hope that every British army may in future display the

valour which this noble army has displayed, and that none may hereafter be exposed to such sufferings as are recorded in these pages."

CHAPTER VI.

ENGAGEMENT IN FRONT OF THE MALAKHOFF TOWER; EXERTIONS OF THE RUSSIANS; EARTHQUAKES AT BROUSSA AND AT CONSTANTINOPLE; ERECTION OF THE MAMELON; REPULSE OF THE FRENCH FROM THE RIFLE PITS; ENGAGEMENT ON THE 22ND OF MARCH; THE VIENNA CONGRESS; SPRING IN THE CAMP AT SEBASTOPOL; SAILING OF THE BRITISH FLEET TO THE BALTIC; ESTABLISHMENT OF A TRAINING CAMP AT ALDERSHOT-HEATH; VISIT OF THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH TO THE ENGLISH COURT; REFLECTIONS ON THE EMPEROR'S RECEPTION; RETURN OF NAPOLEON; PIANORI'S ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE HIM.

LET us return to the Crimea—to the neighbourhood of Sebastopol, and take up for a brief period the thread of our narrative in that locality. The French lines were being pushed gradually nearer and nearer to the Malakhoff Tower, to the very foot of which they hoped soon to approach. On the other hand, the Russians, with their usual untiring activity, had thrown up considerable works behind the tower, and commenced demolishing it to allow full play to their batteries. Nor did they stop there; but on the night of the 21st of February, they intrenched themselves between the tower and a little to the French right. In that position they commenced important works of counter-attack, to stop the advance of the French trenches.

General Canrobert immediately resolved to destroy these works and carry the Russian position. On the night of the 23rd, two battalions of the 2nd Zouaves, one battalion of marines, and some companies of workmen, started under the command of General Monnet. The advance on the Russian position was made in profound silence. It was arranged that one battalion of Zouaves should take the right, the other the left of the attack, while the marines were to meet the enemy in front. On arriving near the redoubt thrown up by the Russians, the dim outline of a body of soldiers was discerned in front of it. General Monnet gave the signal of attack, and advanced. Instantly the Zouaves, with the daring impetuosity which is always characteristic of them, rushed upon the enemy, and were received with a murderous fire. They soon, however,

scaled the works and entered the redoubt by sheer fighting. There a sanguinary hand-to-hand conflict took place. The loss of life among the French was very severe; but the Russians were driven out, and compelled to take refuge in Sebastopol. Several Russian ships in port sent a shower of projectiles into the redoubt, and the nearest batteries opened their fire upon it. Still, in the midst of this deadly storm, the French knocked the works to pieces and spiked all the guns, before they were compelled to retire. The retreat was rendered doubly necessary; for by this time the whole garrison of Sebastopol was under arms, the drums and bells of the city were distinctly audible, and they could hear the word of command of the *avant garde* advancing against them.

This affair, dashing as it was, caused the French a heavy loss. They had accomplished their object, but at the price of about 100 killed and 300 wounded. Seven or eight officers were included amongst the slain, and about twenty amongst the wounded. General Monnet himself had the thumb of his right hand carried off, and was also wounded in his left hand and in the arm. Notwithstanding these injuries, he was the last man to leave the redoubt, after seeing all his wounded carried off. Prince Mentschikoff's despatch represented, that the French had been repulsed with a loss of 600 men. The French marines lost their way in the dark, and did not come up in time to take any part in the contest, much to the disgust of the brave Zouaves, who accused them of cowardice.

The Zouaves fancied not only that the

marines fled, but that in their confusion they fired upon them, their own countrymen. In their anger they were extremely complimentary to our poor fellows. "Ah!" exclaimed many of them, "if we had had a few hundred of your English, we should have done the trick; but these marines—bah!" It was suspected that the French plan of attack had been disclosed by spies, and that the Russians had prepared for it. Certainly the latter were not surprised, for they had a force of 10,000 strong to meet the French; who, together with the defaulting battalions of marine infantry (consisting of 2,300 men), did not amount to 4,500.

The French were unable to estimate the loss of the enemy; but a Russian account stated it to be sixty-five killed, and five subalterns and 236 wounded. The Russians claimed a victory in this encounter, as will be seen from the following extract from the *Journal de St. Petersburg*:—"Twice the enemy attempted to renew the attack, but each time was driven back with loss to the trenches. Finally, after an hour's combat at the point of the bayonet, during which the Russian drummers never ceased to beat the charge, the enemy was compelled to retreat, leaving in our power more than 100 killed, among whom were eight officers. Moreover, our troops took twenty-four prisoners, of whom five were officers. In all, the loss of the enemy was not under 600 men; for, during their retreat, they were exposed to the heavy fire of the neighbouring bastions, and of the steamers *Vladimir*, *Chorsonese*, and *Gromonosets*, anchored in the roadstead."

The activity of the Russians was incessant; they evidently feared an assault, and made every preparation to meet it. Not only did they throw up formidable works at various points, but Lord Raglan stated, in a despatch dated February 27th—"It appears that on Saturday night the enemy sunk three or four more ships in the harbour, as far within the booms as the first were outside of them; and, according to the most accurate examination yesterday, there are now four barriers or impediments to the entrance of the harbour—namely, two of sunken ships, and two booms." Even then the Russians did not seem satisfied of their security, for they were reported to have sunk two more ships at the entrance of the port of Sebastopol. To this circumstance Lord Raglan referred in another brief des-

patch, dated March 3rd, adding—"I am not certain of this; but, according to my observation, the new barrier across the harbour appeared yesterday evening to have been extended beyond the point at which I had seen it two days before." His lordship added further—"The enemy is busily occupied in establishing a work considerably nearer the French batteries on the extreme right, than that which was attacked by our allies on the morning of the 24th. The enemy seem to be increasing their force in the neighbourhood of Sebastopol, both to the northward and upon the Tchernaya." Appearances were by no means cheering; but immense preparations were being carried on for recommencing the bombardment, on a scale hitherto unattempted. On the other hand, it was anticipated that the Russians were concentrating a force in their rear for the purpose of attacking Balaklava. "Both allies and Russians," wrote a correspondent from the camp, "are evidently straining every nerve for a final struggle. Every day, and all through the day, numbers of the enemy's troops are incessantly employed in their earthworks, and seem not only to be preparing measures for a vigorous defence, but actually for advancing, as if to besiege us in our own parallels."

It seemed, in the East, almost as if nature herself had some mystical sympathy with the convulsion which distracted mankind. The city of Broussa, in Asiatic Turkey, was visited by an alarming series of earthquake shocks, during the latter part of February and the commencement of March. With the first shock, on the 28th of February, the city was shaken to its foundations; and although it lasted less than a minute, nearly 300 of the inhabitants were buried beneath the ruins of a portion of the town. It was partly surrounded by an ancient wall, against which a large number of the poorer population had fixed their houses for the purpose of support and shelter. This wall at first swayed to and fro, and then a great part of it fell flat, crushing several score of houses, together with their miserable inmates. These habitations belonged chiefly to the poorer classes; for although there was scarcely an edifice in the city that did not sustain some injury, still the stronger houses of the wealthier inhabitants suffered but little comparatively. The mosques, however, on account of their heights, were much injured; out of 125, hardly one remained without damage, and scarcely a minaret was

left standing. One particularly, more than five centuries old, and the pride of the inhabitants, was levelled with the earth. A silk factory in the neighbourhood was thrown down into a heap, and sixty unhappy women who were at work there, were buried beneath the ruins.

The convulsion was not confined to Broussa. On the afternoon of the 28th of February, Constantinople was shaken by an earthquake, which, but for the brief time it lasted, might have been reckoned among the great calamities of the human race. The motion was described as a sharp, rapid trembling, which lasted about half a minute, and caused every pane of glass in the windows, and every tile on the housetops to rattle. It was succeeded by several minor shocks, each diminishing in violence, and happily causing no further mischief. No serious destruction of life or property was the result. A number of minarets, both at Constantinople and Pera were thrown down, and the bazaars were said to have been cracked in many places. The British embassy at Pera, one of the most solid edifices in the country, had a stack of massive chimneys overthrown, and the large square stones, of which the walls were constructed, were displaced in certain parts. Every bell in the palace rang violently; and even in one or two churches the bells resounded dismally. Some of the large stone houses at Pera were injured, and one of them had a crack from the roof to the foundation. Strange to say, the wooden edifices received no injury. Great excitement prevailed after the shock. Fathers, brothers, and husbands hastened home to see if their families were in safety. Many persons had recourse to prayers and supplications. Some of the Turks rushed out of their houses, and crouched down in the attitude of adoration; while the Christians exhibited their terror by crossings and pious ejaculations.

On the 11th of March, Broussa was visited by a shock far more destructive than that of the 28th of February. The greatest part of the city was levelled with the ground, and some of the finest monuments of Roman, Byzantine, and Mussulman art destroyed. Happily, in consequence of the precautions taken in case of a recurrence of the calamity, the loss of life was much smaller than might have been anticipated. Out of a population of 70,000 persons, not more than a hundred were killed or wounded. During the night of the 11th, at least forty

vibrations were felt; and they continued occasionally, though with less frequency, for several days. The effect of many of them was to throw down edifices which had been previously shaken, and the wretched population were compelled to seek safety in flight from the doomed city. On the particulars of this calamity being known at Constantinople, a steamer was sent to Guemlik (a town on the shores of the Sea of Marmora, and about twenty miles from Broussa), to bring away the fugitives who thronged that little port. An account of the appearance of Broussa, we take from the narrative of an English gentleman who went from Constantinople in this vessel. At Guemlik, he fell in with a well-known character in those parts, one John Zohrab, or Tchelebi John, who offered to conduct him and some friends to Broussa and to bring them back before sunset:—"Having with some difficulty found horses, we started, and on arriving at the summit of the line of hills which overlooks the glorious plain of Broussa, we could judge of the force of the convulsion. From that point there was not a bridge, a wall, or a house which had not more or less suffered. The road was thronged with fugitives—veiled Turkish women, carrying with them all their goods on the back of a miserable horse, to obtain which they had probably parted with a number of necessities. The very poor, mostly Armenians and Jews, were on foot, bending under the weight of counterpanes and kettles, and dragging after them their weeping and footsore children, who would be a couple of days in making the weary journey of twenty miles, through the bush and quagmire, before they arrived at Guemlik. The most fortunate were the peasantry, who lived at a distance from narrow lanes and crumbling mosques. Most of these had their cottages destroyed, but they had quietly erected rude tents among the mulberry-trees, and were living as happily as if nothing had occurred. The lower classes in every country soon forget calamities; for they have been accustomed to so little material comfort, that nothing can make a change for the worse in their condition. On approaching the city, the results of the convulsion were visible on every side. The village of Tchepflik was in ruins, the houses seeming as if they had been crushed in by the fall of some enormous weight on their roofs. At last Broussa was plainly visible, its showy mosques and dark red

houses standing out against the green sides of Olympus, which towered up above with its crown of snow. Perhaps no more romantic spot can be found in the world than this, which has been the site of an imperial city for more than 2,000 years. The rapid torrent which passes through the midst of the city and across its plain is crossed by massive stone bridges, two of which date from Roman times. The most solid of these structures, a work of the early Cæsars, is now shattered and impassable. Huge masses of masonry have been hurled down into the stream beneath, and the solid arch is cleft in two. The greatest antiquarian loss which the place has suffered is, however, in the demolition of the great mosque, formerly the convent of the Virgin, an edifice erected shortly after the age of Justinian, and second to St. Sophia alone for vastness and beauty. The lofty dome is crushed; the mosaic work, fresh and beautiful as if not ten years old, is scattered over the pavement; the minarets—of course, a Mussulman addition—are broken short off at a third of their height from the ground; and the structure, which lately was filled with worshippers, is now deserted by all but the Turkish guard which is placed at the gate to prevent the depredations which often follow a general calamity. The tomb of Sultan Urchan, son of Othman, is also crushed. The monarch who made Broussa the capital of his warlike state, and who has rested peacefully in the grave for 500 years, now lies under the ruins of his ancient city. Whole quarters of the town are level with the ground, not a house remaining. Amid the ruins, miserable women may be seen tending their wounded relations, who lie under the shelter of a bit of carpet fastened to three upright posts, or of a few boards placed slantingly against some tottering wall. The Jews have suffered greatly. The citadel stands on the slope of the hill; beneath and around it cluster the dwellings of this peaceful and suffering race. At the moment of the shock, masses of wall were hurled down upon the small tenements below, and even portions of the solid rock came rolling down the mountain side like avalanches, and crushed everything in their way. The Jews, with their lofty headdresses, were to be seen sitting amid their fallen walls, destitute and desolate. Not even at such a moment does compassion subdue the dark aversion which separates this unhappy race from the people

among whom it lives. Who will care for a Jew? Not a piece of bread or a cup of water will Turk, Greek, or Armenian give to the expiring Hebrew, even at a time when the judgment of heaven has involved all in a common misfortune! The bounty of a government, and the subscriptions of individuals, would be equally kept back from the despised race, if the allotted funds were administered by pashas or bishops. From the European residents alone have the poor of all classes received help heretofore; and now the Europeans, even the consuls, have fled the place. It was reported in Constantinople that the springs had failed, and that want of water was to be added to the other horrors of the place. But the only foundation for this statement is, that the mineral waters, which form the chief attraction of Broussa to the stranger, are much diminished in quantity, and for a few days did not rise to the surface at all. Plenty of good water is to be had, as even the stream which flows through the city is fit to drink. The great want is of food: many of the ovens are destroyed, and bread is in consequence dear. The number of persons thrown out of work by the event is, of course, very large; but, happily, none of the silk factories have been injured, and in a few weeks, should no repetition of the shocks occur, the fugitives will take courage and venture back, work will be resumed, the city will once more rise from its foundations, and nothing but the ruins of a few vast edifices, which the present age cannot restore, will bear witness of the most fearful catastrophe which has befallen an eastern city for many hundred years. We returned to Guemlik by sunset, and found every nook and corner of the vessel crowded with human beings; as many as 470 of all ages and conditions had hurried on board, and they lay packed thick along the deck, and in all the cabins, so that to lie down was almost impossible. The Turkish boat had left full, and a British steamer was ready to start. The fugitives hoped that some of their number might be able to leave in this vessel; but it soon appeared that it had been dispatched to bring away 'the British residents,' who consist of the consul and his family. The answer of the captain to applications was, that no one could be received; and the steamer, sent down at a cost probably of £60, left with four persons on board—the consul, his two daughters, and a deputy-assistant postmaster from Constantinople, who happened

to be at Broussa on a pleasure excursion. We arrived this morning in the Golden Horn, when the unfortunates were allowed to land without going through any quarantine regulations."

"In the present temper of men's minds," said a writer from Constantinople, "there is a natural tendency to connect physical commotions with the political events which are passing around. It cannot be, therefore, wondered at that among the illiterate population of Constantinople, some superstitious awe should prevail, and that each race should interpret the ominous convulsion according to its own prepossessions. The poor (and, with the exception of a few individuals, the Turks are all poor) are tried by scarcity and disease, and weighed down by a feeling of impending calamity. They expect little advantage to themselves or their nation from the struggle which is proceeding. Even the Christians are weary of the contention to which they looked forward as the dawn of a brighter day. Many melancholy predictions have therefore been founded on the late occurrence, which is considered, if not a judgment, at least a warning."

The ground before Sebastopol, in the neighbourhood of the Malakhoff Tower, continued to be the scene of fierce skirmishes. To the right, but considerably in advance of it, is an elevated mound, on which the Russians occupied themselves every night in throwing up works which, from their position, would cause great annoyance to the besieging armies. To the left of this mound, afterwards called the Mamelon, they dug six rifle pits. These are excavations in the ground, faced round with sand-bags, which are loopholed for rifles, and banked round with the earth which has been thrown up from the pit. These pits contained about ten men each, and were, in fact, little forts or redoubts for offensive proceedings against the besiegers. The possession of them being of importance, the French, to whose extreme right front they were opposite, made several unsuccessful attempts to drive the Russians out of them. On Saturday evening, March 17th, the Zouaves advanced to take possession of the pits, from which the Russians had fled during the day, in consequence of receiving a fire from some of the English cannon. The Zouaves dashed on with their usual intrepidity; but they had been anticipated by the Russians, who had contrived to re-

turn and repossess themselves of the pits. A fierce encounter ensued, and volleys of musketry rang out incessantly for four hours and a-half. It might almost have been supposed that a general engagement was being carried on. The fourth division, under Sir John Campbell, and the light division, under Sir George Brown, turned out and stood in readiness to assist our allies, who, however, were determined on taking and holding these pits without aid. Such was the incessant flashing of musketry, that at first another Inkermann was expected. It is to be regretted that the bravery of the French did not meet the reward it deserved; for they at length retired without accomplishing their object, after having about 150 men killed and wounded, and a few taken prisoners. The day after this encounter, a large body of men, computed at about 15,000, entered Sebastopol from the north side.

A few days before this encounter, the irrepressible spirit of the allied armies was displayed by getting up races in the English camp, to beguile the tedium of this weary siege. "The course," said a spectator, "was laid out with much care on the heights, among the fourth division; and although the wind blew with intense coldness which nothing could withstand, yet some 300 or 400 horsemen mustered up sufficient courage to attend the 'meet.' French officers were there in all their glory, on long-maned, long-tailed horses, which would do nothing but canter and fret; and English officers were there too, on rough-coated, gaunt-looking quadrupeds—veterans which have survived not only the charge at Balaklava, but worse still, a winter in our camp. The jockeys, of course, were officer amateurs, some few of whom appeared in the prescribed breeches and tops, all of them laying foundations for subsequent catarrhs, as, wanting distinguishing colours, they were compelled to ride in their flannel shirts. At each start, the soldiers who lined the course shouted amazingly, and their vocal efforts did more to stimulate the nags into racing speed than all the efforts of their riders. Who were the winners it is impossible to say, as each decision was fiercely contested; and, according to individual rumours, every one who started a horse won the race. Two, however, were won beyond all dispute by a little midshipman from the naval brigade, of the name of Molyneux; and the hurdle race, the very last of the

day, and in which there were a couple of nasty jumps, by Captain Wilkins. The races lasted throughout the greater part of the day; and the garrison of Sebastopol, which was in full sight, was moved to unusual alertness by the shouting of the soldiers, and fired repeatedly, though without doing any damage of note."

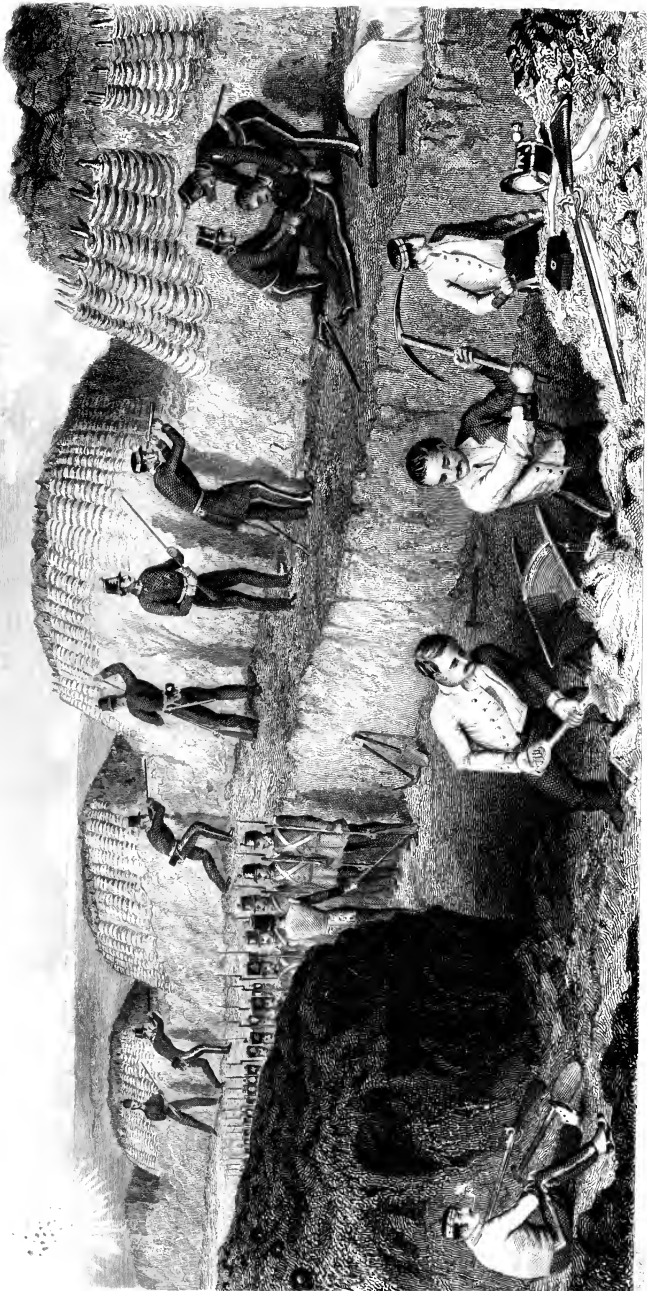
Skirmishes before Sebastopol were of almost nightly occurrence; but a chronicle of these petty affairs would tend rather to bewilder than to enlighten the reader. On the night of the 22nd of March, however, a skirmish or engagement of more than ordinary severity took place. The accounts given of this affair are so confused, and of so technical a character, that we are unable to gather from them such a lucid statement as we should wish to present before our readers. The result, however, was thus described by Lord Raglan:—"Yesterday the whole of the ground between the posts of the two armies was covered with their dead, amounting to several hundreds, besides those which they had undoubtedly carried off before daylight." The French bore the brunt of this attack, though the English were partly engaged. The Russians were finally repulsed with great slaughter, but the loss of our gallant allies was considerable. It was reported to amount, in killed and wounded, to about 600 men, but was probably more correctly estimated by General Canrobert, at from 300 to 320. "This operation of the besieged," wrote that general, "differed completely from all those hitherto attempted against our works. To effect it, notwithstanding the strong force of the garrison, they had sent for two regiments from outside the walls. It was a sort of general attack upon our advances, and appears to have been well combined for obtaining an important result. The importance of this failure of the besieged must be estimated, therefore, by the greatness of the object they had in view. The prisoners we have taken declare that their losses were enormous; and we think, in fact, that this disorderly combat, as all night combats are, and where the firing lasted for many hours, must have cost the Russians, considering the masses they brought forward, 1,000 or

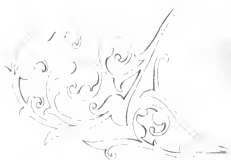
1,200 men at least *hors de combat*."* The loss of the English was not considerable; but it included Captain Vicars, Captain the Hon. Cavendish Browne, Lieutenant Jordan, and Lieutenant-colonel Kelly. Major Gordon, of the royal engineers, was severely wounded; and Captain Montague, of the same corps, was taken prisoner while superintending the works. Of the men, about fifty were killed, wounded, or carried into Sebastopol.

"Great valour and enterprise," said a morning paper, in commenting upon this incident, "have been shown on both sides; but it is impossible not to lament with more than ordinary regret the loss of men killed in a nocturnal affray, followed by no other consequence than the repulse of the enemy. We, the besiegers, are still endeavouring to prevent the approaches and resist the attacks of the besieged; and although every foot of ground is fiercely disputed, the lines of the enemy are gaining on our intrenchments, instead of our gaining on the outworks of the town."

On Saturday, the 24th of March, an armistice, of about three hours' duration, took place to allow, on both sides, of the burial of the dead. The incidents arising out of it are told by Mr. Russell with such pictorial skill, that we cannot resist quoting the description:—"Early on Saturday morning a flag of truce was sent in by the allies, with a proposition to the Russians for an armistice to bury the dead, which were lying in numbers—five or six Russians to every Frenchman and Englishman—in front of the Round Tower and Mamelon, and, after some delay, an answer in the affirmative was returned, and it was arranged that two hours should be granted for collecting and carrying away the dead on both sides. The news spread through the camps; and the races which the *chasseurs d'Afrique* had got up in excellent style, were much shorn of their attractions by the opportunity afforded to us of meeting our enemies on neutral ground. All the ravines leading to the front trenches were crowded with officers hastening on horse and foot down to the scene of so much hard fighting. The crests of the hills, and the slopes in front of the

* An article in the *Invalide Russe* thus claims a victory, and states the Russian loss, which exceeded General Canrobert's estimate:—"Our enterprise was crowned with success on every point; the enemy was driven from the trenches, and all the works executed during the few previous days destroyed. We took from the French sixty-four prisoners,





batteries, were covered with men, and they dotted the deadly interval between the batteries, which had been before occupied alone by thousands of tons of shot and fragments of shell discharged by French and English and Russians during this protracted siege. The day was beautifully bright and warm. White flags waved gently in the faint spring breeze above the embrasures of our batteries, and from the Round Tower and Mamelon. Not a soul had been visible in front of the lines an instant before the emblems of peace were run up to the flagstaffs, and a sullen gun from the Mamelon and a burst of smoke from Gordon's batteries had but a short time previously heralded the armistice. The instant the flags were hoisted, friend and foe swarmed out of the embrasures. The riflemen of the allies and of the enemy rose from their lairs in the rifle pits, and sauntered towards each other to behold their grim handiwork. The whole of the space between the Russian lines and our own was filled with groups of unarmed soldiery. Passing down by the Middle Picket Ravine, which is now occupied by the French, and which runs down in front of the light division camp, I came out upon the advanced French trench, within a few hundred yards of the Mamelon. The sight was strange beyond description. French, English, and Russian officers were walking about saluting each other courteously as they passed, and occasionally entering into conversation, and a constant interchange of little civilities, such as offering and receiving cigar-lights, was going on in each little group. Some of the Russian officers were evidently men of high rank and breeding. Their polished manners contrasted remarkably with their plain, and rather coarse clothing. They wore, with few exceptions, the invariable long gray coat over their uniforms. The French officers were all *en grande tenue*, and offered a striking contrast to many of our own officers, who were dressed à la Balaklava, and wore uncouth headdresses, catskin coats, and nondescript paletots. Many of the Russians looked remarkably like English gentlemen in 'style' of face and bearing. One tall, fine-looking old man, with a long gray beard and strangely-shaped cap, was pointed out to us as hetman of the Cossacks in the Crimea, but it did not appear as if there were many men of very high military rank present. The Russians were rather grave and reserved, but they seemed to fraternize with the

French better than with ourselves, and the men certainly got on better with our allies than with the few privates of our own regiments who were down towards the front. But while all this civility was going on we were walking among the dead, over blood-stained ground, covered with evidences of recent fight. Broken muskets, bayonets, cartouch-boxes, caps, fragments of clothing, straps and belts, pieces of shell, little pools of clotted blood, shot—round and grape—shattered gabions and sand-bags, were visible around us on every side, and through the midst of the crowd stalked a solemn procession of soldiers bearing their departed comrades to their long home. I counted seventy-seven litters borne past me in fifteen minutes—each filled with a dead enemy. The contortions of the slain were horrible, and recalled the memories of the fields of Alma and Inkermann. Some few French were lying far in advance towards the Mamelon and Round Tower, among the gabions belonging to the French advanced trenches, which the Russians had broken down. They had evidently been slain in pursuit of the enemy. The Russians appeared to treat their dead with great respect. The soldiers I saw were white-faced and seemed ill fed, though many of them had powerful frames, square shoulders, and broad chests. All their dead who fell within and near our lines were stripped of boots and stockings. The cleanliness of their feet and, in most cases, of their coarse linen shirts was remarkable. Several sailors of the 'equipages' of the fleet of Sebastopol were killed in the attack. They were generally muscular, fine, stout fellows, with rough, soldierly faces. The Russians carried off all the dead which lay outside our lines to the town, passing down between the Mamelon and the Round Tower. In the midst of all this stern evidence of war a certain amount of lively conversation began to spring up, in which the Russian officers indulged in a little badinage. Some of them asked our officers 'when we were coming in to take the place?' others, 'when we thought of going away?' Some congratulated us upon the excellent opportunity we had of getting a good look at Sebastopol, as the chance of a nearer view, except on similar occasions, was not in their opinion very probable. One officer asked a private confidentially, in English, how many men we sent into the trenches? 'Begorra, only 7,000 a-night, and a wake covering party of 10,000,' was

the ready reply. The officer laughed and turned away. At one time a Russian with a litter stopped by a dead body, and put it into the litter. He looked round for a comrade to help him. A Zouave at once advanced with much grace and lifted it, to the infinite amusement of the bystanders; but the joke was not long-lived, as a Russian brusquely came up and helped to carry off his dead comrade. In the town we could see large bodies of soldiery in the streets, assembled at the corners and in the public places. Probably they were ordered out to make a show of their strength. The Russians denied that Prince Mentschikoff was dead,* but they admitted that Admiral Isturmin was killed. He was one of the principal officers engaged in the destruction of the Turkish fleet at Sinope, and the czar had rewarded him by giving him an order of St. George of higher distinction than that worn by Prince Mentschikoff, and of a class which is generally accorded only to successful generals who have conducted an army and closed a triumphant campaign. A distinguished-looking man, who complained that he was likely to be deprived of his cruise in his yacht this year by the war, was pointed out to us as Prince Bariatinski. Owing to some misunderstanding or other, a little fusillade began among the riflemen on the left during the armistice, and disturbed our attention for a moment, but it was soon terminated. General Bosquet and several officers of rank of the allied army visited the trenches during the armistice, and staff officers were present on both sides to see that the men did not go out of bounds. The armistice was over about three o'clock. Scarcely had the white flag disappeared behind the parapet of the Mamelon, before a round shot from the sailors' battery went slap through one of the embrasures of the Russian work, and dashed up a great pillar of earth inside. The Russians at once replied, and the noise of cannon soon re-echoed through the ravines."

The Vienna congress for endeavouring to bring about a peace on the basis of the four points, was opened on Thursday, the 15th of March. At this congress all the great powers of Europe, with the exception of Prussia, were represented. The diplomats to whose hands the conduct of the conferences was intrusted, were—Count Buol, Baron Prokesch, the Earl of West-

* An erroneous report to that effect had been extensively circulated.

moreland, Lord John Russell, Baron de Bourqueney, Ariff Effendi, Prince Gortschakoff, and M. de Titoff. Great curiosity prevailed as to the proceedings of these diplomatists, but it was not speedily to be gratified, as extraordinary care was taken to keep them veiled in secrecy. Many anticipations were formed by sanguine persons that the conferences would result in producing peace; but these anticipations were not for a moment indulged in by us. It could not reasonably be supposed that Russia would be persuaded into an inglorious and humiliating abandonment of schemes on which all her statesmen seemed so resolutely, and, indeed, fanatically bent. Neither had the success of the allies in their warlike proceedings against Russia been at all of a character to entitle them to dictate terms to which she must inevitably submit. The struggle had been one in which all the belligerents had suffered severely, but in which neither side had been able to prevail. The varnish of diplomacy was scarcely likely to succeed where the roar of cannon and the clash of steel had failed. Beside that, our diplomatists scarcely seem to possess the sagacity or subtlety which characterised the statesmen of Russia.

Prussia, by her own vacillation, if, indeed, we should not say duplicity, was excluded from the peace conferences at Vienna. She claimed to send her representative to them, but this claim was resolutely opposed by the allied powers: for as she had declined entering into any engagement with them, it was impossible to know whether she would have attended in the character of a neutral, a friend, or a foe. On the 20th of March, the aged Lord Lyndhurst reviewed the proceedings of Prussia in the imperial house of parliament, and dealt out a sweeping and bitter reproof to the equivocating government of that country. A part of his speech on that occasion we will extract, as well deserving the attention of the historical reader:—"I earnestly hope and entreat, therefore, that the allied powers will adhere to the decision to which they have come, and not on any pretence whatever allow the Prussian negotiators to become parties to these negotiations. I am sure that if Prussia were to be admitted to these negotiations she would act in concert with Russia, as her ally, her instrument, nay, I might almost say, as her slave. I am sure

of this—that she would contrive so to complicate the questions to be discussed as to render it impossible to come to any satisfactory conclusion, and I shall indeed despair of any beneficial result if she be allowed to become a party to this conference. It is a singular thing in the history of nations, of some nations at least, that their diplomatic character and their foreign policy have a permanent form, surviving successive monarchs and successive administrations. The diplomatic character and the foreign policy of Russia may be traced back to the time of Peter, retaining the same form and the same character, and carried on upon the same principles now as then. In like manner, the diplomatic character and the foreign policy of Prussia may be traced back as far as Frederick the Great—I mean that Frederick whom the flattery of the French philosophers, in exchange for patronage, sometimes accorded and sometimes withheld, gratified with the title of ‘Great.’ Frederick the Great though he may be called, I hope posterity will never forget that he was the contriver, the originator, the instigator, and the active instrument of the partition of Poland—the most infamous political transaction of modern times. I can trace the foreign policy of Prussia from the reign of that monarch down to the present time, exhibiting ever the same features of weakness, vacillation, and unscrupulous selfishness. Though I could mention many instances, I will confine myself to those in which we ourselves have been concerned. As far back as the year 1794, it was considered to be of the utmost importance that we should be able to employ a large military force to act against France. Application was made to Prussia, and her answer was, that she was too poor, that she had no means of raising such a force. The ancestor of the noble earl who sits below me (the Earl of Malmesbury) conducted the negotiation, and he stated to the Prussian government that England was ready to furnish the means upon one condition, and one condition only—that the army should operate upon such points as the English government should point out. This was the very essence of the treaty; it was consented to by the Prussian government, and the money was paid into the Prussian treasury. The soldiers were then raised, they were marched to the Rhine, and there they were detained, and there remained for pur-

poses peculiarly Prussian. Notwithstanding the repeated remonstrances of the noble earl to whom I have referred, addressed to the king personally, to the prime minister, and to the commander of the troops, they refused to stir from that position, and the object of the treaty was entirely sacrificed. I would suggest to your lordships that you should read the correspondence of the noble earl who conducted these negotiations, where you will find the fullest details respecting this transaction. I have them summed up in a short letter which the noble earl wrote to the Duke of Portland at the time, in which he gave his opinion of the whole affair. I did intend to have read that letter to your lordships; but, upon consideration, I find its terms are so strong that, though it has been published, I really should hardly dare to submit it to this house. The next transaction to which I shall refer, is the conduct of Prussia immediately before the battle of Austerlitz. During the whole of the anxious period immediately preceding that battle, Prussia fluctuated between Alexander on the one side, and Napoleon on the other. She entered into treaties, sometimes with the one power and sometimes with the other; and if your lordships will read the correspondence between Napoleon and his brother, King Joseph, you will find there the contemptuous terms in which he speaks of the conduct of Prussia at that time. At length she decided to adopt that course of policy which she has been desirous of following upon this occasion. She attempted to put herself forward to act as a mediator between the contending parties; but when Count Haugwitz came to the French headquarters to carry on the negotiations as mediator in the quarrel, he did not find Napoleon in the place where he expected, but at Vienna, for the battle of Austerlitz had taken place in the meantime. And what was the conduct of Prussia then? She immediately abandoned her character of mediator; she entered into an alliance, offensive and defensive, with the French emperor, and accepted as a bribe for so doing, the cession of Hanover—a territory belonging to her friend and ally, England. The vacillation of Prussia at that period, professing one thing and doing another, playing the game of fast and loose, corresponds exactly in principle with the conduct which she has pursued throughout the whole of these negotiations. My lords, I have no faith in the Prussian government

as a government, and, if we were about to enter into an alliance with that power, I should be disposed to address these words of caution to my noble friend opposite—*'Hunc tu Romane caveto.'*"

We will at once relate the result of these conferences. Things went on smoothly enough during the discussion of the first and second points; the Russian statesmen were willing to accede to them. But, as was correctly anticipated, the third point was the difficulty—the reduction of the preponderating power of Russia in the Black Sea. Certainly, unless that was accomplished, Turkey could not be considered safe from the aggressive spirit of her powerful neighbour. How was that limitation to be accomplished? England and France had been unable to reduce Sebastopol; and their diplomatists could not, therefore, ask Russia herself to destroy what they were unable to take from her. On the 19th of April, the plenipotentiaries of England, France, Austria, and Turkey, proposed to the representatives of Russia, as a mode of making the preponderance of that empire cease in the Black Sea, either that the amount of the Russian naval force there should be limited by treaty, or that the

Black Sea should be declared entirely neutral ground, and ships of war of all countries be excluded from it, so that in future it should be a sea for commerce only. The Russian plenipotentiary required forty-eight hours to take that proposal into consideration. When that period had elapsed, on Saturday, April 21st, another conference was held, at which the Russian plenipotentiary absolutely refused to accept either of the alternatives proposed. He stated, however, that he had propositions to make on the part of the Russian government; but these were found to be so unacceptable, that the plenipotentiaries of Austria, France, and Great Britain, refused to consider them in detail. It was seen, then, what ought to have been seen at first,—that Russian obstinacy was not to be subdued by talking. Nothing more could be said; and as that was evident even to such slow and impetrateable people as diplomatists, the conference was adjourned *sine die*, and Lord John Russell and M. Drouyn de Lhuys left Vienna for their respective capitals. Again the question arose for solution—Would Austria draw the sword on behalf of the allies, or would she equivocate as hitherto? The latter seemed by far the most probable; for

* From a remarkable article in the *Moniteur*, presumed to have been written at the direction of the Emperor Napoleon, we extract the following observations with reference to these negotiations on the third point:—"As regards the third of those conditions—that which has for object to limit the preponderance of Russia in the Black Sea—we have reserved it expressly as the most important and most contested, so as to explain it here, categorically. First of all, how must it be understood? Evidently anything equivocal on so grave a point cannot suit any one. The allied governments, who have a consciousness of the justice of their pretensions, have not feared defining them. Russia has turned the Black Sea into a Russian lake; she has gradually founded maritime establishments there of the first class; she has accumulated there, with as much perseverance as mystery, considerable naval forces, and it may be said that by that exclusive domination of the Black Sea she has placed Constantinople in a permanent state of siege. This state of things is not possible, because it is incompatible not only with the integrity of the Ottoman empire but with the security of the whole of Europe. France and England, in demanding Russia to limit her power in the Black Sea, or to neutralise that sea, are therefore completely in the right. If that result was not obtained by peace or by war, such a peace would be ephemeral and such a war useless; and, let it be well observed, this demand for the limitation of Russian power, or for the neutralisation of the Black Sea, does not respond only to Anglo-French interests, it responds also to the interests of Austria, for which the Danube, a commercial and military river, is a magnificent highway, open to her activity towards the Euxine and

Asia. An argument is brought against this pretension which we do not think serious; it is said to the allied powers, 'You ask a concession from Russia, which at most might be the price of the surrender of Sebastopol, and that place is still held by the Russian army.' Our reply is this:—'The law of nations grants that a portion of what is obtained by war may be kept by peace. We have not yet taken Sebastopol, that is true; but what is Sebastopol at the present moment to Russia? It is no longer a naval port, as her fleet, sunk at the mouth of the harbour, or shut up behind that insurpassable barrier, is withdrawn from the struggle. The Black Sea is the battlefield which we have won—or, if they like it, which has been abandoned to us by the enemy. The Russian flag could not show itself there. Our ships and those of England and Turkey navigate it in every sense. Its domination has changed hands. It has gone from Sebastopol to Constantinople.' Who compels us to give up this pledge? Is not such a situation the very best we could have? And not only do we occupy the Black Sea, but we besiege Sebastopol, we are fortified at Kamiesch and at Balaklava, Omar Pasha is entrenched at Eupatoria, Odessa is menaced by our fleets. What can Russia do? Could she suffer for any length of time without detriment to her moral strength and without ruin to her commerce the blockade which will shut her up in every part of the Black Sea and in the Baltic? Could she live in that paralysis which in her strikes the vital principle of nations—that is to say, movement, action, the right of exporting and exchanging her produce, and which would condemn her to isolation, sterility, impotency, in the immensity of her empire? To ask Russia to limit her naval forces, or to neu-

Count Buol expressly stated that he considered the means for obtaining peace were not wholly exhausted, and that it would be the special duty of Austria to endeavour to discover some mode of attaining that end consistently with the engagements she had entered into with the other powers.

As the spring advanced, the accounts from our camp before Sebastopol became of a more cheering character; that is, in reference to the condition of our troops, not as to the progress of the siege. The following account of the state of the camp we extract from a letter of Mr. Russell's, dated March 6th:—

"Everything round us bears marks of improvement. The health of the troops is better, mortality and sickness decrease, and the spirits of the men are good. The wreck we made of Balaklava is shovelled away or is in the course of removal, and is shot into the sea to form piers, or beaten down to make roads, and stores and barracks of wood are rising up in its place. The oldest inhabitant will not know the place on his return. If war is a great destroyer, it is also a great creator. The czar is indebted to it for a railway in the Crimea, and for new roads between Balaklava, Kamiesch, and Sebastopol. The hill-tops are adorned with clean wooden huts, the flats have been drained, the watercourses dammed up and deepened; and all this has been done in a few days, by the newly awakened energies of labour. The noise of hammer and anvil, and the roll of the railway train, are heard in these remote regions a century before their time. Can anything be more suggestive of county magistracy and poor-laws, and order and peace, than stonebreaking? Here it goes on daily, and parties of red-coated soldiery are to be seen contentedly hammering away at the limestone rock, satisfied with a few pence extra pay. Men are now given freely wherever there is work to be done. The policeman walks abroad in the streets of Balaklava. Colonel Harding, the new commandant, has exhibited great ability in the

improvement of the town, and he has means at his disposal which his predecessors could not obtain. Lord Raglan is out about the camps every day, and generals Estcourt and Airey are equally active. They all visit Balaklava, inspect the lines, ride along the works, and by their presence and directions infuse an amount of energy which will go far to make up for lost time, if not for lost lives. A sanatorium is being established on the heights for 400 patients. The filthy heaps accumulated by the wretched Turks, who perished in the fœtid lanes of Balaklava, and the masses of abomination unutterable which they left behind them, have been removed, and mixed with stones, lime, manure, and earth, to form piers, which are not so offensive as might be expected. The dead horses are being collected and buried beneath lime and earth. The railway extends its lines by night and by day. A little naval arsenal has grown up at the north side of the harbour, with shears, landing-wharf, and storehouses, and a branch line will be made from this spot to the trunk to the camp. In a fortnight more, it is hoped, the first engine will be at work, and it is lying all ready, with the tender and all the apparatus for pulling up the trucks beside it, at its allotted station. The harbour, crowded as it is, has assumed a certain appearance of order. The collections of rotten clothes and rags, the garments of the poor Turks, have been burnt. Cesspools have been cleared out, and the English Hercules has at last begun to stir up the heels of the oxen of Augæus. The whole of the Turks are removed to the hill-side, where they have encamped. Each day there is a diminution in the average amount of sickness, and a still greater decrease in the rates of mortality. A good sanitary officer, with an effective staff, might do much to avert the sickness which may be expected among the myriads of soldiers when the heats of spring begin. The thermometer has on an average been at 45° during the day for the last three days. To-

tralise the Black Sea—that is to say, to exclude therefrom all vessels of war of any nation whatsoever, is therefore to exact from her much less than what we have acquired by war, and which we could maintain without an effort. In fact, what does it require to prevent Russia from ever entering the Black Sea again? Four men-of-war of each of the maritime powers, France, England, and Turkey. Such a cruising squadron would suffice to occupy the Black Sea and to transplant its domination from the shores of the Crimea to the entrance of the Bosphorus.

What Russia has lost, what she cannot recover by war, no matter how long, is her preponderance over the East. What she may legitimately ask is a share of influence in the affairs of the world. She would find, if needs be, a coalition of all states to restrain her ambition; but no one wishes to humiliate her. What is asked from her Europe has the right, and it is its duty, to exact. If she grants it, the peace of the world is assured, the object of the allied powers attained. If she refuses, war will continue and decide it."

day it was at 52°. Fresh provisions are becoming abundant, and supplies of vegetables are to be had for the sick and scurvy-stricken. The siege-works are in a state of completion, and are admirably made. Those on which our troops are now engaged proceed uninterruptedly. A great quantity of mules and ponies, with a staff of drivers from all parts of the world, have been collected together, and lighten the toils of the troops and of the commissariat department. The public and private stores of warm clothing exceed the demand for it. The mortality among the horses has ceased, and, though the oxen and sheep sent over to the camps would not find much favour in Smithfield, they are very grateful to those who have had to feed so long on salt junk alone. The sick are nearly all hutted, and even some of the men in those camps which are nearest to Balaklava have been provided with similar comforts and accommodation. These are all cheering and delightful topics to dwell upon. How happy one is to communicate such most pleasing intelligence! As for the siege itself, there is reason to believe that, ere very long, we shall be in a position to commence hostilities with great effect. More it would be imprudent to say."

The merit of the change thus effected in our camp was claimed by the press, as resulting from its exposure of the mismanagement in connection with our army both at home and abroad. The English people had been aroused; obstructive officials knew that a national inquiry was at work, and they were thus alarmed into a sense of their duties. In a subsequent letter, Mr. Russell said:—"Mutton and beef are so abundant, that the men get fresh meat about three times a week. Some of the mutton, &c., brought to the Crimea ready killed, is excellent. Potatoes, cabbages, and carrots, are served out pretty frequently, as the cargoes arrive; and the patients in hospital are seldom or never left short of vegetables. Now let those who prate about the necessary and inevitable horrors of war—the very men, by-the-bye, who would not give a farthing, or take a step out of their way, to assuage the sufferings which, in their ignorance and conceit, they declare to be 'natural and unavoidable'—let these cruel wiseacres show, if they can, why all these necessaries, and comforts, and luxuries, which have now been provided for the army, were not furnished to it when they were most needed.

If they say, this campaign was not expected to last so long, they confess to their own want of foresight, and plead guilty to the most culpable of all faults in war—the neglect of the lives and health of the soldiery who are to wage it. War is a great game of chance, if the players close their eyes, and trust all to the first die. It is a game of skill, in which the best man wins, when reason, and calculation, and genius—oh, for one little ray of *that* light divine among us!—rule the board; but to leave all 'to the fortune of war,' and rely on it to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, avert the storm, stay the career of time, and subvert the course and operations of the seasons, is the faith of men who could not be trusted to conduct a potato-stall without the certainty of incurring insolvency and ruin. All the materials we possess now were to be had for the moving there; and the thankfulness which the survivors feel for the use of them, is tinged with bitter regret that their departed comrades can never share the advantage of such comforts. As these neat white huts rise up in rows, one after another, the eye rests sadly on the rows of humble mounds which mark the resting-places of those who perished in their muddy blankets under the rotten and saturated tents."

The return of spring with its genial sunshine brought back something of cheerfulness among the men, and the pleasant sound of laughter, and even of snatches of familiar song, were heard in our camp. Still, though enormous efforts were being made for the recommencement of the siege, the impression began to gain ground, that while the Russians retained their fleet within Sebastopol, and their army without it, the place could not be taken by assault. It was believed that the golden opportunity had been permitted to pass without an effort to arrest it. Had the allies marched from the heights of Alma at once against Sebastopol, it is urged that the place must have fallen, almost without resistance. A Russian officer, who had been taken prisoner, declared that he could not account for our "infatuation," in allowing his countrymen to throw up works and regain heart, when we could have walked into the place, unless under the supposition that the hand of God was in it, and that He had blinded the vision and perverted the judgment of our generals. "And now," concluded the Russian, with the inherent superstition of his





nation, "He has saved Sebastopol, and we, with His help, will maintain it inviolate." It was, however, no small satisfaction to anxious Englishmen, that Lord Raglan and General Canrobert had under their command an army of about 100,000 men, inured to the hardships of actual service, and ready gallantly to execute any operation in which they might be engaged.

Enormous preparations had been made by the government for the prosecution of the war in the Baltic, and the following powerful fleet was collected at Portsmouth, to proceed to the northern sea as soon as the breaking up of the ice permitted the renewal of navigation :—

Line-of-battle Ships Frigates, &c.	Captains, Lieutenants, and Commanders.	Guns.	Horse Power
Duke of Wellington ¹	Captain Caldwell . . .	131	700
Exmouth ²	Captain W. K. Hall . .	91	400
Retribution ³	Captain Fisher . . .	28	400
Royal George . . .	Capt. Codrington, C.B.	102	400
James Watt . . .	Captain George Elliot .	91	600
Orion . . .	Captain Erskine . . .	91	600
Cæsar . . .	Captain Robb . . .	91	400
Nile . . .	Captain Mundy . . .	91	500
Majestic . . .	Captain Hope . . .	81	400
Cressy . . .	Captain Warren . . .	81	400
Colossus . . .	Captain Robinson . .	81	400
Sanspareil . . .	Captain Williams . . .	70	350
Blenheim . . .	Captain W. H. Hall . .	60	450
Hogue . . .	Captain W. Ramsey . .	60	450
Ajax . . .	Captain Warden . . .	60	400
Hastings . . .	Captain Caffin . . .	60	200
Pembroke . . .	Captain Seymour . . .	60	200
Cornwallis . . .	Captain Wellesley . .	60	200
Hawke . . .	Captain Ommanney . .	60	200
Russell . . .	Captain F. Scott . . .	60	200
Edinburgh . . .	Captain Hewlett . . .	58	450
Imperieuse . . .	Captain Watson, C.B. .	51	360
Euryalus . . .	Captain Ramsey . . .	51	400
Arrogant . . .	Captain Yelverton . .	46	360
Amphion . . .	Captain A. C. Key . . .	34	300
Horatio . . .	Capt. Hon. A. Cochrane	24	250
Malacca . . .	Captain Farquhar . . .	17	200
Cossack . . .	Captain Fanshawe . . .	20	250
Tartar . . .	Captain Dunlop . . .	20	250
Pyldes . . .	Captain D'Eyncourt . .	20	250
Esk . . .	Captain Birch . . .	20	250
Archer . . .	Captain Heathcote . . .	15	200
Magicienne . . .	Captain Vansittart . .	16	400
Odin . . .	Captain Wilcox . . .	16	560
Vulture . . .	Captain Glaspe . . .	6	470
Centaur . . .	Captain Clifford . . .	6	540
Dragon . . .	Captain H. Stewart . .	6	560
Bulldog . . .	Commander A. Gordon .	6	500
Lightning . . .	Lieutenant Campbell . .	3	100
Desperate . . .	Commander White . . .	8	400
Conflict . . .	Commander Brown . . .	8	400
Cruiser . . .	Com. Hon. G. Douglas .	15	60
Harrier . . .	Commander Story . . .	15	160
Falcon . . .	Commander Pullen . . .	15	100
Ariel . . .	Commander Luce . . .	9	60
Basilisk . . .	Commander Jenner . . .	6	400
Rosamond . . .	Commander Crofton . . .	6	286
Driver . . .	Com. A. H. Gardner . .	6	280
Geyser . . .	Commander Dew . . .	6	280
Gorgon . . .	Commander Crawford . .	6	320

¹ Flag of Rear-admiral the Hon. R. S. Dundas, C.B.;
 Captain of the Fleet, the Hon. F. T. Pelham.

² Flag of Rear-admiral Michael Seymour.

³ Flag of Rear-admiral R. L. Baynes.

FLOATING BATTERIES.

	Guns.		Guns.
Glutton	16	Thunder	16
Ætna	16	Trusty	16
Meteor	16		

MORTAR VESSELS.

Blazer . . . 1	Hardy . . . 1	Manly . . . 1	Porcupine . 1
Firm . . . 1	Havock . . 1	Mastiff . . 1	Surly . . . 1

GUN-BOATS.

Guns.	Guns.	Guns.	Guns.
Gleaner 3	Biter . 2	Snap . 2	Hind . 2
Pelter . 3	Boxer . 2	Jackdaw 2	Starling 2
Ruby . 3	Clinker 2	Jasper . 2	Stork . 2
Pincher 3	Cracker 2	Jack . 2	Twinger 2
Teazer . 3	Dapper 2	Magpie 2	Thistle 2
Badger . 3	Fancy . 2	Redwing 2	Weasel 2
Snapper 3	Grinder 2	Skylark . 2	Pigmy . 2

Bellisle—Hospital ship, Commander Hosken. Æolus—Shell magazine. Volage—Powder magazine.

This magnificent fleet was placed under the command of Rear-admiral Richard Dundas, who hoisted his flag on board the *Duke of Wellington*. Sir Charles Napier had been superseded because it was generally thought, both at the admiralty and throughout the country, that the expedition under his command had not accomplished by any means so much as it should have done. Sir Charles was much hurt at this, and made some intemperate speeches upon the subject; but he was no longer as he had been, the pet of the nation. Failure on the part of their naval or military officers, even though the end proposed should be impracticable, is what the English people are most apt to resent. Probably this feeling is universal; for when on some occasion it was remarked to that acute statesman Talleyrand, that some event was a crime, his characteristic reply was—"It is worse than a crime—it's a *blunder*." Whatever the world may say to the morality of this doctrine, it is certainly very extensively acted upon. On Wednesday, the 28th of March, the advanced squadron of the fleet, stationed at Deal, and consisting of the *Imperieuse*, *Euryalus*, *Arrogant*, *Cossack*, *Tartar*, *Conflict*, *Desperate*, *Esk*, and *Archer*, weighed anchor, and proceeded on their way to the Baltic.

The great bulk of the fleet sailed from Spithead on Wednesday, the 4th of April. "The Baltic fleet of this year," said the *Times*, "is, in all respects, much stronger than the last; it has more steam power, more guns, a new class of gun-boats and floating batteries, adapted for creeks and shoals; and, what more than anything

marks a resolution to do something, a new commander. Sir Charles Napier has ceased to command the Baltic fleet; not from any deficiency in skill, in courage, or temper, but simply because he did less than the British people expected to see done. We have ourselves been ever ready to do justice to his actual achievements, which are not to be denied or depreciated; but, when we send out the finest fleet in the world, we naturally expect it to do more than shut in a third-rate naval power, and assist an army to destroy an unfinished fort. The new commander, Admiral Dundas, has before him the services of Admiral Napier; and, whatever his instructions (if any), no doubt he knows that he has more to do than Admiral Napier. If he does not accomplish more, he will certainly find himself, next November, under orders to lower his flag, with small prospect of ever hoisting it again. Such is the mission of the fleet which the queen sends this day on its destructive errand. It is to attempt more, to run more risk, to follow further and closer, to care rather less for losing ships and men, and rather more for inflicting losses and disgraces on the enemy. In a word, the force is stronger and the duty more terrible than last year; and, if the scene to-day should attract a smaller crowd of gazers than last year, they will doubtless see it less as a holiday spectacle, and more as an operation of war."

It was affirmed that the Russians, to secure themselves from the English fleet, had closed up the approaches to Abo, Helsingfors, and every town on the coast from Wyborg up to Tornea, by sinking vessels in the sailing channel. It was added, that the inhabitants of Abo, Bjorneborg, and other towns, had formed themselves into sharp-shooter corps, and armed themselves with double-barrelled rifles. A letter from Hamburg, at this period, stated—"It appears from all the communications received from St. Petersburg, that the Russian government is most anxious that the new army in Finland should be organised as speedily as possible; for all the regiments of which it is to be composed must have reached the respective quarters assigned to them before the 15th of May. I am assured that the road from St. Petersburg to Helsingfors, which is to be the head-quarters of the army, is literally covered with convoys carrying all sorts of war matériel. The Russian government wishes to be prepared, from the opening of

the campaign, to repel any attempt at landing that may be made by the allies. There is every reason to anticipate, should the war assume a decidedly serious character on that side, that it will be terrible. No less than 100,000 Russian combatants will be there assembled, under the command of one of the best generals of the imperial army, who has acquired, as chief of the artillery, a very great reputation. In order to overpower that army, with which two divisions of the imperial guard and three of their reserves have been incorporated, the allies must operate in Finland with a force at least equal in numbers to that of the enemy. Such are the military preparations making for the defence of Finland." It was also affirmed that the Russians had in the Baltic 300 gun-boats, completely armed and provisioned.

At this period an attempt was being made, in England, to remedy the great defects in our military organisation, which the progress of the war had revealed. It was the establishment of a camp (framed, to some extent, upon the model of the Belgian one at Beverloo) on Aldershott-heath. This place, which contains about 3,000 acres or waste land, covered with heath or broom, and sufficiently undulated in surface to give, at the more elevated points, a fine view of the surrounding country, was purchased by the government for the purpose of forming an experimental camp, even before events in the East had demonstrated, with such unmistakable clearness, the necessity which existed for something of the kind. The selection was regarded as a judicious one; for the heath afforded many facilities for the execution of military manœuvres on a tolerably extensive scale, had a good supply of water, and was esteemed healthy. On this spot it was proposed to concentrate 20,000 militiamen and 10,000 regular troops; the former to be hutted, and the latter provided with permanent barracks. Parliament voted £100,000 for the land, and £250,000 for the barracks; besides that, it was estimated that the huts would cost upwards of £100,000 more, exclusive of their foundations, and that a considerable sum would have to be expended in the formation of roads and parade grounds, drainage, well-sinking, and other necessary works. It was intended that the camp at Aldershott should not be a temporary experiment, but a regular establishment, representing the consolidation of ten or twenty different barracks,

and embodying a new system of military training.

For some time it had been reported that the Emperor of the French intended to proceed in person to the Crimea, and endeavour to terminate the siege by the reduction of Sebastopol. Such, probably, was his intention; for had that famous fortress surrendered soon after his arrival, Europe would have hailed him as its conqueror, and his seat on the imperial throne of France would have been rendered too firm ever to be shaken. His intention, however, seems to have been interfered with by a doubt that perhaps Sebastopol might prove too strong to be taken by any force the allies could bring against it, and that the siege would eventually have to be abandoned.

Another rumour, to the effect that Napoleon and his beautiful empress, Eugenie, were about to visit England, and become the guests of our queen, proved to be correct. On Sunday, April the 15th, the emperor and empress left the Tuileries in an open carriage, escorted by a detachment of Cent Gardes. The emperor was accompanied by Marshal Vaillant, minister of war and grand marshal of the palace; the Duke de Bassano, grand chamberlain; General de Montebello, Colonel Fleury, and the Marquis de Toulangeon, his aides-de-camp. The empress was attended by the Princess d'Essling, grand mistress of her household; the Countess de Montebello and the Countess de Maralret, ladies of the palace; and Count Tasher de la Pagerie, first chamberlain to her majesty.

Arrived at Calais, the emperor and empress, with their respective suites, proceeded to the state apartments provided for them at Dessin's hotel. It is needless here to speak of the enthusiasm, triumphal arches, and illuminations with which they were welcomed in this ancient town.

The next morning they embarked in the *Pelican*, a small screw war steamer. They were received by the French admiral, the British ambassador (Lord Cowley), Baron Rothschild, Sir Robert Peel, Marshal Bugeaud d' Hilliers, the British consul at Calais, and the district and local authorities. The empress was conducted on board by Admiral Chabannes, while the emperor offered the same politeness to the Princess d'Essling. For the benefit of those who feel interested in such matters, we may as well mention that the emperor wore the uniform of a marshal of France, while the elegant person

of the empress was attired in a small chip bonnet, and a broad plaid silk dress, with a graceful little gray hood. The *Pelican*, attended by a royal squadron, left the harbour and shot onward over a smooth sunlit sea; but, shortly after its departure, a dense fog spread over the channel, and became so thick as to obscure each of the ships from the sight of the others. Some danger to the illustrious party was apprehended; but, although their arrival at Dover was delayed a full hour and a-half, they arrived safely alongside the pier at a quarter-past one.

Prince Albert had been waiting at the landing-place with some anxiety to receive them. But now all was well; and as the *Pelican* approached the landing-place, carrying the English flag at the fore and the imperial standard at the mainmast, while the tricolour waved from the staff on the poop, the bands struck up "*Partant pour la Syrie*," and a loud, joyous shout from the assembled crowd, told the illustrious strangers that they were welcome on English soil. Many preparations had been made by the worthy people of Dover for their reception. The ground in the neighbourhood was kept by detachments of militia, together with a body of the East Kent mounted rifles, a fine body of men, in dark gray uniforms and black helmets.

When the emperor and empress embarked, they and Prince Albert shook hands together in the most cordial manner, and after some ceremonial observances, the illustrious party proceeded to the Lord Warden hotel, the apartments of which had been suitably prepared for the occasion. Having taken luncheon, the royal party proceeded to the large room, for the purpose of receiving an address from the municipal authorities of the town. The address, which presented no variation from the style usually adopted in such compositions, was listened to by the imperial pair with great attention. On its conclusion, the emperor, with great facility of expression, though in a slightly foreign accent, delivered the following reply:—"I am exceedingly grateful that your queen has allowed me to find such an occasion to pay my respects to her, and to show my sentiments of esteem and sympathy for the English people. I hope that the two nations will be always united in peace and in war; for I am convinced that it will be for the welfare of the whole world, and for their own prosperity. I am exceedingly

grateful to you for the sentiments you have expressed towards myself and the empress, and I hope you will be the interpreter of my sentiments and her's to your countrymen."

So delighted were the mayor and his compeers, that as they retired from the presence of the emperor, they were with difficulty restrained from expressing their excitement in a hearty cheer. From the hotel the royal party proceeded to the railway, and in two hours afterwards they arrived at the Bricklayer's Arms station. Along the line crowds of people assembled and cheered heartily as the train passed; every station, also, was filled with well-dressed and enthusiastic people. The fog which had hung over the sea and caused such a damp among the Dover folks in the morning, altogether disappeared; the sun broke out cheerfully, and the country looked smiling and beautiful. "It is impossible," said a reporter of the scene, "to exaggerate the enthusiasm which was displayed by persons congregated at the several stations, or occupying the sides of the railway as the train passed. At Tunbridge, where a delay of five minutes occurred in taking in water, the station was crowded to such an extent as to cause considerable anxiety lest some accident should occur. The ladies swarmed and clustered round the carriages, and the gentlemen forced their way along the narrow and crowded platform in a state of excitement which has seldom been equalled; and had it not been for the zealous exertions of Mr. Henry Cook, the assistant-secretary to the company, in warning persons of the danger of pressing against the carriages of the train, some accident would inevitably have taken place. At Reigate, the children of the Philanthropic school, and at Norwood, those of the Industrial school, were drawn up at the station. At Croydon, the cadets of the Addiscombe school hoped to have seen the train stop at the station. Heedless of their hopes and preparations, and gay decorations, the train dashed on, and a row of shadowy and indistinct objects was seen by the passengers in the train, which appeared to be the cadets themselves; and amid the noise of the train was heard a momentary sound of music, which was conjectured to proceed from a band on the platform. Screeching and shrieking, the train dashed along its iron path, giving to its passengers here and there glimpses of children and rustic peasants by the side of the

road—youth sending forth its shout of welcome, age swelling the chorus of exultation, the rich and the poor vying with each other in loud hurrahs, and delicate ladies essaying to rival the applause of the more hardy sex. The whole of the progress from Dover to London was, in fact, one continued ovation."

From the Bricklayer's Arms the royal party proceeded in an open barouche to the Paddington station, and from thence by rail to Windsor. Immense crowds were assembled to see the extraordinary man, the incidents of whose life are as wonderful as those of an Eastern romance. It was observed, that if in passing through the streets of London the mind of the emperor reverted to the past, one curious circumstance must have been recalled by the sight of the crowds he everywhere beheld assembled to greet him. On the 10th of April, 1848, when a Chartist insurrection was feared in the metropolis, and the great mass of the middle classes were sworn in as special constables to assist in preserving the public peace, Louis Napoleon, then an exile amongst us, armed himself with a staff and joined the ranks of those who "turned out to uphold the dignity of the law and the institutions of the country." Seven years, and strange changes had occurred; but none stranger than the events which had transformed the unregarded special constable into a powerful sovereign.

At seven in the evening, the emperor, empress, and prince arrived at Windsor, and proceeded instantly to the castle, where, on alighting at the grand hall, they were received by the Queen, accompanied by the Prince of Wales, the Princess Royal, the Duke of Cambridge, and the Prince of Leiningen. Lord Palmerston and the Earl of Clarendon were also present, together with the great officers of state, the royal household, and the ladies and maids of honour in waiting. Her majesty took the arm of the emperor, Prince Albert gave his to Eugenie, and they proceeded to the reception-room, where the customary introductions took place. A dinner-party, followed by musical selections performed by the queen's private band, concluded the fatiguing yet gratifying day.

Let us pause and reflect a bit: at all times it is a wholesome and profitable thing. About three years before, the name of Louis Napoleon was seldom uttered in England but with curses and detestation. Whence

this change in public opinion? Why did crowds of Englishmen who respect the laws, and have a sort of veneration for that mystic undefinable thing called the British constitution, rush to greet with enthusiasm the potentate who had raised himself to his illustrious position in defiance of laws, and by placing his foot upon a shattered constitution? They were influenced by several motives. It was generally felt, that if Louis Napoleon had smitten a tottering republic into nothingness, that he had also saved France from anarchy, and restored it to prosperity. If he had shed some blood, he had prevented the shedding of very much more, and caught back his country from the horror of another and unnecessary revolution. If he had gained his sceptre by violence, he had grasped it with firmness and wielded it with wisdom. If he had brought evil upon his country, he had atoned for it by devoting all the energies of his comprehensive mind to its prosperity and glory. Englishmen felt, also, that they had been unjust in their estimate of his character, and they wished to make amends for the wrong they had done him. They recognised in him a brave man; and Englishmen love the brave: they recognised in him a sincere ally, utterly untainted by the diplomatic tricks of Austria; and they esteem sincerity: they recognised in him a great man; and they venerate greatness.

* The changes which time produces in public opinion are curious enough, and not unfrequently actually incredible. In speaking of the first Emperor Napoleon, he is commonly and justly referred to as "Napoleon the Great." Many may yet recollect how he was estimated during the time of the great war in the latter days of George III.; but for the information of those on whose temples nature has not begun to sprinkle her white favours, we will quote the following amusing passage from an article called "Pictures of Life and Character," in the *Quarterly Review*, vol. xcvi.:—"In those great coloured prints in our grandfather's portfolios in the library, and in some other apartments in the house, where the caricatures used to be pasted in those days, we found things quite beyond our comprehension. Boney was represented as a fierce dwarf, with goggle eyes, a huge laced hat, and tricoloured plume, a crooked sabre, reeking with blood—a little demon revelling in lust, murder, and massacre. John Bull was shown kicking him a good deal; indeed, he was prodigiously kicked all through that series of pictures, by Sir Sidney Smith and our brave allies the gallant Turks; by the excellent and patriotic Spaniards; by the amiable and indignant Russians;—all nations had boots at the service of poor Master Boney. How Pitt used to defy him! How good old George, King of Brobdingnag, laughed at Gulliver-Boney, sailing about in his tank to make sport for their majesties! This little fiend, this beggar's

An attachment to the French people had long been spreading through the English public, and eradicating the insane hatred and misconceptions concerning their elegant Gallic neighbours, which resulted from the last great war. The nation wished to express its feelings on this subject, and the enthusiastic reception of the Emperor Napoleon was an ovation to the French people! It accepted him as the representative of France, and took him to its bosom as a friend it loved and a neighbour it delighted to honour. These, we believe, were the almost universal feelings of the nation; but a more utilitarian feeling also mingled in the homage paid to the self-raised emperor by our politicians. They saw in France, as led by Napoleon, a balance to the power of Russia and a barrier against its aggressions.

To these remarks of our own, we add some of considerable interest from the *Times*, whose briefly-written leaders often rival the brilliancy and acumen of highly-finished essays. "The truth is, that when everything has been said that can be said to the disparagement of the emperor, his is a character and career thoroughly, and, indeed, singularly, appreciable by the British people. In no country is decision of character, singleness of aim, fixedness of purpose, and useful ambition, more in honour. We hold up to our children the instances of

brat, cowardly, murderous, and atheistic as he was—(we remember in those old portfolios pictures representing Boney and his family in rags, gnawing raw bones in a Corsican hut; Boney murdering the sick at Jaffa; Boney with a hookah and a large turban, having adopted the Turkish religion, &c.)—this Corsican monster, nevertheless, had some devoted friends in England, according to the *Gillray Chronicle*,—a set of villains who loved atheism, tyranny, plunder, and wickedness in general, like their French friend. In the pictures these men were all represented as dwarfs, like their ally. The miscreants got into power at one time, and, if we remember right, were called the Broad-backed Administration. One with shaggy eyebrows and a bristly beard, the hirsute ringleader of the rascals, was, it appears, called Charles James Fox; another miscreant, with a blotched countenance, was a certain Sheridan; other imps were hight Erskine, Norfolk (Jockey of), Moira, Henry Petty. As in our childish innocence we used to look at these demons—now sprawling and tipsy in their cups—now scaling heaven, from which the angelic Pitt hurled them down—now cursing the light (their atrocious ringleader, Fox, was represented with hairy cloven feet, and a tail and horns)—now kissing Boney's boots, but inevitably discomfited by Pitt and the other good angels,—we hated these vicious wretches, as good children should; we were on the side of virtue, and Pitt, and grandpapa."

those who have raised themselves from a humble position, or forced their way through great difficulties and discouragements. In the face of that precept in the catechism which piously inculcates that we should be content with that station where God has placed us, even our religious societies diffuse little story-books expressly adapted to foster youthful ambition. Our most popular moralists urge decision of character by almost every motive and for almost any object. We point with pride to the comparatively recent or lowly origin of our great families. Every father in the middle ranks of life tells his children how the sons of cheesemongers and publicans become bishops, and the sons of barbers become lord chancellors, and the son of a country parson the great Lord Nelson. Even in the career of Wellington, we choose to forget that he was born and bred in a court, with unbounded influence at his back, and merely remember that he was, for a time, in small lodgings, and obliged to borrow money from his landlord. It is carefully noted where the King of the Belgians lodged when he first appeared in this country, and what was his income, not so much for envy of his rise, but because this is the favourite type of British biography. Whether this be not carried too far, and whether many minds are not early disgusted with appeals to what their own instinct tells them are inferior motives, we will not now inquire. It is enough that this is the habit of the country, and that it is the tendency of the British social state to leave no alternative, and to compel men to rise or to sink lower still. The mode of rising may not be quite the same as in other countries, for very few rise here by the military or civil service of their country. The more open and frequented paths of ambition are, perhaps, the mercantile, the legal, and the clerical. Yet, on the whole, we make it a point to rise by fair means, or by those that are less fair; and our moral and religious authorities are always ready to commend the energy and decision that are rewarded with success. So, though we have only one Cromwell, and though we are all pleased and proud to remember that the Duke of Marlborough became a humble subject when he was stripped of his command, and even the Duke of Wellington did little with his influence, except advising his brother peers to bow to public opinion, we can still honour and admire the man who, in strictness of lan-

guage, may be said to have triumphed over the liberty—though, in fact, over the *license*, of his country—and who has made himself that which we would not tolerate ourselves a day longer than we could help it.”

To return to our narrative. On Tuesday, the day following that of the emperor's arrival, the weather was extremely beautiful. Windsor was thronged with visitors of all classes from the metropolis, and the approaches to the castle were densely crowded. The emperor and empress, in company with the queen and Prince Albert, walked upon the slopes, and then visited the dairy and model farms, on which new buildings, on an extensive scale, had recently been erected. Three o'clock had been appointed for the mayor and town council of Windsor to present an address to the emperor. The address was read by the recorder as follows:—

“May it please your imperial majesty,—We, her Britannic majesty's loyal and dutiful subjects, the mayor, aldermen, and burgesses of the borough of New Windsor, most respectfully beg leave to approach your imperial majesty with our sincere and hearty congratulations on the arrival of your majesty and your imperial consort in our country, and on your visit to our gracious monarch at the long-favoured seat of the sovereigns of this country.

“We avail ourselves of this auspicious occasion to assure your imperial majesty that we have witnessed with the highest satisfaction the alliance which has been formed between your majesty and our beloved queen in defence of the sovereign rights of an independent state which have been unjustly violated. We feel that the war in which your majesty has exhibited so much judgment, ability, and disinterested generosity is just in principle, that it was not rashly or hastily commenced, and is now only pursued in defence of an oppressed people, and for the establishment and maintenance of a safe and durable peace.

“We have not failed to observe with sentiments of respect and sympathy the admirable skill, indomitable courage, and extraordinary endurance which have been manifested by the valiant soldiers of France in the present struggle, whereby they have more than maintained that glorious renown which their forefathers reaped in a hundred battles; nor have we been indifferent spectators of the kindness and cordiality which so happily exist between the armies of France and England, now fighting together

in one common cause; and we earnestly hope that the warriors of both nations may henceforth be found contending side by side for the honour, safety, and advancement of France and England, and the peace and happiness of the world. We trust that now, under the guidance of your imperial majesty and our illustrious sovereign, a union will be formed which will bind the two countries in an indissoluble bond of cordial and lasting friendship.

"We are sensible, sire, that to the wisdom and vigour of your imperial majesty's councils and to your unceasing endeavours to promote the truest interests of the powerful and generous nation which Providence has committed to your care, may be attributed that prosperity and happiness which your country now so fully enjoys; and we venture to augur that by encouraging a friendly and personal intercourse between your imperial majesty and the sovereign of Great Britain, your majesty adopts the surest means, not only of strengthening a happy and stable alliance between the two countries, but of sustaining the liberties and civilisation of Europe.

"May your imperial majesty and your illustrious consort long live to enjoy every domestic and personal blessing, and the loyalty and attachment of an admiring and grateful people!

"Given under the common seal of the said mayor, aldermen, and burgesses at the Guildhall, in the said borough, on the 9th day of April, in the eighteenth year of the reign of our sovereign lady Victoria, by the grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, queen, defender of the faith, and in the year of our Lord, 1855."

To this his imperial majesty replied:—

"Mr. Mayor,—I am very much pleased with the sentiments contained in your address; and I trust that the alliance so happily formed will last for many, many years. I thank you for the hearty reception I have met with in your town, but I am sure I cannot take it to myself so much as to the circumstance of my being the guest of your queen. I was much gratified by what I witnessed last night in your town; and I beg that you will express to the inhabitants of Windsor how highly pleased I was with their kindness and attention."

The commissioners of lieutenancy for the city of London, and a deputation of the merchants, bankers, and traders of London, also attended and presented addresses, which

expressed sentiments not dissimilar to those contained in that of the authorities of Windsor.

At four, the illustrious party proceeded to the great park to witness a review of the 2nd life-guards, the royal horse-guards, and the carbineers, under the command of the Earl of Cardigan. The emperor rode between Prince Albert and the Duke of Cambridge, and was mounted on his favourite charger "Phillips," a remarkably fine animal, which usually carried his imperial majesty on the occasion of a military review. The queen and the empress sat together in an open carriage and four, and the royal children followed in similar conveyances. On the arrival of the illustrious *cortège* on the ground, they were received with a royal salute, the bands playing the national anthem and "*Partant pour la Syrie*." The review lasted nearly two hours, and concluded with a mimic battle. The emperor then rode to the front, and addressing Lord Cardigan, expressed himself highly satisfied with the inspection. On the return of the imperial party to the castle, her majesty entertained them at a dinner-party in St. George's-hall. The day was closed with an evening party, which was attended by considerable numbers of the aristocracy.

The following day (Wednesday), the queen held a chapter of the order of the garter, at the castle, for the purpose of investing the emperor with the ensigns of this venerable order. From the pages of the *Court Circular* we extract an account of this proceeding, which may be not inappropriately termed an historical curiosity:—

"The knights companions were robed in the guard-chamber, and afterwards passed to the grand reception-room. Her majesty the queen and his royal highness Prince Albert were conducted by the great officers of state to the throne-room, followed by the Duke of Cambridge and the Prince of Leiningen. The queen and their royal and serene highnesses wore the purple velvet mantle, the crimson velvet hood, and the splendid collar of the order. The train of her majesty, the sovereign of the order, was borne by the pages of honour in waiting. The queen wore also a diamond diadem.

"The knights companions were called over by garter king-of-arms, when the following answered according to their order of seniority:—the Marquis of Exeter, the Duke of Richmond, the Marquis of Lansdowne, the Duke of Buckingham, the Marquis of

Salisbury, the Duke of Cleveland, Earl de Grey, the Marquis of Abercorn, the Marquis of Hertford, the Duke of Bedford, the Earl of Clarendon, Earl Spencer, Earl Fitzwilliam, the Duke of Northumberland, the Earl of Ellesmere, and the Earl of Aberdeen. The officers of the order present were—the Bishop of Winchester, prelate; the Bishop of Oxford, chancellor; the Hon. and very Rev. the Dean of Windsor, registrar; Sir Charles George Young, garter king-of-arms; and Sir Augustus Clifford, gentleman usher of the black rod. The knights appeared in the mantle and collar of the garter, and the officers wore their respective robes with their chains and badges.

“The knights companions and officers entered the throne-room and took their seats at the table, the queen being seated in a chair of state at the head, a second (vacant) chair of state being on the right hand of her majesty. The prelate of the order stood on the right of the queen, the chancellor on the left, while the registrar, garter, and black rod remained at the bottom of the table. The ceremony commenced by the chancellor reading a new statute, by command of the queen, dispensing with the existing statutes of the order of the garter, in as far as was required for the especial purpose therein mentioned, and ordaining and declaring that his imperial majesty Napoleon III., Emperor of the French, be declared a knight of this order, any statute, decree, rule, or usage to the contrary notwithstanding.

“By the queen’s command the Emperor of the French was conducted from his apartments through the music-room and grand reception-room between his royal highness Prince Albert and his royal highness the Duke of Cambridge, the two senior knights companions present, preceded by the garter king-of-arms (bearing the ensigns of the order upon a crimson velvet cushion) and by black rod. The queen and the knights of the garter received his imperial majesty standing, and the emperor, passing to the head of the table, took a seat in the chair of state on the right hand of her majesty.

“Her imperial majesty the Empress of the French, his royal highness the Prince of Wales, her royal highness the Princess Royal, his royal highness Prince Alfred, her royal highness the Princess Alice, and their royal highnesses the Duchess of Cambridge and the Princess Mary, had been conducted

to the throne-room before the entrance of the queen, for the purpose of witnessing the august ceremony. The empress and the Duchess of Cambridge were ushered to seats near the throne. The queen announced to the Emperor of the French that his imperial majesty had been elected a knight of the most noble order of the garter.

“Garter king-of-arms, kneeling, presented the garter to the sovereign, and her majesty, assisted by his royal highness Prince Albert, buckled it on the left leg of the emperor, the chancellor pronouncing the admonition. Garter king-of-arms presented the riband with the George, and the queen put the same over the left shoulder of the emperor, the chancellor pronouncing the admonition. The queen then gave the accolade to the emperor, and his imperial majesty received the congratulations of his royal highness Prince Albert, his royal highness the Duke of Cambridge, his serene highness the Prince of Leiningen, and each of the knights companions present.

“The chapter being thus ended, the knights companions were again called over by garter, and retired from the presence of the sovereign with the usual reverences. Her majesty accompanied the emperor to his apartments, followed by the empress and Prince Albert, and attended by the ladies and gentlemen of the royal suites. The queen and prince afterwards returned to their own rooms.”

Each day of the emperor’s stay in England brought with it some appropriate entertainment. On Thursday, the imperial pair visited the city, at the invitation of the civic authorities, to receive from them an address, and to partake of the hospitality for which they are so famous. Our regal guests arrived at the private terminus of the Nine Elms’ station at twelve o’clock, being accompanied thus far by the queen and Prince Albert, and proceeded to Buckingham Palace. From thence they departed shortly before two for Guildhall. Along the whole of this long drive the people were gathered in extraordinary numbers. Not pavements and windows alone, but house-tops seemed one mass of human life. The procession moved forward in the gorge of a continuous valley of living men and women; and as for the cheering, it ran along on either side of the imperial carriage like an accompanying wave of sound, which rose high above that of his trampling escort.

The name of Napoleon acted as a talisman upon those immense masses of people, and those who had anticipated danger or outrage, were agreeably disappointed. It was conjectured that the mind of the emperor himself was not altogether free from surmises of this kind; and it is even stated that he possessed a presentiment that he should die in the streets of London. Some unnecessary preparations, as regards great numbers both of French and English detective police, taken in connexion with the rapid pace at which the emperor was driven through the city, and that a guardsman rode on each side of the carriage windows, so that very few could even obtain a view of those who sat within it, gave a colour to these suppositions. They were, however, perfectly groundless. There is a large party in England who reprehend the manner in which Napoleon obtained his exalted position; but, as a guest amongst them, his person was sacred.

The illustrious foreigners arrived at Guildhall shortly after two o'clock, when they were saluted by a guard of honour, and received with the music of "*Partant pour la Syrie*." Extensive and tasteful preparations had been made to welcome them. At the eastern end of the hall a *dais*, slightly raised above the level of the floor, had been erected, and upon it were placed two chairs of state, covered with purple velvet, and richly ornamented with gilding. On the back of the one intended for the emperor the initial "N" was embroidered in gold, within a wreath, worked in the same material; on the other, destined for the empress, the initial "E" was similarly emblazoned. The state chairs were surrounded by a canopy of rich purple velvet, fringed with gold, and lined with cream-coloured satin, each corner of the canopy displaying an imperial eagle, richly gilt. On either side of the hall were seven clustered columns, on the top of each of which were grouped the national flags of England, France, and Turkey, surmounting medallion portraits of Queen Victoria and the Emperor Napoleon III., which were displayed upon alternate pillars. Added to this, devices, bearing the words "*Alma*," "*Balaklava*," "*Inkermann*," supported by wreaths, encircling the British lion and the French eagle, were arranged beneath the windows between each column. The seats and the floor of the hall were covered with a light chocolate-coloured cloth, which formed an agreeable

contrast to the predominant tricolours in the upper part of the building.

The company, which included most of the members of the administration, the American, Greek, Austrian, Portuguese, Sardinian, Brazilian, Sicilian, Swedish, Spanish, and Turkish ambassadors, many of our nobles, and other celebrities, gave, in connexion with the rich and tasteful dresses of the ladies, to the old hall a gorgeous and interesting appearance. In the gallery opposite the chairs of state, one or two unpretending-looking gentlemen were stationed with the necessary apparatus for preserving, by means of the photographic process, a pictorial representation of the day's proceedings.

Shortly after two, a flourish of trumpets announced the arrival of the illustrious visitors, and a few minutes afterwards the emperor and empress entered the hall amid an enthusiastic and prolonged burst of cheering. He was attired in his usual military uniform, in addition to which he wore the star and ribbon of the garter; the empress wore a white bonnet—light and delicate as a snow-flake—and a green dress, elaborately decorated with lace; and looked so elegant and beautiful, that people gazed on her with an admiration that deepened into personal affection. His imperial majesty and the empress proceeded to their chairs of state, where the former, who seemed somewhat fatigued, remained standing. Around the chairs of state was a semicircle of brilliant court uniforms, worn by Marshal Vaillant, Duc de Bassano, Lord Alfred Paget, and other members of the French and English courts. When the applause had ceased, the recorder, accompanied by the lord mayor and other civic authorities, advanced, and taking their positions immediately opposite the centre of the *dais*, the former read the following address to their imperial majesties:—

"May it please your majesty, — We, the lord mayor, aldermen, and commons of the city of London, in common council assembled, desire to offer to your majesty our heartfelt congratulations on the arrival of your majesty and the Empress of the French in this country as the guests of our most gracious queen; and, on behalf of our fellow-citizens and ourselves, we humbly tender to your majesties the warmest expression of our gratitude for the welcome visit by which you have deigned to honour our city on this memorable day.

"The attention of Europe and the world

is already fixed on the attitude of dignity and united strength displayed by France and Great Britain in the present war, and the coming of your majesty, invited by our beloved queen at such a time, will draw closer the bonds of mutual friendship and common interest so happily uniting the two countries.

"The cordial alliance of two such mighty powers, cemented and sealed by intimate and frank intercourse between their rulers, must sway the destinies of all, will abate the pride of our common enemies, increase the confidence of our allies, and give new vigour to our arms.

"By the wise policy of your majesty's reign all our ancient jealousies have been appeased, and the flags of France and England now mingle their colours alike in the Baltic and in the East. Ranged together in a righteous cause, braving like hardships, and shedding their blood side by side in victory, the soldiery of our united armies and the seamen of our combined fleets have learnt to regard each other with the love of brave and generous comrades, second only to the love they bear their respective countries, and, while such are the feelings, we rejoice that sentiments akin to these are growing daily and sinking deeply into the breasts of the people of these great and neighbouring nations.

"None can doubt that the allied forces thus animated, led in perfect harmony by commanders of tried skill and valour, and guided by united counsels at home, will achieve by arms the just and unambitious object of the present war; unless, as we may hope, the efforts of assembled statesmen shall yet avert the calamities of protracted warfare by the speedier negotiation of an honourable and enduring peace.

"This cordial reception, therefore, of the chosen and puissant Emperor of the French by the illustrious sovereign who reigns over these realms and lives in the hearts of the British people, we regard as a type of a close and lasting friendship between the two nations, and the happiest augury of a returning time when, undisturbed in the onward course of civilisation, the nations of Europe may again lay aside the sword, and resume their exalted rivalry in the works of beneficence alone.

"We are earnestly anxious further to express to your imperial majesty the lively pleasure and respectful admiration with which we have seen you accompanied on

this happy occasion by your illustrious consort her majesty the Empress of the French. We tender to your majesty the expression of our confident hope that you may ever find in the affections of domestic life the best solace and support which this world can afford under the cares and weight of the high destiny you are now fulfilling with such conspicuous power and moderation, and we fervently pray that life and health may, by the blessing of Providence, be vouchsafed to your majesties for many years to come."

The illustrious visitors remained standing during the reading of the address, and both of them listened with deep interest. As the passage referring to the Empress Eugénie was read, a loud and prolonged cheer rang through the hall, a compliment which she smilingly and graciously acknowledged.

The address concluded, a short pause ensued, and then the emperor, in a firm and distinct voice, read the following remarkable and eloquent reply:—

"My Lord Mayor,—After the cordial reception I have experienced from the queen, nothing could affect me more deeply than the sentiments towards the empress and myself to which you, my lord mayor, have given expression on the part of the city of London; for the city of London represents the available resources which a world-wide commerce affords both for civilisation and for war. Flattering as are your praises, I accept them, because they are addressed much more to France than to myself; they are addressed to a nation whose interests are to-day everywhere identical with your own; they are addressed to an army and navy united to yours by an heroic companionship in danger and in glory; they are addressed to the policy of the two governments, which is based on truth, on moderation, and on justice. For myself, I have retained on the throne the same sentiments of sympathy and esteem for the English people that I professed as an exile while I enjoyed here the hospitality of your queen; and if I have acted in accordance with my convictions, it is that the interest of the nation which has chosen me, no less than that of universal civilisation, has made it a duty. Indeed, England and France are naturally united on all the great questions of politics and of human progress that agitate the world. From the shores of the Atlantic to those of the Mediterranean—from the Baltic to the Black Sea—from the

desire to abolish slavery to our hopes for the amelioration of all the countries of Europe—I see in the moral as in the political world for our two nations but one course and one end. It is, then, only by unworthy considerations and pitiful rivalries that our union could be dissevered. If we follow the dictates of common sense alone, we shall be sure of the future. You are right in interpreting my presence among you as a fresh and convincing proof of my energetic co-operation in the prosecution of the war, if we fail in obtaining an honourable peace. Should we so fail, although our difficulties may be great, we may surely count on a successful result; for not only are our soldiers and sailors of tried valour—not only do our two countries possess within themselves unrivalled resources—but above all—and here lies their superiority—it is because they are in the van of all generous and enlightened ideas. The eyes of all who suffer instinctively turn to the West. Thus our two nations are even more powerful from the opinions they represent than by the armies and fleets they have at their command. I am deeply grateful to your queen for affording me this solemn opportunity of expressing to you my own sentiments and those of France, of which I am the interpreter. I thank you in my own name and in that of the empress, for the frank and hearty cordiality with which you have received us. We shall take back with us to France the lasting impression, made on minds thoroughly able to appreciate it, of the imposing spectacle which England presents, where virtue on the throne directs the destinies of a country under the empire of a liberty without danger to its grandeur.”

The business of the addresses dispatched, the illustrious party proceeded to the council-chamber to partake of a sumptuous *déjeuner*. At four, a flourish of trumpets announced their departure, and the emperor and empress passed through the hall to their carriages amid the most warm and enthusiastic demonstrations of respect and regard. In

* Rather too melodramatic an allusion for a prayer.

† The *Times* had the following remarks on the selection of this magnificent structure, the result of private enterprise, for the inspection of the emperor, rather than any of our national exhibitions:—“The palace, being the production of a joint-stock company for the amusement and instruction of the people, has no other claims to the honour of such a visit; but the novelty of the undertaking and its extraordinary magnificence appear to have won for it an amount of favour in ‘the highest quarters,’ which even the state establishments, formed and

the corridor were arranged a number of valuable portraits of the Napoleon family, lent for the occasion by Herr Wetter. They included portraits of the Emperor Napoleon I.; Joseph Buonaparte, King of Spain; Jerome, King of Westphalia; Letitia, mother of the Emperor Napoleon I.; and Hortense, consort of Louis Buonaparte, King of Holland, and mother of the Emperor Napoleon III. In passing through the corridor these family likenesses naturally attracted the notice of the emperor, who paused before the portrait of his mother, and directing the attention of the empress to it, exclaimed with much feeling, “This is kind, indeed!”

In the evening, the emperor and empress, her majesty the queen, and Prince Albert, paid a state visit to the Italian Opera. The excitement occasioned by this event was enormous, and pit tickets were sold at ten, and, in some cases, even at fifteen guineas each. The house had been appropriately decorated for the occasion. Vast mirrors multiplied the effects of the statuary; parterres of flowers, richly adorned furniture, and endless lustres, almost realised the ideal of one of the palaces of the *Arabian Nights*. The illustrious party entered after the termination of the first act of the opera selected—Beethoven’s *Fidelio*. Their appearance was the signal for most enthusiastic cheering, and “*Partant pour la Syrie*” was performed, and then succeeded by our own national anthem. After the opera, the order was reversed, and “God save the Queen” was first sung. On this occasion the following additional verse was introduced:—

“Emperor and empress,
Oh Lord! be pleased to bless;
Look on this scene! *
And may we ever find,
With bonds of peace entwined,
England and France combined,
God save the queen!”

Friday, the last day of the emperor’s sojourn, was devoted to a visit to the Crystal Palace at Sydenham.† The royal *cortège* supported for the same objects, have failed to secure. Why, one naturally asks, should the great structure on the hill of Sydenham be marked out for imperial curiosity in preference to the British Museum and other institutions supported out of the revenue of the country? Why do we give freely to one class of buildings from the proceeds of general taxation, and, when foreign potentates come among us, take them to see others that have arisen by a spontaneous growth as purely commercial speculations? These are the obvious questions that suggest themselves with reference to this visit; yet,

reached this famous building at noon. The queen took the arm of the emperor, Prince Albert gave his to Eugénie, and then, followed by their suite, they made the tour of this brilliant temple of beauty and the arts. During this royal progress the public were excluded from the interior of the palace, but admitted to the gardens. At length their majesties proceeded to the balcony overlooking the terrace gardens, and presented themselves in front of a canopied stage prepared for them. From upwards of 20,000 well-dressed persons assembled on the terrace, arose cheer after cheer with the most fervent enthusiasm. The impassible emperor was evidently excited, and the beautiful face of Eugénie was lit up with an expression of astonishment and gratification. Then the queen stood forward alone, and was greeted in a manner that proved to her, if any such proof was needed, that her throne was based on the broad foundation of a people's love. After a further inspection of the palace, the royal party returned to London.

On Saturday morning, April 21st, the emperor and his royal consort took leave of her majesty, and left Buckingham Palace to return to Paris. They proceeded to the Bricklayer's Arms station, and from thence to Dover, accompanied by Prince Albert and the Duke of Cambridge. When the

upon consideration, the fact is not surprising. The genius of the English people is not to lean upon government for the supply of their social wants. It is to provide, as far as possible, by private enterprise for the exigencies of the times in which we live, and not to convert the resources of the state to any other purposes than those which fall legitimately and strictly within the sphere of government. Upon that principle the Crystal Palace has been founded. It is the latest and most brilliant illustration of a political doctrine to which the nation justly attaches a very high value; and though the profitable results of the undertaking are still uncertain, we have such confidence in the pecuniary success of whatever deserves to succeed, that we cannot believe in its failure, until it is demonstrated in the clearest and most unmistakable manner. A well-known contractor, Mr. Dargan, being asked one day his opinion as to the probable effect of lavish expenditure upon the ultimate prospects of the Crystal Palace, pithily replied, 'You may depend upon it that when a thing is right in the main, it takes a deal of mismanagement to make it go wrong.' That is the conviction upon which most people in this country act when they invest their capital in joint-stock enterprises; nor can it be fairly questioned that such deep-seated reliance upon the commercial character of undertakings, lies at the bottom of the remarkable progress which this country is making in every department of material industry. In France a different system is adopted. There little is attempted without the in-

tervention of the governing power, and though, undoubtedly, that intervention wards off many evils, it operates in a serious way to check the rapid growth of interests calculated to contribute in an important degree to the prosperity of the nation. It was probably, in some measure, an appreciation of the contrast thus indicated which induced the queen and Prince Albert to take their imperial guests yesterday to Sydenham. But other reasons must have weighed with them also in doing so. They have ever shown an enlightened regard for those new institutions which, by presenting to the eye in the most attractive form the products of human industry and knowledge, tend to increase the respect of the people for their daily occupations. The war in which England is now involved overtook it at a moment when men's minds were filled with enthusiasm for the progress of the peaceful arts—when prospects had begun not obscurely to open up to us of superseding the lower and more depressing forms of toil—when invention and science promised the richest harvests to their votaries—and when, under a thousand genial influences, the time seemed at hand for binding together the framework of a great industrial system that should embrace within its scope every nation of the civilised world. These hopes have passed away, and a clouded future lies before us; but still the instincts of the country and the predilections of the sovereign point, even amid hostile cares, in the direction towards which we should like to steer."

emperor descended from the carriage at Dover, Mr. Rich, M.P., the chairman of the railway company, inquired whether the arrangements made by the company had given him satisfaction. His majesty replied, "Everything has been excellent. I only regret one thing—that is, that you have conveyed me too quickly out of England." While in the station, the emperor observed Mr. Payne, the mayor of Dover, who was the first Englishman to welcome him on his debarkation. Napoleon placed in his hands a small box, saying as he did so, "I hope, Mr. Mayor, you will keep this in kind remembrance of me." The case contained a valuable jewelled snuff-box of blue enamel, richly ornamented with gold, and having upon the lid the letter "N" set in brilliants. The lord mayor of London, the mayor of Windsor, and others, received similar presents from the emperor.

The emperor and empress embarked in the vessel appointed to convey them to their own shores. They were seen on board by Prince Albert and the Duke of Cambridge. The empress parted in the most affectionate manner with the Marchioness of Ely, who had been in attendance on her majesty during her stay, and also, with the emperor, shook hands heartily with the other members of the suite who had accompanied the prince. The latter, previous to leaving the

steamer, shook hands several times with the empress, and upon finally parting from her, kissed her left hand. The gangway was withdrawn, the guns roared forth their salutes, the paddles revolved, and the illustrious guests were on their way back to France.

We have dwelt at some length upon the details of this remarkable visit. Some may perhaps think we have given too much space to the record of festivities in the pages of a history of a great and weary war. If so, let them reflect on its significance. It is the inauguration of a new and glorious era in history; a type of the intimate alliance, not by hollow treaties, but by the bonds of mutual esteem and admiration, of the rulers and peoples of the two most enlightened nations of Europe. This is the grandest result of the war—its fairest fruit. Let us hope that it may never wither, never lose its sweetness and its beauty, but remain through future centuries a source of gladness and glory to unborn millions!

One week after the Emperor Napoleon III. left the shores of this country (on Saturday, April the 28th), he was fired at by an assassin, while on horseback in the Champs Elysées. The emperor, accompanied by two of his household, Colonel Ney and Colonel Valabreque, left the palace of the Tuileries about five o'clock, to take his usual ride in the Champs Elysées and join the empress, who had preceded him, and was then in the alley Dauphine, in the Bois de Boulogne. While riding slowly through the grand avenue, which was filled with people who offered the usual respectful salutations to their sovereign, a man of a dark complexion, and rather under the middle height, advanced from the throng and approached to within five or six paces of the emperor. The latter was in the act of returning his salutation, when the man drew a double-barrelled pistol from beneath his paletot, and fired. The shot was without effect; and the assassin, supporting his weapon on his arm, fired a second time. It was probably owing to the circumstance that the horse of the emperor shied a little at the first report, that the second shot also missed its mark. The man was instantly seized by a police agent and by the spectators, just as he was about to draw forth another pistol. As the fellow struggled desperately, and made violent attempts to shoot those who detained him, the police

agent, in self-defence, wounded him twice with a poniard-cane. It was with some difficulty that the people were prevented from tearing the assassin to pieces: the emperor himself calling out to them to spare him. He was at length taken in safety to the guard-house at the Barrière de l'Etoile, where it was discovered that he was an Italian shoemaker, by name Pianori.

The emperor preserved that cool impassibility which is so characteristic of him, and acknowledged, by repeated bows, the tremendous acclamations that rose from the crowd as he still rode slowly forward to the triumphal arch. A messenger had been sent on in haste to inform the empress of what had occurred, and to assure her of the safety of her husband. In less than half-an-hour she returned from her drive, with the emperor riding by her side. Eugénie was deeply affected, and cried hysterically amidst her attempts to smile with joy at his escape. Unable to subdue her emotion, she at length leant back in the carriage and gave way to an uncontrolled burst of tears. The people were much affected at the sight, and rent the air with their acclamations. Notwithstanding what had occurred, they both fulfilled their intention of visiting the Opera Comique, where they were received with the warmest enthusiasm.

The following morning (Sunday), there was a continual roll of carriages to the Tuileries, that their occupants might congratulate the emperor on his escape. Amongst them were the representatives of the senate, to whom Napoleon made the following remarkable reply:—"I thank the senate for the sentiments it has just expressed to me. I fear nothing from the attempts of assassins; there are existences which are the instruments of the decrees of Providence. As long as I shall not have fulfilled my mission, I run no danger."

On searching Pianori at the guard-house, one hundred francs in gold were found in his pockets, and he was discovered to be dressed in an undersuit, quite different to the first in form and colour; so that if he had not been at once arrested, he would probably have escaped. His name was first stated to be Liverani, that being the one inserted in his passport, probably with a view of procuring his safety should he have succeeded in his dark design and remained undetected. He was under thirty years of age, and had belonged to the free lancers of Garibaldi. His countenance, which was

handsome, betrayed much resolution. His violence in confinement was so great, that it was found necessary to put on the *camisole de force*, in order to prevent him from destroying himself. Rage at his disappointment, and probably a dread of the result to himself, kept him for some time in a state of delirium; displaying occasionally the excitement of a maniac, and then sinking into deep dejection. His trial took place on Monday, the 7th of May, according to the ordinary forms of criminal justice: the emperor, when pressed by some of his advisers to cause the prisoner to be arraigned for high treason, replied, very sensibly, that he wished the prisoner to be tried as if he had fired on a journeyman plasterer of the Plain of St. Denis. The crime certainly was an extraordinary one; but it is better to treat offences of this kind with contemptuous ignominy, than to exalt the would-be assassin into what vulgar minds regard as a kind of hero of criminality. Truly was it observed, that the life of the emperor was the only barrier between the existing order of things in France and changes of so great and so obscure a character, that no man was wise enough to foresee them, or bold enough to confront them.

The trial of Pianori commenced and concluded on the same day. He stood at the bar calm and self-possessed, though sorrowful-looking. The following elaborate account of his personal appearance, appeared in an organ of the weekly press:—"Pianori is a decidedly handsome young man, notwithstanding a certain compression about the eyebrows, which, perhaps, may be the result of agony of mind. He has decidedly what the French call *une belle tête*. Hair and beard black, and trimly cut; the beard that of a man but emerging from adolescence, ample but feathery; mustachoes curled upwards with a certain elegance; while his manners and tone of speaking are evidently not those of a person brought up as what is called a gentleman, they are still those of a man in a more easy condition of life than that of a working shoemaker, which he professed to be. It was particularly remarked, as he sat in the dock, that his hands were slight and delicate, and he looked frequently at his nails, as a man often does from habit when he is accustomed to keep them scrupulously clean and well cut. He is about the middle size, and remarkably well-built. He wore a loose paletot, buttoned up to a

level with the shoulders; but his neck, quite bare, attracted attention by its manly beauty. His eyes are black and expressive; his complexion dark, but not very dark for an Italian." According to information received by the French government, he had committed many crimes, and been sentenced in Rome to twelve years at the galleys. This Pianori denied, though he admitted he had been six months in prison "for having taken part in some affairs." He denied having accomplices, or being the instrument of any secret political association. His crime, committed in open day and in the presence of thousands of people, could not be denied; the reason he assigned for it was, that the emperor, by the expedition to Rome, had ruined him and his family; the defence offered by his counsel was little more than an appeal for mercy, which, as may be supposed, was without effect.

Pianori was found guilty and sentenced to the punishment awarded by the penal code for the crime of parricide. To this he listened in a calm impassive manner, and retired without saying a word. In former times a parricide had his hand cut off from the wrist previous to execution. The thirteenth article of the penal code specifies, that "the parricide shall be led to the place of execution in a shirt, barefoot, and his head covered with a black veil; that he shall be exposed on the scaffold whilst a public officer reads to the people the sentence of condemnation, and that he shall immediately be put to death."

We are at a loss to understand the justice of this revolting sentence; for, heavy as Pianori's crime was, he was not a parricide, and ought not to have been condemned as one. Moreover, the emperor himself had expressed a wish that the assassin should be tried simply for the act he had committed, and not in consideration of the high position of the person against whom he had committed it. Such a sentence was the partial revival of the barbarism of evil times; but it was only partially carried into effect, the most offensive circumstance, the cutting off the hand, being omitted. We do not hesitate to say, that had this cruelty been performed, the act would, at least in England, have cost the emperor all the popularity he had so lately acquired. Death is the deserved punishment of the assassin: no effeminate or rose-tinted philanthropy would influence us to save human wolves from the fate they had courted; but that.

fate should be destruction—not torture. Least of all should it be the mental torture of prolonging the death-agony by solemn dramatic fooleries which, we regret, were to some extent resorted to in this instance. Pianori was led to the guillotine at the early hour of five in the morning of the 14th of May. He was taken to the scaffold with a black veil thrown over his face, his figure

covered with a long shirt, and his feet naked. His features were calm, but pale, though a bright hectic spot burnt on his cheeks, and revealed the emotion he attempted to conceal. As he stood upon the scaffold he cried "*Vive la République!*" and was about to repeat the cry, when the plank to which he was bound turned, the axe fell, and the assassin was a headless corpse.

CHAPTER VII.

RENEWAL OF THE BOMBARDMENT OF SEBASTOPOL; ITS FAILURE; TURKISH TROOPS AT SEBASTOPOL; CONTESTS FOR THE RIFLE PITS; ESTABLISHMENT OF THE ASSOCIATION FOR ADMINISTRATIVE REFORM; DISTRIBUTION OF THE WAR MEDALS; ALISON'S OPINION AS TO THE RESULT OF THE WAR; PELISSIER TAKES THE PLACE OF CANROBERT AS COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE FRENCH ARMY IN THE CRIMEA; EXPEDITION OF AN ALLIED SQUADRON TO THE STRAITS OF KERTCH; ITS RECALL; IT DEPARTS AGAIN; BLOODLESS CAPTURE OF KERTCH AND YENIKALE; ENTRANCE OF THE ALLIED SQUADRON INTO THE SEA OF AZOFF; BOMBARDMENT OF ARABAT; ENORMOUS DESTRUCTION OF RUSSIAN SHIPPING AND STORES; PLUNDERING OF KERTCH; THE RUSSIANS ABANDON AND BLOW UP THE PORTS OF SOUDJAK AND ANAPA IN THE BLACK SEA; RETURN OF THE EXPEDITION TO BALAKLAVA AND KAMIESCH.

PREPARATIONS for a renewal of the bombardment of Sebastopol were at length complete, and at daybreak on the morning of the 9th of April, a fire from the French and English batteries was opened upon that terrible fortress,* such as the annals of the world present no parallel to. The cannonade of the 17th of October had been a failure; but it was hoped that this, on a scale so much larger, would be so far successful as to render an assault prudent. We are at a loss to discover how such anticipations should have been entertained, though it appears they existed. Seven months had the siege continued since the first bombardment, and there stood the proud towers of

Sebastopol, so fenced round with formidable earthworks as to be stronger than before. Calmer minds looked on with sadder feelings, and in a fresh bombardment anticipated a fresh failure. Plainly, some new mode of attack was necessary, some subtle stratagem was required, or the application of some of those terrible inventions by which it is said that, in time, science will annihilate war. Lord Dundonald—no dreamer, but an able practical man—had urged upon the government the acceptance of an offer, on his part, of a secret means of instantly destroying Sebastopol and the army within it.† True, this might be a mistake on the part of Lord Dundonald; de-camp to the emperor. Is anything more wanted to explain the painful discrepancy between what has been done by the Russians and by the allies? The former will be bound by no ties of seniority or class; they take the man that will do his work best, and they get it the best done."

* The *Times* related the following interesting anecdote respecting the person who placed Sebastopol in a condition to resist the efforts of the allies:—"The name of the head engineer at Sebastopol is Todleben. He is thirty-two years of age. His parents are poor shopkeepers in Riga. When the siege commenced, Prince Mentschikoff, it is said, asked the then head engineer how long it would take to put the place in a state of defence. He answered, 'Two months.' A young captain, named Todleben, stepped forward and said he would undertake to do it, if he had as many men as he required, in two weeks. He did it in twelve days, and was made colonel. Since that time he has had the direction of everything in the way of building batteries, defences, &c. The other day the grand dukes called upon his wife, who is residing in St. Petersburg, to congratulate her upon her husband's promotion; for he is now (May, 1855) general and aide-

† On the 4th of May, Mr. French brought the subject of Lord Dundonald's invention before the House of Commons. That gentleman observed—"Lord Dundonald had distinguished himself by his exploits in the Basque-roads and the Bay of Callao, and on other occasions; and he would venture to say, that in respect of scientific acquirements, professional knowledge, and personal gallantry, the noble lord had not a superior, if indeed he had an equal, among living men. One of Lord Dundonald's most uncompromising political opponents, Sir A. Alison, speaking of him under his earlier title as Lord Cochrane, said that he was, after the death of

but, on the other hand, it might be successful. Ordinary means of reducing Sebastopol had failed; why not attempt extraordinary ones? Whether the proceeding was according to rule or not, matters little; the question to be solved being, was there any probability of its success? No new discovery, no new application of the powers of nature, no new scientific revelation can be expected to be in accordance with our preconceived ideas and with the routine of established systems. The old is for ever changing, passing away, and merging into the new; and that which is so rigidly conservative in its structure that it cannot, or will not, submit to the law of progress, must perish. Forms of government, military systems, churches and schools, are no exceptions to this immutable law. They must suffer themselves to be carried forward on the broad stream of eternal change, or sink beneath its bosom. In that word "change" is the secret of existence. Change is life; a cessation of it, whether to a person or an institution, is putrescence and death—a death, too, from which, in the case of institutions, there is no resurrection. But

Nelson, the greatest naval commander of that age of glory—equal to his great predecessor in personal gallantry, enthusiastic ardour, and devotion to his country, and perhaps his superior in original genius, in mental power, and inexhaustible resources. The plan of the noble lord had long been considered and well matured. So far back as the reign of George IV., at the request of that sovereign, Lord Dundonald's plan was submitted to admirals Lord Exmouth and Keith, and such was their opinion of the terrific efficiency of the noble earl's invention, that they expressed their opinion that, for the welfare of the human race, it was advisable that the noble lord should carry his secret to the grave. The noble lord at that time acquiesced in this view; but last year, seeing the predicament in which his country was placed, and being anxious to promote the cause of civilisation against barbarism, he tendered his plan and his personal services to the late government without fee or reward. He at the same time offered his services to go to the Baltic and destroy Cronstadt. To these tenders he got *no answer*, but a reference was made to three admirals and two scientific persons. These admirals were of opinion that at present it was not expedient to carry the plan into effect; but he believed the scientific men gave it as their opinion, that the force employed by the noble and gallant lord would be perfectly irresistible. On the return of Sir Charles Napier from the Baltic, the plans were shown to him, and, after giving them the fullest consideration, he came to the conclusion, as he was informed, that the noble lord was able to carry out everything that he undertook to accomplish. It was in these circumstances that he now wished to put a question to the government. The government might, on the ground of the high reputation of Lord Dundonald, have safely availed them-

with respect to the proposed plan, the British ministry stood doubtfully aloof, and feared that Lord Dundonald's plans were visionary.

The night preceding the 9th of April (the day fixed for the commencement of the bombardment), was dark and misty, the wind blew a gale, and the rain poured down in floods. The weather was not favourable for the attack, and towards morning it became even worse. The ground had again been turned into sticky black mud, and a thick dull mist overhung the camp and the towers of Sebastopol. Towards the front of the lines profound silence reigned in the camps, when, about a quarter-past five, three guns roared out sullenly in the dim morning air. This was the anticipated signal; and instantly, from the little mounds and hillocks near Inkermann—from the broad commanding positions of Green Hill and Gordon's batteries—from quiet picturesque ravines, where no one dreamt of guns lurking, high from the rear on steep and lofty ridges, and away down to the left where the French works stretch out, over low marsh lands to Kamiesch—from every point

selves of the plans which he had submitted to them; but they had forced him to divulge those plans to seven or eight persons, and it might possibly be, that the first experiment they heard of them would be in the destruction of our own forces. If the noble lord (Palmerston) would state that the government were determined not to give a trial to the plans of the noble and gallant admiral, it would be easy for him to appeal to the country, and to obtain a sum of money sufficient to enable him to carry out those plans, in defiance of the apathy and indifference of the government. The question he had to put was, what steps had been taken, and what decision, if any, had been come to in relation to the proposal made by the Earl of Dundonald for the destruction of the Russian fortresses?"

Lord Palmerston observed, in reply to Mr. French:—"No man can entertain a higher opinion than I do of Lord Dundonald. I have had the honour of his acquaintance for a number of years. He stands as high as any man ever did stand in his profession, with regard to naval affairs: he is a man, moreover, of great and extensive scientific attainments; and, therefore, any opinion deliberately entertained by him is entitled to the highest and fullest consideration by the government. The plan which Lord Dundonald proposed was necessarily submitted to the consideration of a certain number of professional and scientific persons; and the effect of their inquiries and consideration was, that there appeared to be such difficulties and such doubtful expectations as to the result, that nothing was then done upon it. The plan has recently been again pressed on the consideration of the government by Lord Dundonald. The matter is still under their consideration, and is far from being so free from doubts and difficulties as my honourable friend seems to imagine."

of our lines the iron mouths bellowed forth thunder, flame, and death.

The enemy was taken by surprise, and for some minutes not a Russian gun replied to the tremendous salvo with which they had been greeted. They soon, however, recovered themselves, though it was an hour before they got their batteries into full play. Through the gloom and twilight, through the mist and rain, hour after hour the bombardment went on. So thick was the air that it was impossible from the heights to distinguish the fire of our nearest battery; and as the wind swept from the camp towards Sebastopol, the sound of the firing was almost lost in the dead murky atmosphere and the incessant rush of rain. Sometimes, so strange a quietness prevailed in the almost deserted camp, that it seemed quite impossible to realise the fact that a struggle, in which not only the reputation, but the very existence of the troops engaged, was taking place within half a mile of our lines, and that 154 English, upwards of 200 French, and between seven and eight hundred Russian guns and mortars were firing away as fast as they could be loaded. Early in the morning our batteries were firing from seventy to eighty shots a minute, but this tremendous fire was soon slackened, and reduced to about twenty-five or thirty shots a minute.

About seven in the evening the fire of the allies ceased, or rather, ceased in comparison with the manner it had been kept up during the day; for the bombardment was maintained by firing a shell every ten minutes throughout the night. What was the result of this first day of the second great cannonade? Lord Raglan's despatch informs us that the rain, wind, and mist "rendered it impossible to ascertain, with any degree of accuracy, the effect of the fire which had been continued from the commencement, and been superior to that of the enemy." Mr. Russell, in his description, is scarcely more definite: he gave a striking picture—one that deserves to be transferred to the artist's canvas; but little information. "It was," said he, "almost as dark as night. About five o'clock the sun slowly descended into a rift in the dark gray pall which covered the sky, and cast a pale-yellow slice of light, barred here and there by columns of rain and masses of curling vapour, across the line of batteries. The outlines of the town, faintly rendered through the mists of smoke and rain, seemed

quivering inside the circling lines of fire around and from them, but they were *the same familiar outlines so well known to us for the last seven months*—the same green cupola and troops, and long streets and ruined suburbs, the same dockyard buildings, and dark trenches and batteries. The little details of ruin and destruction which must have taken place after to-day's fire *could not be ascertained!* The eye of painter never rested on a more extraordinary effect, and his art alone could have rendered justice to the scene which shone out on us for a moment, as the sickly sun, flattened out, as it were, between bars of cloud and rain, seemed to have forced its way through the leaden sky to cast one straightened look on the conflict which raged below. The plateau beneath our standing-place was lighted up by incessant flashes of light, and long trails of white smoke streamed across it, sporting up in thick masses, tinged with fire, for a moment, till they were whirled away in broader volumes by the wind. In the deep glow of the parting gleam of sunset, the only image suggested to me calculated to convey the actual effect of the fire of the batteries to our friends at home, was a vision of the potteries' district as it is seen at night, all fervid with fire and pillars of smoke, out of the windows of an express-train."

In plain language, this day's bombardment, like that of the 17th of October, was a *failure*. Admitting, as is probably the case, that the advantage of fire at the close of the day remained with the allies, still it was evident that no great result had been gained; and that the most destructive efforts of the combined artillery of France and England, were unable to batter down the proud symbol of Russian power.

The bombardment continued, though with abated fury, during a period of twelve days; then it was suspended, and the idea of an assault abandoned for the time being. Ton after ton of shot was hurled against the fortress; an occasional, but undecisive superiority of fire was obtained; the parapets of the Redan and Round Tower were jagged, and pitted with holes several feet deep; but the real strength of the place remained unimpaired. That which was injured in the day the Russians repaired, as if by magic, during the night. The particulars of this twelve days' bombardment are wearisome, from the similarity they bear to events we have already described. The same wasted

energy, the same night skirmishes without effect,* the same battering and repairing, the same unwearied exertions on the part of the allies, and wonderful endurance and resistance on the part of the Russians, together with, on each side, the same loss of life and frightful mutilations.

The French batteries were, however, more persevering than the English, though without obtaining the desired result. Our own cannonade, indeed, rather died out slowly than ceased on a particular day. On the 27th of April, Mr. Russell wrote—"Our batteries are nearly silent; a few guns and mortars reply to an occasional shot from the Redan and Round Tower at long intervals, and there seems to be a ship behind the Round Tower, which harasses our right attack by an odd shell now and then. What a contrast to the French on our left and even on our right! They have never ceased to fire, and the Russians return shot for shot from the mass of ruins and rubbish in which their batteries are enveloped. The day before yesterday the enemy opened a new battery, which is up among the houses of the town, on a ridge near the governor's house, and directed a very heavy fire on the French, with a diversion now and then on the left of our left attack. In the right attack yesterday we had two gunners killed and the platforms of two guns broken; but although these batteries have all been severely handled, they have reduced the fire of the Mamelon and of the Round Tower with great success. Still we must give the French every praise for the perseverance of their attack, deprived as they have been of their fair share of support from our fire for some days back. They have certainly atoned for their failure on the 17th of October, which was caused by the melancholy accidents to their magazines. There are mysterious whispers that we shall open fire again in a few days, with an allowance of one hundred rounds a-gun per diem. A supply of some useful 56 and a few 68-pounder guns has been brought up from Balaklava to

the batteries, and considerable additions have been made to our armament. A moderate supply of 13-inch bomb fuses has been raked together, and, if promises are to be trusted, we really shall effect great things on this the *third* commencement of the siege."

During this period, Omar Pasha and 15,000 of the Turkish and Egyptian soldiers left Eupatoria for the camp before Sebastopol, and took up their position on the heights above Kamiesch. It was anticipated that they would prove a valuable addition to the allied armies—protect Balaklava, and perform essential service, either in a partial assault of the town, or in operations in the field. They were thus described by Mr. Russell:—"Finer young fellows than some of the soldiers of the crack regiments I never saw. Very few of the privates wore decorations or medals, but many of the officers had them, and had evidently seen service against the Muscovite. They had had a long march, and their sandal shoon afforded sorry protection against the stony ground; and yet it was astonishing that so few men fell out of the ranks or straggled behind. One regiment had a good brass band, which almost alarmed the bystanders by striking up a quick step (waltz) as they marched past, and playing it in very excellent style; but the majority of the regiments were preceded by musicians with drums, fifes, and semi-circular thin brass tubes, with wide mouths, such as those which may have tumbled the walls of Jericho, or are seen on the sculptured monuments of primeval kings. The colonel and his two majors rode at the head of each regiment, richly dressed, on small but spirited horses, covered with rich saddle-cloths, and followed by pipe-bearers and servants. The mules with the tents, marched on the right; the artillery marched on the left. The two batteries I saw consisted each of four 24-pounder brass howitzers, and two 9-pounder brass field-pieces, and the carriages and horses were in a very serviceable state. Each gun was drawn by six

* To describe these matters correctly is, in most instances, an impossibility. On this point, Mr. Russell has these truthful observations:—"I need not say that all minute descriptions of charges at night, or of the general operations are not trustworthy, and must be the mere work of the imagination. Each man fancies that the little party he is with bears the whole brunt of the work, and does all the duty of repulsing the enemy; and any one who takes his narrative from such sources will be sure to fall into errors innumerable. To describe a night attack or any operation—a sortie or an advance—is a sole-

cism. From the batteries or the hills behind them one can see the flashes flickering through the darkness, and can hear the shouts of the men; but this is all: were he a combatant he would see and hear less than the spectator. Distrust, then, all 'full and true particulars' of nocturnal engagements, and be content with learning results. Nothing affords finer scope for the exercise of the fancy than one of these fights in the dark: it is easy to imagine all sorts of incidents, to narrate the mode of advance, of attack, of resistance, of retreat, or of capture; but the recital will be found very inconsistent with the fact."

horses. The ammunition boxes were rather coarse and heavy. The baggage animals of the division marched in the rear, and the regiments marched in columns of companies three deep, each company on an average with a front of twenty rank and file. One of the regiments had Minié rifles of English make; the majority, however, were only armed with flint firelocks, but they were very clean and bright. They all displayed rich standards, blazing with cloth of gold, and many-coloured flags with the crescent and star embroidered on them. All the men carried their blankets, squares of carpet for prayer and sitting upon, and cooking utensils, and their packs were of various sizes and substances. As they marched along in the sunlight over the undulating ground, they presented a very picturesque and warlike spectacle, the stern reality of which was enhanced by the thunder of the guns at Sebastopol, and the smoke-wreaths from shells bursting high in the air." In addition to these Turkish forces in the neighbourhood of Sebastopol, a French army of reserve, amounting to 30,000 men, and continually increasing, was assembled at Pera, on the banks of the Bosphorus. The Turks, however, soon returned to Eupatoria, without seeing any active service.

On the 19th of April, the Russian rifle pits in advance of the English trenches were attacked, and carried by assault in the most gallant manner by a detachment of the 77th regiment under Colonel Egerton, who lost his life while in the execution of his duty. "The resistance of the enemy," said Lord Raglan's despatch, "although obstinate, was speedily overcome by the impetuosity of our troops, and the pit, which it was desirable to retain, was, without the loss of a moment, connected with our approach, and thereby furnished protection to the working party to continue its labours without interruption for a considerable time. At the interval, however, of about three hours, the enemy brought a heavy fire of artillery and musketry upon the party in advance of the pit, into which they retired, and which they effectually defended and maintained; but this brilliant achievement was not accomplished without considerable loss of life."

This affair was followed by one more productive of benefit. During the night of the 2nd of May, a sharp engagement took place in front and on the left attack; the whole of the Russian rifle pits were taken, together with eight light mortars and 200

prisoners. The attack was made by seven battalions of French infantry, who advanced about midnight and seized on the Russian ambuscades in defiance of a heavy fire. A great force of Russians came out to meet them, and a terrible conflict ensued, in which the French made repeated bayonet charges. Having forced the Russians back into the works, they followed them, stormed the outworks of the central battery, and carried off the eight mortars or cohorns. In this brilliant affair, which lasted for two hours, the French suffered considerably. They had sixty-three killed and 210 wounded, and nine officers put *hors de combat*. About four o'clock the following day, a body of the enemy, estimated at 2,000 men, rushed desperately out of the works close to the central battery, and, with a loud cheer, dashed upon the French advance. The latter were for a moment driven out of their imperfect works, but they were soon reinforced, and the Russians driven back by the bayonet, and compelled to seek for safety by flight behind their intrenchments, which protected them from pursuit by a heavy cannonade and volleys of grape. The loss of the French was trifling; that of the Russians was more severe, and several of their officers and men were taken prisoners.

Other petty actions or skirmishes took place during May, which are scarcely of sufficient importance to particularise. Early on the morning of the 10th, the camp was roused by a heavy fire of musketry along our right attack. "There is," said Mr. Russell, "an earnestness and reality about the musketry on such occasions, which has a language of its own that cannot be mistaken. The regularity and precision of the *feu de joie*, the platoon or file-firing of our reviews, have little kin with the passionate, intense, and startling bursts of rifle and musket, and give but an imperfect notion of the deadly rattle and fitful roll of small arms in action, where every man is loading and firing as rapidly as he can, and where the formation of the line is altering every moment. For a mile and a-half the darkness was broken by outburst of ruddy flame and bright glittering sparks, which advanced, receded, died out altogether, broke out fiercely in patches in innumerable twinkles, flickered in long lines like the electric flash along a chain, and formed for an instant craters of fire." After a struggle of about two hours, the Russians were, as usual, driven back to their own lines, and

protected in their retreat by a fire from their batteries. These sorties were repeated on the 11th and the 14th, but on each occasion with the same result.

On the 12th of May, the whole reserve of French troops at Moslak, in the dominions of the sultan, were reviewed by that potentate, and the next day 30,000 of them embarked and sailed from the Bosphorus to Kamiesch. The allied forces were thus raised to upwards of 200,000 men. Of these, 30,000 consisted of British, 15,000 of Sardinians, 50,000 of Turks (at Eupatoria), and the remainder of French. With such a force it was anticipated that measures of a decisive character would soon be taken against the Russians. The appearance of Abdul Medjid at the review is thus described by a spectator:—"The sultan was, as usual, worn and spiritless; the stoop of his emaciated frame, the pallor of his withered countenance, indicated a man of middle age, rather than one in the prime of life, who has not completed his thirty-second year. The saddle on which he rides adds to the feebleness of his appearance. It is shaped like a chair, and compels him to bend forward in a manner neither comfortable nor graceful. What his thoughts may have been it is not easy to divine: the nature of a Turk is not our nature; but the feelings of an European monarch on seeing so large and formidable a force established on his own soil, would be those of apprehension and painful obligation."

While this was the state of affairs in the Crimea, the patriotism and nationality of the people were deeply stirred in England. Increased taxes had been cheerfully submitted to, subscriptions of all kinds for the benefit of the soldiers had been poured forth with a wonderful prodigality, and one heart seemed to animate the nation for the support of the war: still statements of mismanagement continually turned up; and it was seen, both abroad and at home, incompetence and want of reflection led to fearful evil—evils of a character so serious as to impede the prosperity and impair the reputation of the empire. Under these circumstances, an agitation was commenced by certain members of the middle classes, chiefly merchants and traders of the metropolis, for the purpose of organising an association to promote a thorough reform in the various departments of the state. The first meeting was held on Saturday, the 5th of May, at the London Tavern, Bishopsgate-

street. The object instantly met the approving sympathy of the reflective part of society; and considerably before the hour appointed for the commencement of the proceedings, the large room, said to be capable of containing as many as 1,500 persons, was filled to overflowing, and hundreds of persons, including many members of parliament, unable to obtain admission. Mr. Samuel Morley took the chair; and, together with Mr. Travers, Mr. Gassiot, Mr. Powles, Mr. W. S. Lindsay, M.P., Mr. Baker, Mr. Bennoch, and others, addressed the meeting. In the course of a long speech, the chairman said, the aristocracy had as much right to a share in the government as any other class, but only as they exhibited the sterling qualities of honesty and efficiency. The assemblage of that day had no direct connexion with the question of the war; but the hideous disclosure of mismanagement which the history of that war revealed, seemed to identify the movement with the contest with Russia; and even when that contest was over, the all-important question would recur, "How are we to be governed?" Let them go to any one of the public departments they pleased, and if they chanced to meet the head of it without his intelligent underling at his elbow to cram him, they would find him displaying an amount of gross ignorance, incompetence, and superciliousness about any given subject, which were actually eating into the very heart of the country, undermining its greatness, and would, if continued, be its ruin.

The following resolutions were put and unanimously carried; the first being moved by Mr. J. I. Travers, and the second by Mr. W. S. Lindsay, M.P.:—"The disasters to which the country has been subjected in the conduct of the present war, are attributable to the inefficient and practically irresponsible management of the various departments of the state, and urgently demand a thorough change in the administrative system." The second motion was to the effect, "That the true remedy for the system of maladministration which has caused so lamentable a sacrifice of labour, money, and human life, is to be sought in the introduction of enlarged experience and practical ability into the service of the state; that the exclusion from office of those who possess, in a high degree, the practical qualities necessary for the direction of affairs in a great commercial country, is a reflection



tion upon its intelligence and a betrayal of its interests; that, while we disclaim every desire of excluding the aristocratic classes from participation in the councils of the crown, we feel it to be our duty to protest against the pretensions of any section of the community to monopolise the functions of administration." Before the meeting separated, an association was formed for the promotion of ADMINISTRATIVE REFORM, and five-and-twenty gentlemen in the room at once put down their names for a subscription of a hundred pounds each in aid of its object. Thus was commenced an agitation which effected wholesome work, and which was, in effect, the sequel of the parliamentary inquiry concerning the condition of our troops at Sebastopol, and what had brought them into that condition. Administrative incompetence had brought down those evils upon the soldiers and the nation; administrative reform, therefore, seemed its natural and inevitable remedy. Another class of politicians considered, that to reform the executive merely, was but to treat a symptom while the seat of the disease remained untouched. *Parliamentary reform*, they contended, was the only certain remedy for the national wounds; and if that were effected, a better executive must inevitably follow.

A war medal had been prepared for presentation to the officers, non-commissioned officers, and privates, who had returned from the Crimea invalided or wounded. Her majesty, always ready in any way to alleviate the miseries, or reward the bravery of her troops, signified her intention of personally distributing the medals on the square of the Horse-Guards, on Friday, the 18th of May. In consequence of this, a general desire to witness the ceremony spread through all classes in the metropolis. Galleries were accordingly erected for the members of the houses of Lords and Commons, for the families of the officers participating in the ceremony, and for the families and friends of members of the government. In addition to these arrangements, a capacious balcony, projecting from the lower central windows of the Horse-Guards, and handsomely festooned with scarlet cloth, was constructed for the members of the royal family. Between nine and ten, the galleries, which were all covered with crimson cloth, were filled with a brilliant and fashionable assembly, attired in costumes of the gayest hues. The most

attractive part of the scene, however, was an assemblage on the parade, near the Horse-Guards, of some hundred officers of every rank and arm in the service, wearing the full uniform of their regiments, and decorated with all the stars, medals, ribands, crosses, and orders which had been bestowed upon them. Beyond the barriers, and at every point from which anything could be seen, a mass of human beings swayed backward and forward like a living undulating sea.

Four flank companies of the grenadier guards, two of the Coldstream guards, and two of the fusileer guards, marched upon the parade, with their bands, at nine o'clock, and took up the position they usually occupy upon royal birthdays. In the rear of the foot-guards were drawn up the non-commissioned officers and men who were to receive the medals, and also detachments, who witnessed the spectacle as representatives of the regiments in the Crimea. Shortly afterwards, the band of the royal marines marched through the Horse-Guards from Whitehall, followed by the officers and seamen of the royal navy, and the officers and men of the royal marines, who were to receive medals.

Her majesty, accompanied by Prince Albert, several members of the royal family, and a brilliant suite, entered the parade from Whitehall at eleven o'clock, amid the cheers of the multitude and the thunder of cannon. The Duke of Cambridge, who had the command of the parade, ordered the line of invalided and wounded soldiers forward, until it arrived at the distance of one hundred feet from the *dais*, when the word "halt" was given, and the queen stood face to face with her brave soldiers of the Crimea. The presence of royalty checked any strong expression of feeling, but a murmur of applause ran round the countless assemblage at the sight of the gallant and mutilated band who had poured out their blood like water in sustaining the honour of the country. The officers and soldiers then passed before the queen in single file, the band playing the coronation march from the *Prophète*. Each man, as he arrived at the left side of the *dais*, handed to Major-general Wetherall a card, containing his name and rank; and, if he had been wounded, at what battle the injury was sustained. These particulars were read out by the adjutant-general, for the information of the queen and court. The minister for

war then handed the medals successively to her majesty, who, with the sweetest grace and dignity, bestowed them upon the recipients. The Duke of Cambridge, Colonel Macdonald (his aide-de-camp), the Earl of Lucan, the Earl of Cardigan, General Scarlett, General Sir J. Burgoyne, and General Torrens, were among the first; after them followed the officers of minor rank, and the privates. "It is impossible," said a spectator, "to describe the mingled sensations of admiration and pity which went like an electric thrill through the vast multitude as they saw that line of heroes, whose gaunt and pallid forms, scarred features, and maimed and mutilated limbs, told alike the story of their bravery, and of their manly endurance of horrible and heart-rending suffering and privation. Many of those who hobbled upon crutches, or walked painfully with the assistance of a stick, wore upon their arms the emblems of mourning for some brother or near relative, now reposing on the hill-side at Balaklava, or in the hospital graveyard at Scutari. To every one of the wounded, whether soldiers or officers, her majesty said some kind word, or asked some gracious question. Many of the poor fellows were almost overcome by their emotion, and by the sweetness of her majesty's condescension; and many a moistened eye upon the royal *dais* bore witness to the intimate sympathy that exists between the palace and the camp. A few of the private soldiers appeared to lose their self-possession for a moment, on finding themselves thus brought into the very presence of the 'divinity that doth hedge a king;' but, for the most part, the brave fellows exhibited a simple gratitude and manly self-respect which did them infinite honour."

Three officers were wheeled past the queen in Bath chairs. The first of these was Sir Thomas Troubridge, who had lost both his feet in action. Her majesty leant over the chair of the maimed veteran as she gave him his medal, and at the same time bestowed on him the honour of being her aide-de-camp. Captain Sayer, of the 23rd fusiliers, and Captain Currie, of the 19th foot, were the other of these brave sufferers. As the highland regiments passed by their sovereign, the band played the "Blue Bells of Scotland" and "Whar hae ye bin a' day?" The noble, stalwart forms of these men attracted general notice. It was observed that, upon many faces, the lines of suffering yet remained;

and here and there might be seen traces of that resentful rigidity of face, and that fierce and sullen despair in their dark eyes, which those who saw them lying in their blankets in the hospital at Scutari have depicted with such graphic power. The royal navy and marines were the last to receive the medals; and of every seaman that had been wounded, the queen made such earnest and kind inquiries, as greatly delighted the rough honest tars. Some military evolutions concluded this interesting pageant; the royal carriages drove up, the band pealed forth "God save the Queen," and her majesty left the ground amid the cheers of the people. The non-commissioned officers, soldiers, sailors, and marines, in number about four hundred and fifty, then proceeded to the Queen's Riding-school, Pimlico, where a substantial repast had been prepared for them. During the dinner, her majesty, accompanied by her husband and the Prince of Wales, delighted them by a visit. Such acts of kindness and womanly sympathy for those who had suffered in the cause of their country, planted still deeper in the hearts of Englishmen the affection they entertained for their sovereign. "If," said a public journalist, in commenting upon this national ovation of a great people to its suffering heroes, "if the strains of martial music and the unwonted sunshine that surrounded the whole scene might impart a festive look scarcely in character with the wan cheeks, halting gait, and mutilated forms of the heroes of the day, there was the sobering thought that elsewhere the battle was still raging, the messengers of death were still flying, the lists of honour were still augmenting—other titles were being added to Alma, Balaklava, and Inkermann, and possibly triumph, possibly disaster, awarded at length to the gallant survivors of the long and fearful struggle."

While we are speaking of events that occurred at home in connexion with the war, we wish to make a passing allusion to a speech made by that brilliant, though strongly conservative historical writer, Sir Archibald Alison, on the 22nd of May, at the anniversary meeting of the Royal Literary Fund. The opinion of such a man (so profoundly versed in the study of modern history), as to the ultimate issue of the struggle distracting Europe, is extremely valuable. "With regard," he said, "to the military events that were now occur-

ring, and the various circumstances that were being enacted, he would venture to make one prophecy; and that was, that if England and France *remained united*, they would conquer in the struggle that was now going on. He said this from no light grounds. From the earliest dawn of history—anterior even to the times of feudality—one great war had prevailed in the world between the East and the West; and if they looked back to the progress of that war, they would see that Europe never failed to succeed when its powers remained united. When the Athenians and the Lacedonians remained united, they conquered; so also did England and France conquer the armies of Saladin so long as they remained attached to each other; and if England and France had remained united, and had not been dissevered by jealousies, they would have conquered Jerusalem, and the armies of the Turks would have been hurled back. The armies of Europe had always prevailed over the armies of Asia. The armies of freemen had always prevailed over the armies of slaves; and therefore was it that he prophesied that, if France and England maintained a firm union with each other, they must succeed in the contest in which they were now engaged. They all lamented the losses which they had sustained in this war. He had two sons engaged in the army under Lord Raglan; but great as was the loss of the British army, they knew, upon the highest authority, that the loss on the part of Russia had not been less than 240,000 men.* England not only possessed the moral power, but the physical power, also, to subdue her enemy; and all that was required was, that no difficulties or dangers should be allowed to be an obstacle in the way of that moral and physical power, until the barbaric tyranny against which they were contending was destroyed."

On the 18th of May, it was announced in Paris that General Canrobert had resigned the high post of commander-in-chief of the French army in the Crimea. On the 16th he had forwarded the following despatch to the emperor:—"My shattered health no longer allowing me to continue in the chief command, my duty towards my sovereign and my country compels me to ask you to transfer the command to General Pelissier, a skilful and experienced leader. The army which I leave with him is intact, hardened to war, full of ardour and confidence. I beseech the emperor to leave me a soldier's place, as commander of a simple division." On the same day the minister of war returned the following reply:—"The emperor accepts your resignation. He regrets that your health has suffered; he congratulates you upon the sentiment which makes you ask to remain with the army, where you shall have the command, not of a division, but of the corps of General Pelissier. Hand over the chief command to that general." It was very generally understood that this resignation and its acceptance had been pre-arranged, and that the reason assigned for it—that of ill-health—was a mere pretext. General Canrobert was an active, brave, honourable, and highly meritorious officer; but it was presumed that his military genius and power of enterprise were hardly equal to the extremely trying position in which he was placed. The self-denying spirit in which he tendered the resignation of a post he felt he could not fill to the highest advantage of his country, was extremely honourable to him.

General Pelissier, thus exalted to the chief command, was an older man than Canrobert. He was reported to be stern and vehement in character, possessed of fertility of invention and indomitable courage, and was regarded as one of the most emi-

* The venerable Marquis of Lansdowne, during a debate on the conduct of the war in the House of Lords on the 14th of May, made the following observations on the Russian losses; and it was to them that Sir Archibald Alison referred:—"In a great war, sufferings and losses must necessarily be inflicted, to a greater or less degree, on each party. Why, the noble earl (the Earl of Derby) himself announced that this would be a great, formidable, and difficult war, and that it would be attended with great sacrifices. If it has been, at least it affords us a melancholy satisfaction that the loss, and destruction, and misery inflicted on the Russians have been threefold that inflicted on the whole army of the allies. The noble earl has some idea, perhaps, of

the extent to which that loss has gone; that, if our troops have suffered from want of clothing, of habitations, of the means of transport, the Russians have suffered ten times more; but I should astonish your lordships by stating what the amount of that loss to the enemy has been. I have here a statement, as to which I can mention no names, but which is one made on the very highest authority; and from this it appears that a few days before the death of the Emperor Nicholas, a return was made up, stating that 170,000 Russians had died; and according to a supplementary return, furnished some days later, 70,000 were added to the list; making a total loss of 240,000 men!" This terrible statement created, at the time, a profound sensation.

nent of the French officers who had served in the African wars, which he carried on with more than ordinary cruelty against the Arab tribes. In short, he was a rough soldier, careless about courtesies, and imbued with the ideas natural to a man familiar with camp life in the African deserts. He did not form part of the French army that landed on the shores of the Crimea on the 14th of September, 1854, but had joined it during the following winter, and since that period had been in command of one of the principal French corps engaged in the siege. The appointment of General Pelissier to the chief command was understood as an indication that proceedings of a more vigorous and decided character were in contemplation. All eyes had hitherto been turned to him; and it is said that he was, in reality, the general of the army even before his appointment.

"With respect to General Canrobert," said a writer from Paris, "the information since received, fully confirms the opinion I have expressed. His retirement from the command-in-chief had become indispensable. His methodical and prudent character was not in harmony with the state of the army. The army had become impatient, and he possessed the contrary virtue, perhaps, to excess; it attributed every fault to its chief, and the general had become the object of its suspicion, and even of its dislike. Everything that went wrong was attributed to him; he was blamed for what was done and for what was left undone. His prudence was called weakness; he was accused of incapacity, if not of worse; he began to lose his authority, and his presence at the head of his army would have soon endangered its chance of success, and destroyed what yet remained of the spirit of discipline. There was, perhaps, some exaggeration in all this; but, right or wrong, such was the feeling. In the same degree that the French army was dissatisfied with its general-in-chief, it is proud and happy in its new commander, and his presence has revived its spirit and its confidence. He is endeared to them by his good qualities; and even his defects are in accordance with the present disposition of the troops, and the passions which agitate them. If General Canrobert is hesitating and over-prudent, General Pelissier knows not what doubt or hesitation means; he is intrepid, bold, and audacious. He is of a character that brooks no delay, recoils at no

obstacle; the slowness of the siege does not suit his fiery temper; and it is a matter of indifference to him what men are lost in a *coup-de-main*, provided it succeeds. As he is as regardless of his own life as of that of others, and as he is always, by day and by night, as foremost in danger as a young sub-lieutenant who longs for the cross of honour and for promotion, no one thinks it extraordinary, or deserving of blame, that he is as reckless of others as he is of his own person. These are the qualities which distinguish him and make him popular. He is as great a favourite with the army as his predecessor was the contrary; and as it is, in point of fact, the army which removed General Canrobert, so it is the army which named General Pelissier. The emperor could no more have given it to any other chief than he could have continued General Canrobert in the command. General Pelissier has won the admiration of the men by his incomparable bravery, his intelligence, and determination. Whatever has been done by the French worthy of notice since the days of Alma and Inkermann, is due to him; it is he who has ever taken the initiative, and who has acted sometimes in spite of the order of General Canrobert."

It had for some time been a matter of surprise to reflective politicians, why the united squadrons maintained by France and England in the Black Sea (which, as the Russian ships would not come out of Sebastopol and fight them, had but little to do), did not pay a visit to the straits of Kertch, and penetrate into the Sea of Azoff. It seemed as if, from a mistaken generosity on the part of our ministry, or from a secret desire to spare Russia (a motive which, in some quarters, Lord Palmerston was strongly suspected of entertaining), the allies had proceeded against the most formidable points of the Russian empire, and spared the weakest. At length proceedings were taken to remedy this oversight, or cancel this suspicious forbearance. On the 3rd of May, about forty vessels, with a division of the allied armies, amounting to nearly 12,000 men, put out to sea, and proceeded in a north-easterly direction along the coast until it reached the straits of Kertch. Just as it arrived at the point of its destination, an express steamer approached with orders from General Canrobert that it should immediately return! These orders were sent by the French general in consequence of a communication from Paris, which rendered

it incumbent on him to concentrate the forces under his command in the Chersonese. The news of the expedition had been received with enthusiasm in both camps, and the mortification of admirals Bruat and Lyons, shared in by all their officers and men, is scarcely to be expressed. The orders, however, were unmistakable and imperative; and, with feelings of the bitterest disappointment, the expedition returned, and arrived back at Kamiesch Bay on the 8th of May. In explanation of this strange command, which, by recalling the allied squadron, gave the Russians time to prepare for the meditated attack, it is suggested that the Emperor Napoleon was unaware that the expedition had actually sailed, and was close to the place where it was to act, at the time his orders were dispatched. Some persons attributed the recall to a fit of indecision on the part of General Canrobert; but that was probably an unjust surmise. Canrobert may have been without the military genius requisite for a great chieftain, but he was a brave soldier. Whatever was the cause of this command, it was productive of extreme irritation: murmurs arose on every side; and even private soldiers asked if it was possible that people had the imprudence to direct from London or Paris the operations of a campaign so difficult and complicated.

The disappointment of the troops was to some extent alleviated by preparations being shortly afterwards made for a renewal of the expedition. On the 23rd of May it again sailed; the English contingent of the military being under the command of Sir George Brown, as on the first occasion. The troops consisted of 10,000 French, 5,000 Turks, and 3,500 English. The allied fleet consisted of thirty-three English vessels and a French squadron of almost equal power. Some of the newly-arrived Sardinian troops also accompanied the expedition, which included altogether about 20,000 troops. All the men were in the highest spirits; no one doubted the success of the expedition; and great anxiety was shown in either camp to be permitted to join it.

The morning of starting was beautiful, the sea calm and smooth. The voyage was accomplished quickly, and without any incidents that call for remark. At early dawn on the 24th, the birthday of her majesty, the allied fleets assembled off the straits of Kertch. The troops were landed on the beach between the Salt Lake, north of Cape

Kamiesch-Bournou, and the cliff of Ambalaki, under cover of the guns of the steam-frigates. Their expectations of winning distinction in an encounter with the enemy were, however, disappointed; for the Russian troops fled, previously blowing up their fortifications and magazines on both sides the straits. Several tremendous explosions, accompanied by enormous quantities of earth which were hurled into the air, and by huge pillars of white smoke, followed at brief intervals, and seemed by their violence to shake both sea and sky. The Russians could then be seen retreating, some over the hills behind Kertch, others towards Yenikale, an important town about five and a-half miles distant. The business was singularly sudden and rapid; Kertch was in the hands of the allies, and not a man had fallen; while the same day Yenikale also surrendered without a blow. One incident alone diversified the placid course of this easy victory. A Russian steamer ran out of the bay of Kertch, and endeavoured to escape by making for the straits of Yenikale. Lieutenant McKillop, in his gun-boat the *Snake*, dashed after it across the shallows, and just as she passed the Cape, two Russian merchantmen slipped out and made towards Yenikale also. The first vessel, supposed to contain treasure, escaped; the other two were destroyed.

The evening of this successful day is thus described by the almost ubiquitous Mr. Russell, who had contrived to accompany the expedition:—"Dark pillars of smoke, tinged at the base with flame, began to shoot up all over the hill-sides. Some of them rose from the government houses and stores of Ambalaki, where we landed; others from isolated houses further inland; others from stores, which the retreating Russians must have destroyed in their flight. Constant explosions shook the air, and single guns sounded here and there continuously throughout the night. Here a ship lay blazing on the sandbank on the left; a farmhouse in flames lighted up the sky on the right, and obscured the pale moon with volumes of inky smoke. All the troops whose services were required were landed at Ambalaki before dusk, and bivouacked on the ridge about it. Each of our men landed with two days' provisions, but without rum; some of them carried their tents. A small body of Russian cavalry, with two guns, made a *reconnaissance* of them, from a considerable distance, before nightfall, but did not attempt to interfere with their proceed-

ings, and the men set to work to enjoy themselves in Ambalaki and its neighbourhood as well as they could. The French had, however, nearly all the fun to themselves, and our men, as they came down for water to the brackish springs by the sea-shore, grumbled audibly at the precautions which seemed taken for the express purpose of securing everything for the French and Turks. The bulk of the inhabitants had fled, but a few Tartars gave themselves up and received protection. A respectable Russian family, in a very comfortable house a little way from the sea, seemed inclined to follow the same course at first, but, terrified probably by the fires around them, they left before night set in. The enemy did not show in our neighbourhood, and it was reported that all their troops had abandoned both Kertch and Yenikale, and had marched towards the interior. Our cavalry pickets and videttes were not, I believe, disturbed till morning, nor could they see anything of the enemy, who had evidently been greatly disheartened, and had retreated with much precipitation. As there was nothing to be done at sea, the ships being brought to anchor far south of the scene of action with the gun-boats, which still continued, it was resolved to land at the nearest spot, which was about one mile and a-half or two miles from Pavlovskaya battery. A row of half a mile brought us from our anchorage, where the ship lay, in three fathoms, to a beautiful shelving beach, which was exposed, however, only for a few yards, as the rich sward grew close to the brink of the tideless sea. The water at the shore, unaffected by the current, was clear, and it was evident that it abounded in fish. The land rose abruptly, at the distance of 200 yards from the beach, to a ridge parallel to the line of the sea about one hundred feet in height, and the interval between the shore and the ridge was dotted with houses, in patches here and there, through which the French were already running riot, breaking in doors, pursuing hens, smashing windows—in fact, ‘plundering,’ in which they were assisted by all our men who could get away. Towards the Salt Lake some large houses were already in flames, and storehouses were blazing fiercely in the last throes of fire. On the ridge above us the figures of the French and English soldiers, moving about against the horizon, stood sharply out, lighted up by the rays of the setting sun. The highlanders, in little parties, sought about for water, or

took a stray peep after a ‘bit keepsake’ in the houses on their way to the wells, but the French were always before them, and great was the grumbling at the comparative licence allowed to our allies. The houses were clean outside and in—whitewashed neatly, and provided with small well-glazed windows, which were barely adequate, however, to light up the two rooms of which each dwelling consisted, but the heavy sour smell inside was most oppressive and disagreeable; it seemed to proceed from the bags of black bread and vessels of fish-oil which were found in every cabin. Each dwelling had outhouses, stables for cattle, pens, bakeries, and rude agricultural implements outside. The ploughs were admirably described by Virgil, and a reference to *Adams’s Antiquities* will save me a world of trouble in satisfying the curiosity of the farming interest at home. The furniture was all smashed to pieces; the hens and ducks, captives to the bow and spear of the Gaul, were cackling and quacking piteously as they were carried off in bundles from their homes by Zouaves and chasseurs. Every house we entered was ransacked, and every cupboard had a pair of red breeches sticking out of it, and a blue coat inside of it. Vessels of stinking oil, bags of sour bread, casks of flour or ham, wretched clothing, old boots, beds ripped up for treasure, the hideous pictures of saints on paneling or paper which adorn every cottage, with lamps suspended before them, were lying on the floors. Droles dressed themselves in faded pieces of calico dresses or aged finery lying hid in old drawers, and danced about the gardens. One house, which had been occupied as a guardhouse, and was marked on a board over the door ‘No. 7 Kardone,’ was a scene of especial confusion. Its inmates had evidently fled in great disorder, for their great-coats and uniform jackets still lay on the floors, and bags of the black bread filled every corner, as well as an incredible quantity of old boots. A French soldier, who, in his indignation at not finding anything of value, had with great wrath devastated the scanty and nasty-looking furniture, was informing his comrades outside of the atrocities which had been committed, and added, with the most amusing air of virtue in the world, ‘*Ah, Messieurs, Messieurs! ces brigands, ils ont volé tout!*’ No doubt he had settled honourably with the proprietor of a large bundle of living poultry which hung panting over

his shoulders, and which were offered to us on very reasonable terms. Notwithstanding the great richness of the land, little had been done by man to avail himself of its productiveness. I never in my life saw such quantities of weeds or productions of such inexorable ferocity towards pantaloons, or such eccentric flowers of huge dimensions, as the ground outside these cottages bore. The inhabitants were evidently graziers rather than agriculturists. Around every house were piles of a substance like peat, which is made, we were informed, from the dung of cattle, and is used as fuel. The cattle, however, had been all driven away. None were taken that I saw, though the quantity which fed in the fields around must have been very great. Poultry and ducks were, however, captured in abundance, and a party of chasseurs, who had taken a huge wild-looking boar, were in high delight at their fortune, and soon dispatched and cut him up into junks with their swords. There were some thirty or forty houses scattered about the ridge, but all were pretty much alike. The smell was equally disagreeable in all, in spite of whitewash, and we were glad to return from a place which a soldier of the 71st said 'A Glasgae beggar wad na tak a gift o'.'

Fifty new guns, of heavy calibre, from the blown-up Russian forts, fell into the hands of the allies, and this number was soon increased to more than one hundred. The Russians also destroyed three steamers and several other heavily-armed vessels, as well as large quantities of ammunition, provisions, and stores. A part of the military hospital of the town was preserved. That establishment consisted of three buildings connected with each other; two of which were destroyed by the explosion of the batteries. In the hospital thirty Russians were found, nearly all of whom had been wounded at Sebastopol. The enemy fired the magazines close at hand without the slightest regard for these poor creatures. The peninsula had great resources in forage and cattle; and the general commanding the French troops captured 250 oxen and as many sheep, the former of which he distributed between the French and English squadrons. The town of Kertch was at first spared, the only injury inflicted on it being the destruction of a large granary by the Russians, and of the demolition of a foundry by the allies. In this place, which was furnished with new and extensive ma-

chinery, and belonged to an Englishman who was seized, shot, shell, and Minié balls were manufactured. The inhabitants of Kertch offered bread and salt as tokens of submission, and remained in their houses unmolested by the allies. They were mostly well-dressed and respectable, resembling in appearance the inhabitants of a Belgian or German town. Seven small steamers, used for government purposes, were in the port. Three of them were run aground and burnt by the enemy, to save them from falling into the hands of the allies. The other four fled and escaped into the Sea of Azoff, by which they delayed but did not escape their fate. "Had this expedition," said Admiral Lyons, in his despatch, "been deferred but a short time longer, there would have been many and great difficulties to overcome; for the enemy was actively employed in strengthening the sea defences, and in replacing the sunken vessels which had been carried away by the current during the winter months. Of the forty vessels sunk last year some still remain, and a French steamer touched upon one of them yesterday. It appears that the enemy did not succeed in destroying the coals, either at Kertch or Yenikale; so that about 17,000 tons remain, which will be available for our steamers."

The despatch of the French admiral is so clear and free from technicalities, that we will give the whole of it:—

On board the *Montebello*,

Before Kertch, May 26th.

Monsieur le Ministre,—As I had the honour to inform you by my telegraphic despatches of the 22nd and 25th of May, a new expedition to Kertch was resolved upon on the 20th.

The embarkation commenced on the evening of the 21st; the expedition sailed on the 23rd; it landed on the 24th at Kamiesch-Bournou; and on the 25th occupied Yenikale, having passed Kertch, and taken possession of the batteries situated in the vicinity of Ak-Bournou.

On the 25th, Admiral Lyons and myself entered the Sea of Azoff, whence we sent a squadron to Berdiansk and Arabat. It left during the night, and consisted of four French steamers, and ten English steamers, some of which are gun-boats.

The complete success of this expedition, where our troops, led with great decision by general Autemarre, displayed their usual ardour, is also due to the rapidity of its

execution. In this respect I must acquaint your excellency how complete and cordial, under all circumstances, the co-operation of Admiral Lyons has been.

On the very day we cast anchor, the landing of the French troops commenced in order under the direction of Captain Jurien de la Gravière, of the navy, the chief of my staff.

Having assured myself of the promptitude with which the landing of the troops was being effected, I hoisted my flag on board the *Laplace* and proceeded to reconnoitre the batteries of Cape Ak-Bournou, the powder-magazine of which the Russians had already blown up. Perceiving they would be turned, the enemy lost no time in blowing up the others, and evacuating their positions.

Shortly afterwards, an English gun-boat, of a light draught of water, made for Yenikale, to cut out a Russian steamer which had left Kertch, and was trying to gain the Sea of Azoff. A sharp encounter soon commenced between the two vessels, in which the batteries of Yenikale took part. I ordered the *Fulton* to hasten to the aid of the gun-boat, which arrived with all speed at the scene of combat, and had to withstand a very heavy fire. I ordered the *Megère* to support her, and Admiral Lyons on his part also ordered succour to be given to the gun-boat. Nevertheless the enemy's steamer, which we knew had the treasury of Kertch on board, escaped, leaving in our hands two barges containing precious objects and a portion of the military and civil archives. But the confusion of the Russians, attacked unexpectedly by land and sea, became so great that they soon relinquished all thoughts of further resistance, and did not even take care to remove the wounded from Sebastopol, who were in the hospital of the citadel. In the course of the day they had set fire to considerable storehouses they possessed at Kertch. Finally, before evacuating Yenikale, they blew up a powder-magazine, containing about 30,000 kilogrammes of powder; the shock was so great that many houses were destroyed, and vessels anchored ten miles out at sea felt it severely.

To sum up, the enemy has lost up to the present — 160,000 sacks of oats; 360,000 sacks of corn; 100,000 sacks of flour.

A carriage factory and a foundry were burnt down; three steamers, one of which was a war steamer, were sunk by the Russians themselves. Some thirty transport

ships were destroyed and at least as many taken. In the different explosions, about 100,000 kilogrammes of powder were destroyed. A great store of shells and cannon-balls no longer exists.

I shall send your excellency later a statement of the condition of the guns which have fallen into our hands. They are sixty or eighty in number. These guns are highly finished, and of large calibre.

I am, &c.,

BRUAT, Vice-admiral,

Commander-in-chief of the Mediterranean squadron.

The little picturesque seaport town of Kertch is described as having rather a grand appearance, and even resembling Naples on a small scale. It has a good harbour, was the quarantine station for the Sea of Azoff, and exported salt, corn, hides, and other commodities. A light and pleasing sketch of it, in connection with the expedition, is contained in the following letter from a French officer who accompanied it:—"At the eastern extremity of the Crimea, between the Black Sea and the Sea of Azoff, at the point where Europe ends, rises the handsome little town of Kertch, with its 10,000 inhabitants, under a burning sun, but in the centre of the most enchanting country imaginable. Yesterday, the 25th, we traversed this delightful district, to the sound of drums and with matches lighted. We nowhere met a single Russian or a Cossack, but we were met in the most friendly manner by a charming population. This was the first time, during the whole year, that I had seen women and children. It was not, I can assure you, an uninteresting spectacle for eyes accustomed so long to the sunburnt faces of soldiers bearing the harsh stamp of war, privation, and the inclemency of seasons. After marching through the town, we entered the port commanding the straits without striking a blow. The Russians abandoned their fifty guns of the heaviest calibre and some ammunition. This was, no doubt, through forgetfulness; for the moment we came in sight they blew up at least ten powder-magazines. The expeditionary corps, consisting of about 12,000 English, French, and Turks, encamped all round the citadel, which had been evacuated by the enemy. We are going to intrench ourselves strongly, and if the Russians leave us quiet during only four days, our position will be impregnable. From this place we command both

seas, and our flotilla will ferret out and give a good account of the resources with which the city of Sebastopol was so liberally supplied. Our soldiers are in the highest spirits. After having been so cruelly tried on the dreary plateau of the Chersonese, there is now no end to their jesting and singing. You may imagine that the men who contrived to live and install themselves in the arid ravines of Sebastopol, have turned to account all these blessings of Providence. They look upon themselves as real Sardanapaluses. They have water, verdure, wood, and shade at discretion, and close at hand. They are literally enchanted with their new situation. Then there is an end to trenches and *entonnoirs*, in which they were exposed at every moment to be killed by cannon-balls, grapeshot, or, what is still worse, by the explosion of mines. Here, no doubt, fatigue and danger will not be wanting, but we now indulge in sweet repose. The rolling of the waves and the rustling of leaves have succeeded to the wearisome roaring of artillery, and, instead of the fetid emanations of the camp, we have the perfumed breezes of the hills of Kertch, which is our Capua."

The result of this bloodless triumph was highly important. It proved that the resources of Russia were overtaken; that that great power was compelled to leave a vulnerable point undefended for lack of means. But that was not all: the Russian merchantmen had taken refuge in the Sea of Azoff; and that inland lake, together with all the towns upon its coasts, and the vessels on its waters, were all at the mercy of the allies. Another, and still more important result, was that the garrison of Sebastopol was thus deprived of a communication through which, it is presumed, it derived a large part of its supplies. Blows of this nature are far more injurious than those dealt by shot or steel. A letter by Admiral Lyons remarked that, shortly before the arrival of the allies, the enemy had commenced sending towards Sebastopol daily convoys of about 15,000 waggons, each containing half a ton weight of grain or flour. General Pelissier observed, that the allies had struck a severe blow against the resources of the Russians and their means of provisioning.

Sir George Brown reached Yenikale on the 25th. Resistance here was scarcely to be anticipated after the fall of Kertch. At this place the inhabitants fled, and it was found impossible altogether to restrain the

troops. Yenikale was set on fire in two places during the day, and considerable exertion was requisite to subdue the flames and prevent its destruction. The houses were broken open, the furniture smashed, and everything of any value carried off by the troops and sailors. The French Zouaves, accustomed to the license of African warfare, were the most active in this respect. Enormous quantities of bedding, clothes, rude furniture, and household chattels were carried off. Certain historical recollections give the French a feeling of bitterness towards the Russians, which added a zest to the work of plunder.

On the 26th of May, the day following that on which Kertch was taken, ten English vessels, under Captain E. M. Lyons (son of the admiral of that name), and four French steamers, under Captain de Sédaines, crossed the straits, entered the Sea of Azoff, and steered for Arabat and Taganrog. The rapidity of their proceedings, and their destructive character, must have struck the Russians with astonishment and terror. Merchant vessels were chased and destroyed in every direction. Four war-steamers, which had escaped from Kertch, were found run on shore, abandoned, and burnt to the water's edge; from one of them an 8-inch 62-cwt. gun was recovered. Enormous quantities of government stores were destroyed, including corn to the estimated value of £50,000. The town of Berdiansk was first visited, where the allies burnt some coasting vessels and considerable stores of grain. On the morning of the 28th, the squadron arrived off Arabat, the *Swallow* and *Wrangler* having been detached to Genitchi to command the entrance of the Putrid Sea, and the *Curlew* to cruise between Krivaia and Sand Island; and thus prevent vessels escaping by getting up the river Don. The fort of Arabat, which mounted thirty guns, engaged the squadron for an hour and a-half, when its magazine was blown up by a shell. It is presumed that the Russians lost many men, but the allies had but one man wounded. They were, however, unable to follow up this advantage, for the large garrison at Arabat rendered any attempt at landing extremely imprudent. During the three days the allied squadron remained in the Sea of Azoff, it destroyed upwards of one hundred merchant vessels, most of which were laden with provisions for the Russian army in the Crimea.

On the 28th, also, five Russian vessels,

laden with corn, ran into Kertch harbour, in ignorance that the place was in the possession of the allies. They were, of course, immediately captured.

At Arabat, Captain Lyons separated from the French part of the squadron, and proceeded with the English ships to Genitchi. Having arrived there shortly after dark in the evening, Commander Crauford was sent the next morning, with a flag of truce, to demand the immediate surrender of a number of vessels which had passed the straits, and were moored in a protected position by the low cliffs on which the town is built. Coupled with this demand was another for the surrender of the immense corn stores for the supply of the army in the Crimea, and of all government property of every description. If these were complied with, it was added, the town would be spared, and private property respected; if not, the inhabitants were desired at once to leave the place. Captain Crauford was met by an officer of rank, who refused to accede to these terms, and said that any attempt to land or destroy the vessels would be resisted. The Russians had six field-pieces in position, and about 200 men with them; while a battalion of infantry, besides Cossacks, were drawn up behind the town, and could be seen from the mast-heads of our ships.

Captain Lyons allowed until nine o'clock for a reconsideration, and as he received no further answer, he then hauled down the flag of truce, and placed his steamers as near to the town as the shallowness of the water would admit. Having, by a well-directed fire of shells, driven away the artillery and infantry of the enemy, Captain Lyons sent the ships' boats, under the command of Lieutenant J. F. Mackenzie, who succeeded in setting fire to the corn stores, and the vessels, seventy-three in number. The awe-struck enemy stood aloof; the fire was applied to ship after ship without opposition, and the boats returned without accident. The squadron remained to watch the progress of destruction, while the Russians also looked on, and beheld an insult to their shores, and a destruction of their property, which they were too feeble either to prevent or avenge. After the flames had been roaring and crackling for about two hours, the wind shifted and blew away the devouring element from some of the corn stores which had not yet ignited. Conceiving the destruction of the corn, as well as some

more distant vessels, which occupied so favourable a position for supplying the Russian armies in the Crimea, to be of the utmost importance, Captain Lyons resolved to send the boats again to the shore to complete the work of destruction. As the enemy had had time to make preparations, this was an enterprise of considerable hazard. In this position, lieutenants Buckley and Burgoyne, with Mr. John Roberts, gunner, volunteered to land alone, and fire the remaining stores. This daring offer was accepted, and most gallantly performed. The party narrowly escaped being cut off from their boat by the Cossacks, but they resolutely pushed on and burnt the remaining vessels, though the Russians opened a fire from four field guns and musketry placed almost within point-blank range of the boats. The task being accomplished, these brave men returned, only one of them being wounded. "Since the squadron entered the Sea of Azoff," said Captain Lyons, in his despatch relative to this proceeding, "four days ago, the enemy has lost four steamers of war, 246 merchant vessels, also corn and flour magazines, to the value of at least £150,000." In a later despatch, Captain Lyons estimated the quantity of corn destroyed as comprising nearly four months' rations for an army of 100,000 men.

It was stated as a reason why an expedition which produced such rapid and brilliant results had not been proceeded with at an earlier period, that the necessary soundings had not been taken. These, it is said, were obtained in a curious manner, and in one which, if true, shows that the Russians, astute as they are, may sometimes be taken in. A British naval officer had captured a vessel which had on board a private carriage belonging to the governor of Kertch. Thinking he might turn this circumstance to account, he sent a polite message to the governor, stating that the English cruiser was unwilling to deprive him of his private property, and would have great pleasure in restoring the carriage to its former owner. The offer was accepted, and the ship's boats entered the bay of Kertch, with the vehicle on board, sounding as they went. By this means it was ascertained that there was a passage for the small steamers to within a short distance of the coast; and the governor's carriage made a track for the British fleet.

Let us now say a few words concerning the Sea of Azoff, on the turbid waters of

which a hostile flag had probably never before floated. A reference to the excellent maps of the "Black Sea" and the "Crimea," which accompany this history, will at once show its position more briefly and more accurately than words can do. The Sea of Azoff is ninety miles in length from the straits of Kertch to the entrance of the gulf of the Don; the gulf itself is seventy-six miles: making a total of 166. The extreme width of the sea is 142 miles. Its eastern shore is inhabited by the Cossacks of the Black Sea. Much of it is low, often sandy, and intersected by lagunes and marshes. It has numerous sandbanks, particularly in the gulf of the Don. The Tonka, or Tongue of Arabat, a curiously elongated peninsula, or mere strip of low land, forms the western side of the sea, and separates it from the Sivash (the Sea of Mud, or Putrid Sea), an immense lagune, into which some rivers of the Crimea empty themselves. This is considered impracticable for the entrance of vessels. According to some travellers, miasma and foul vapours rise from this sea, which is warm even to its slimy bottom. Others affirm that the air in its vicinity is salubrious. However that may be, a quantity of salt is gathered during the summer on its shores, and on the banks of its numerous lakes. This is transported by caravans in all directions, even to the centre of the empire, and forms an important source of revenue to the Russian government. In 1854, the greatest depth of the Sea of Azoff was forty-four feet. Since the commencement of the last century, its depth has been gradually diminishing in an accelerated ratio. Its sandbanks, also, are increasing in extent, and it is supposed to be slowly drying up. The water is thick and turbid, and the bottom mud and slime, with a mixture of shells, mostly black, though reddish towards the eastern coast. The chief tributary to the Sea of Azoff is the Don, which freshens it so much, that even at twenty miles to the west of Taganrog, it is drinkable. The navigation is only open from the end of May to October; after that period it is usually frozen over.

We mentioned that the town and inhabitants of Kertch were respected, and that no injury was done, except to government property. This commendable forbearance was of brief duration. When the Russian troops abandoned Kertch on the landing of the allies, many of the wealthier inhabitants

went with them, leaving their property behind, and their houses closed and fastened up. These deserted places were an irresistible temptation to the troops. The crews of some merchant vessels were the first to break into some of the houses, pilage such things as they could carry away, and smash the heavier furniture to atoms. Some Turkish soldiers even perpetrated shocking crimes, adding violation and murder to pillage. In this they were joined by the native Tartars, who had apparently some scores of vengeance to settle with the fugitive Russians. The French patrols endeavoured to preserve order, but did not succeed until they had killed or wounded several Turks and Tartars. Some were killed while in the act of committing frightful outrages: one ruffian was shot as he came down the street waving a sword wet with the blood of a poor child whom he had hacked to pieces. Some of the French soldiers were disposed to cruel excesses; but at length, respect for the lives of the townspeople was established.

On a hill, at the back of the town of Kertch, stand two buildings, one of which, built after the model of the Parthenon, and though of modern date, incorporating some of the pillars of an ancient temple, was used as a museum. It contained a collection of cinerary urns, antique relics collected amid the ruins of the ancient Bosphor, of statuary, and of the contents of the graves of this classic region. This building was broken into, and its contents given over to destruction. "It is impossible," said the vivacious Mr. Russell, "to convey an idea of the scene within this place. The museum consisted of a single large room, with glass cases along the walls, and niches for statuary, and rows of stands parallel to them, which once held the smaller antiquities. At the end opposite the door, a large ledge, about thirty feet from the ground, ran from side to side, and supported a great number of cinerary urns, most probably dug out of the tumuli which abound in the neighbourhood. It was reached by a winding staircase through one of the pillars at the end of the room. One might well wonder how the fury of a few men could effect such a prodigious amount of ruin in so short a time. The floor of the museum is covered, for several inches in depth, with the *debris* of broken glass, of vases, urns, statuary, the precious dust of their contents, and charred bits of wood

and bone, mingled with the fresh splinters of the shelves, desks, and cases in which they had been preserved. Not a single bit of anything that could be broken or burnt any smaller had been exempt from reduction by hammer or fire. The cases and shelves had been torn from the walls; the glass was smashed to atoms; and the statues pounded to pieces. On ascending to the ledge on which the cinerary urns had been placed, the ruin was nearly as complete. A large dog lay crouching in fear among the remnants of the vases, and howled dismally at the footsteps of a stranger. The burnt bones which the vases contained, were scattered about, mixed with dust and ashes, on the floor; and there was scarcely an urn or earthen vessel of any kind unbroken. Here and there a slice of marble, on which were traced one or two Greek letters, could be discovered, and the slabs and pieces of statuary outside the building were generally too large and too massive to admit of their being readily broken; but, on the whole, the work of destruction was complete, and its only parallel could be found within some of the finest houses in the town, such as that of the governor, where the ruin was equally indiscriminate and universal." Mr. Russell mourns all this destruction very pathetically; but we are convinced that war carried on in a spirit of polite forbearance can never be very effective. Cruelty to the helpless rouses our horror and indignation; but we can learn, with very placid feelings, of the destruction of rare objects on which the enemy sets a high value. We have before said, that war should be appalling in its effects, that it may be brief in its operations; it should sweep over a land as the destroying angel passed over Egypt, smiting so remorselessly that men should instantly turn, with longing eyes, towards peace. If we must resort to so awful an agency as war, let us make it too unendurable to last for long, and let it leave such sad reflections in the minds of men, that they will not speedily resort to it again. A war carried on in a spirit of politeness, with a delicate regard for etiquette and a respect for antiquities, is a mistake, for it will not win the desired result; and a cruelty, for it is certain to become tediously protracted.

The furniture in the house of the governor of Kertch was torn or beaten to pieces. Empty bottles lay in disorder among fragments of sofas, chairs, tables, and looking

glasses. Papers, picture-frames, and feathers from ripped beds and pillows, strewed the floor in wild disorder. The government buildings were levelled. The dock-yard was left a ruin, the stores being destroyed or taken away. Guns were hurled into the sea; platforms torn up; shells were exploded, or carried out to sea and sunk; and parties of boats were sent in all directions to secure or burn prizes, and to set fire to the Russian storehouses and huts on the sandbanks. Ultimately, nearly each house of good condition was plundered and injured. The doors and windows were smashed in, and all the smaller articles of any value carried away. All the military and civil archives of Kertch, since 1824, were discovered in a boat towed by the steamer which the English gun-boat *Snake* had chased. In that boat it is supposed that the public chest of the town, containing several million of roubles, was carried off.

On his return to the town, Mr. Russell visited the hospital, which had of course been spared from the ruin that had fallen on most of the other public buildings. It was large, well-built, clean, and ventilated. As he and his companions entered, some women who had been standing at the gate retreated from before the invaders, and an old soldier came forward and uttered the word "hospital," which he had wisely learned as a protection for himself and the inmates. On intimating a desire that they wished to see the place, he led them over it. In the first ward were five wounded Russians, and one drunken Englishman. Two of the Russians had been blown up when the magazines exploded, and the heads and hands of the poor creatures were covered with linen bandages, through which holes were cut for the eyes and mouth. Their scorched eyes rolled heavily upon the visitors with a kind of listless curiosity, but they gave no outward indication of their sufferings. The other men had been shot in various parts of the body. The next ward contained some gunners, who also had been burnt and injured, in consequence of the precipitate manner in which their countrymen had blown up the batteries previously to taking flight. In another room a fine soldierly-looking man lay on the only bed it contained, while a young girl sat by his bedside fanning his face, and chasing away the gnats and flies which buzzed around him. She seemed alarmed at the presence

of the strangers; and, as a number of sailors came laughing and shouting up the passage at the same time, they shut the door of the room to reassure her. The wounded officer seemed grateful for the courtesy, and bowed his thanks.

In the evening nearly fifty wounded Russians, collected from various places along the coast, were brought from Yenikale, and subsequently sent to the hospital. The Tartars and Jews of the town looked at the sufferers, but evinced no compassion for them. An act of good-feeling and natural politeness, on the part of a French soldier, quite astonished them. A wounded Russian, who was being carried past in a half-unconscious state, smiled feebly as he caught sight of the Frenchman. The latter at once removed his cap, made a bow to the "brave," and remained uncovered until the latter had been carried some yards beyond him.

In the desolate town, consisting at length of long lines of walls, which were once the fronts of storehouses, magazines, mansions, and palaces, there was not an edifice untouched save one. "This," said Mr. Russell, whose characteristic little sketch cannot be referred to without quotation, "is a fine stone house, with a grand semicircular front, ornamented with rich entablatures and a few Grecian pillars. The windows permit one to see massive mirrors, and the framework of pictures, and the glitter of brass-work. Inside the open door, an old man, in an arm-chair, receives everybody. How deferential he is! how he bows! how graceful, deprecatory, and soothing the modulation of his trunk and arms! But these are nothing to his smile. His face seems a kind of laughing clock, wound up to act for so many hours. When the machinery is feeble, towards evening, the laugh degenerates into a grin; but he has managed with nods, and smiles, and a little bad German and French, which enable him to inform all comers that this house is specially under English and French protection, to save it from plunder. The house belongs, *on dit*, to Prince Woronzoff, and the guardian is an aged servitor of the prince, who, being paralytic, was left behind; and has done good service in his arm-chair. Prince Woronzoff's house is said to be under the protection of the English and French. Was it protected because he was a prince, or merely because he is supposed to be friendly to Englishmen, and is known to be connected with some English families?"

The allied squadron in the Sea of Azoff, having destroyed the stores of Genitchi, sailed, on the 30th of May, to the gulf of the Don, and on the 3rd of June, anchored in Taganrog-roads. Having reconnoitred the town, Captain Lyons was reinforced by the admiral, with the *Sulina*, *Danube*, and *Medina*, and twelve armed launches of the line-of-battle ships. These would only have embarrassed the squadron in its previous rapid movements in deep waters, but were necessary for operations in the shallows of the gulf. Taganrog is a maritime town of some importance, but it has been eclipsed by the greater prosperity of Kertch. Its buildings are large and handsome, built of white stone, and roofed with iron. Several handsome domes of large churches could be seen from the ships, and between them fine trees and gardens were interspersed. The enemy had assembled 3,200 men for the defence of the town; but such a force was of course utterly unequal to the task of contending with the allies.

Having anchored the *Recruit* at 1,400 yards from the mole-head, and collected all the boats astern, captains Lyons and de Sédaiges sent an English and French officer with a flag of truce, to demand the surrender of all government property whatever, and of all grain, flour, and provisions; which they regarded as contraband, knowing that, even though not government property, it could only be intended for the supply of the Russian army in the Crimea. To this demand it was added, that during the destruction of the stores, the Russian troops should remove five miles from the town, to a place within sight of the ships, and the inhabitants to withdraw. One hour was given to the governor to consider these terms. At the end of that period he rejected them, and the officers with the flag of truce retired.

The *Recruit* commenced its fire, under the cover of which the boats pulled round to the beach, drove back the Russians by a tremendous fire, while Lieutenant Buckley, in a four-oared gig, manned by volunteers, repeatedly landed and fired the different stores and government buildings. Such an act, in the face of upwards of 3,000 soldiers, constantly endeavouring to prevent it, was not only *vahant*, but desperate. By three in the afternoon, all the long ranges of the stores of grain, plank, and tar, as well as the custom-house and other public buildings, and, unavoidably, the town in many

places, were on fire, and the boats then returned to the *Recruit*. Many Russians had fallen during this proceeding, but only one man among the allies was wounded. Though the allies were unable to obtain a correct estimate of the amount of grain destroyed, it was conjectured to be enormous. A Russian war-steamer, which had been run on shore near the town and abandoned, was also burnt, together with a large raft of timber. Previously to these proceedings, large convoys of people were seen leaving the town, carrying with them their goods, and driving away their cattle. During the conflagration, a man in uniform ran down to the beach, near the custom-house, and gesticulated violently, until a boat went in with a white flag and brought him to Captain Lyons, who was on board the *Recruit*. When first received on the vessel, the fellow was so drunk as to be unable to give any account of himself. On becoming more sober, he stated that he belonged to the commissariat, and was attached to the hospital, in which there were nearly 200 men. He added, that the troops in the town consisted of four regiments of Cossacks. When asked his reason for deserting, he replied that neither he nor the other soldiers were well treated, and that he had heard that the English brandy was very good, and that he wanted to taste it. On its being intimated to him that he had had enough for the present, he modestly desired to be set on shore again; a request which we need scarcely say was not complied with. Other Russians appeared to desire to desert; for many of them were observed, even during the sharpest of the firing, to take off their caps and kneel down, facing towards the boats. The same day that the terrors of war fell upon Taganrog, the *Minna* went with a launch to the mouth of the Don, to destroy some vessels seen there. On account of the shallowness of the water, she was unable to reach them, and they escaped up the river. This want of a sufficient depth of water prevented the allies from extending their operations to Azoff and Rostoff, where, it is said, there were a number of gun-boats, and a quantity of military stores.

From Taganrog the squadron proceeded to Mariopol, off which place they anchored on the evening of the 4th of June. It was a neat little town, the most prominent buildings being the church and the club-house. Soon after daylight the next morning, a

flag of truce was sent with a demand for the surrender of the place, on the same terms as those offered at Taganrog. Lieutenant Horton, and the French officer who accompanied the flag, were desired to express to the authorities the earnest desire of the French and English commanders, that they would not oblige them to resort to measures which would endanger the whole town, as their object was to destroy all contraband of war, but to respect private property. In answer to the demand, the Austrian consul made his appearance, and said that he was authorised to surrender. He negatived the effect of this proceeding, however, by refusing his consent to the destruction of some storehouses full of grain, which he asserted were private property, but which, it was well known, were intended for the support of the Russian forces in the Crimea. At the expiration of the delay granted, the launches were sent to effect the design of the allies by force. As the marines and a body of French small-arm men landed, 600 Cossacks evacuated the town, and the marines and French advanced and took possession of it. No molestation was offered them; most of the inhabitants had deserted the place; and the few who remained rendered their assistance by pointing out the stores and public buildings, and even gave beer to the men. The extensive stores of grain, the custom-house, police and passport offices, were soon a prey to the roaring flames. Numbers of pigs and geese were shot or cut down, and carried off by the sailors, who seemed to enjoy the sport wonderfully. It is said that the French captured a cart just leaving the town with a large sum of money, which they forthwith appropriated for their own benefit.

The next day (June 6th), the squadron proceeded to the little town of Gheisk, at the opposite side of the gulf, where the usual demands were made. These were wisely acceded to by the governor, whose force was quite inadequate to defend the town. This gentleman added extreme courtesy to submission. He provided horses and carriages for the invaders; took them round the town; showed them the stores; and caused the grain to be conveyed outside the town, and provided tar-barrels to make it burn more quickly. A quantity of hay stacked on the beach, ready for conveyance to the Crimea, and several thousand quarters of wheat, were consumed.

From Gheisk the squadron proceeded to Temrouk. This town is built on an elevated promontory between two lakes, and separated from the sea by a sandy spit of land, through which there is a narrow entrance. Some large buildings, and stacks of what appeared to be grain, could be seen from the ships; but the wind and sea being too high for any boating operations, together with the fact of the extreme shallowness of the water, preventing even boats from reaching the town, proved its salvation, and it was spared. On the 9th of June, 30,000 sacks of flour, the property of the Russian government, stacked on the beach in Kiten Bay, were destroyed; and the squadron having swept thus triumphantly through the Sea of Azoff, returned to Kertch.

The work of destruction over in this direction, the admirals intended to visit the Circassian coast of the Black Sea, and direct a combined attack, both by sea and land, against Soudjak and Anapa, the last two military posts occupied by the Russians on that important shore. Before their preparations were complete, information came that the Russians had abandoned Soudjak, having first burnt the town and destroyed its fortifications. Shortly afterwards, on the 5th of June, they learned that Anapa had shared the same fate. Whether from panic or policy it does not appear; but the enemy had anticipated the efforts of the allies, and laid reckless and destroying hands upon their own towns and means of defence. Admirals Stewart and Charner were sent by the respective French and English authorities to Anapa, to ascertain the fact, and learn the circumstances of its destruction. Admiral Stewart proceeded in the *Hannibal*, accompanied by several light vessels; and Admiral Charner, in the *Napoleon*, accompanied by the *Primauguet*. On anchoring before Anapa, the two admirals landed. The town stands on a low point of land, or cape, advancing upwards of a thousand yards into the sea. It was an important military post, surrounded by a bastioned rampart, forming a complete line of stone fortifications, extending 2,700 yards along the sea, and 1,750 on the land side. These defences comprised ten batteries facing the sea, and mounting fifty-eight guns, among which were several 24 and 30-pounders, and large howitzers. On the land side were seven batteries armed with guns of an inferior character. The garrison it contained were estimated by the

Circassians at between seven and eight thousand men. These soldiers had lived, with their wives and children, in small mud houses, covered with tiles or straw, having only a ground-floor, with a bit of garden attached, and resembling the cabins of our peasantry. These dwelling-places were completely open to the fire of a besieger, and the women and children could not have been sent out of the town in the event of its being attacked, on account of the hostility of the neighbouring Circassians.

The scene of destruction that met the view of the admirals as they landed, was astonishing. The ruin was dismal and almost chaotic in its completeness and confusion. The fortifications which surrounded the town had been blown up at three different points, each of which displayed an enormous breach, surrounded by masses of stone and rubbish. The largest was open to the sea, in the direction of the landing-place, and through that the admirals and their staffs entered the town. The mines had been fired by means of electric wires, the remains of which, covered with gutta-percha, were lying here and there on the ground. The guns lining the ramparts had been spiked, the platforms burnt, and the iron carriages all broken to pieces. The park of artillery contained an immense quantity of shells, grenades, grape, cannon-balls, and bombs, and near the batteries were strewn numerous projectiles. The barracks, magazines, guard-houses, and private buildings, were all empty and desolate. Everything that could not be removed was broken to pieces and rendered useless. In many places the roofs were still burning; while the smoke, ascending from charred and smouldering ruins, gave a yet deeper tint of blackness to the naked walls. The remorseless industry of the destroyers excited feelings of wonder. Not only had the stores of grain and wool been consumed, but the churches had been gutted; the inscriptions on the tombs defaced, lest even they should afford any information to the invaders; the two large bells of the cathedral smashed to pieces; and the religious *basso relievos*, with which the exterior of that building was adorned, destroyed with hammers. Such seems to be the suicidal policy of Russia in the presence of foes she fears; such the way she abandons her people to their vengeance.

The ruin completed, the Russians retired on the Kubon river, which they crossed by a bridge, destroying the latter behind them.

Within a few hours after they had abandoned the desolated town, it was filled with Circassians from the mountain which lies at its back. Groups of these warlike men crowded to the beach, and welcomed the allied admirals with the greatest alacrity and kindness. A number of Circassian chiefs came afterwards to tender their services. The appearance of these men in the town, with their striking costumes, bristling with arms as they walked exultingly amid the ruins, was exceedingly picturesque. A number of guns, by far the greater part of which had been rendered quite useless by the Russians, were carried away by the allies as trophies, and the remainder were thrown over the cliffs into the sea.

The allied fleet and army which had effected all this loss on Russia, having effected its mission, returned to Balaklava and Kamiesch. The French left on the 13th of June, and the English on the following day. Fortifications of a formidable kind had been thrown up round Yenikale, in which a garrison of Turkish troops was left, as well as at Pavlovskaja. Scarcely had Captain Lyons, who had greatly distinguished himself for his energy and decision throughout this expedition, returned to Balaklava, than in an attack on the sea defences of Sebastopol, during the night of the 17th, he was so severely wounded in the leg by a shell, that he was obliged to be sent to the hospital at Therapia. He did not think much of the injury at the time, but unfortunately he sunk under it, and it terminated fatally. Thus was the service deprived of a highly-promising officer, to whom we owe our first naval success in this war. He was buried on the 25th of June, in the little burial-ground of Therapia, and his remains were followed to the grave

by a great number of the civil and military functionaries of both England and France. An officer of the *Miranda* (the vessel commanded by Captain Lyons), wrote—"Our brave captain is no more. His wound was mortal, and he died on Saturday night. C—— was with him the whole time, and S—— says his death was worthy of his life. He forgot nothing; sending messages to each of us individually, and arranging for the smallest trifles. He said to C——, 'I die as a captain of a man-of-war ought to die.' The navy has lost its greatest ornament; and we one, who to us was more than a friend. He was so brave, so great, so good, and so amiable, that we all loved him much more than we knew."

It was difficult to learn the exact effect which the ravages of the allies in the Sea of Azoff had on the minds of the government and people of the Russian empire. Such a blow could not but be severely felt, though it was represented in such a manner as to conceal, as far as possible, the loss and degradation sustained by an empire compelled to abandon its coasts to the insults of a powerful enemy.* It is not easy to ascertain the true sentiments of either the government or people of Russia: the following extract of a letter from St. Petersburg (dated May 28th), may, however, give not an incorrect glance at the subject:—"The intelligence of the entrance of the allied fleets into the Sea of Azoff, which reached us by telegraph from Nicolaieff, has caused the greatest sensation. The government is accused of having neglected the defence of a sea which was the last refuge of the commercial fleet of Southern Russia. There may be seen in the fact of the abandonment of the straits of Kertch and Yenikale, a fresh proof of the egotism which inspires the

* The *Journal de St. Petersburg* expressed itself as follows upon this subject:—"As regards the operations of the enemy in the Sea of Azoff, the details sent by aide-de-camp General Prince Gortschakoff, are in part already known by his previous telegraphic despatches. In general, the entrance of our enemies into that sea, proclaimed by them with so much emphasis, has only been signalled by the inglorious devastation of our coasts, and by the destruction of some grain stores, but has by no means exercised the influence they expected upon the general progress of the operations of our army in the Crimea. This event was not unexpected by us; in fact, owing to local circumstances, it was only possible for us, as regards the defence of the straits of Kertch, with our land forces alone, to take measures against feeble hostile squadrons; but, in case of a descent in considerable force, the garrisons of Kertch and Yenikale had received instructions, be-

forehand, to blow up and abandon the batteries on the coast, that they might not fall into the power of the enemy, to our detriment. Thus, as for some time an attempt of some sort was expected, on the part of the allies against us, in the Sea of Azoff, and as he thought it indispensable that all his forces should be concentrated, rather than isolated, to defend the coast-line, Prince Gortschakoff had made his arrangements so that the greater portion of the provisions destined for the troops in the Crimea might be brought to them overland, notwithstanding all the advantages offered by their transport by water. Consequently, the number of grain stores and vessels burnt by the enemy on the coast of the Sea of Azoff, form but a small portion of what was intended for provisioning the troops. In this respect, as was the case last year in the Baltic, it is the property of private individuals which has had principally to suffer from the cruelty of the enemy."

policy of the czar. Millions have been spent on Sebastopol, and nothing done for the protection of the Sea of Azoff. The people suffer from the obstinacy of the government not to yield anything; but that is little thought of in the higher region of power. The Emperor Alexander II., will not allow the political programme of his deceased father to be questioned in the most distant manner; and, having less deci-

sion of character than the late czar, the emperor cannot assume the initiative of a new policy. In the privy council and in his cabinet, no one dares to express the slightest objection to what he calls 'the sacred and spiritual legacy of his father, of imperishable memory;' and the surest way of paying court to the son, is by expressing concurrence in the ideas of the father."

CHAPTER VIII.

FURIOUS NIGHT ENGAGEMENTS BETWEEN THE FRENCH AND THE RUSSIANS; THE ALLIES EXTEND THEIR POSITION; RENEWED BOMBARDMENT ON THE 6TH OF JUNE; CAPTURE OF THE QUARRIES, AND THE MAMELON REDOUBT; RASH ATTEMPT ON THE MALAKHOFF TOWER; DESPATCHES OF RAGLAN AND PELISSIER; ATTACK ON THE MALAKHOFF AND THE REDAN, AND SERIOUS REPULSE OF THE ALLIES; ENTRANCE OF BRITISH TROOPS INTO A SUBURB OF SEBASTOPOL; TRIUMPHANT PROCLAMATION OF PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF; THE TRUCE; MOVEMENTS OF THE TURKS AND SARDINIANS; DEATH OF LORD RAGLAN; ESTIMATE OF HIS MILITARY CHARACTER; GENERAL SIMPSON SUCCEEDS TO THE COMMAND; REWARDS TO THE FAMILY OF THE DEPARTED GENERAL; DISRAELI'S ORATION ON THE DEATH OF LORD RAGLAN; FUNERAL OF THE LATTER.

GENERAL PELISSIER, with the ambition natural to a brave man, had resolved to distinguish the period at which he assumed the chief command of the French army, by some brilliant exploit at Sebastopol, as well as by the expedition to the Sea of Azoff. The laurels of the latter did not strictly belong to him, but he burned to gather some as bright and green.

We have related that a sharp engagement took place on the night of the 2nd of May, when the French stormed and occupied the Russian counter-approaches in front of the Central battery. Since that period the enemy had been endeavouring to impede the progress of the French, and to attack them in flank, by erecting new lines of counter-approach by the Quarantine side. To quote the despatch of General Pelissier,—"They (the Russians) formed the plan of connecting, by a gabionnade, the ambuscades at the extremity of the bay, those of the Cemetery, and to connect the work by a continuous covered way, with the right lunette of the Central bastion. In the night between the 21st and 22nd, by an enormous effort of labour, skilfully concealed, they commenced laying out that vast *place d'armes* so threatening for our left attack, and so convenient for enabling

the enemy to assemble large bodies of men and make considerable sorties."

General Pelissier perceived the extent and danger of this labour of the foe, and resolved upon instantly meeting it decisively. Accordingly, he gave orders to General de Salles to carry the position and turn the enemy's new works against themselves. This was necessarily a difficult and dangerous operation, as a strong resistance and obstinate struggle might be counted upon, under the fire of formidable batteries.

It was arranged that the French attack should be made in two places, but at the same moment. The left attack was led by general of brigade Beuret, and consisted of three companies of the 10th battalion of *chasseurs-à-pied*, three battalions of the 2nd regiment of the foreign legion, and one battalion of the 98th of the line. The right attack, entrusted to General de la Motterouge, consisted of picked companies of the 1st regiment of the foreign legion, supported by two battalions of the 28th line, with a battalion of the 18th, and two battalions of voltigeurs of the garde as reserve. The whole operation was under the direction of General Paté.

The French advanced at nine o'clock on the night of the 22nd of May. It is sup-

posed that the Russians also meditated a night attack in considerable force; for a body of them, estimated at about 12,000, were advancing stealthily on the French position, when the two bodies found themselves suddenly in each other's presence. A few minutes' pause of astonishment and preparation was succeeded by a bloody combat which lasted until daybreak. On a signal from General Paté, the French rushed on with inexpressible impetuosity, drove everything before them, and established themselves in front of the Russian works. The Russian troops were, however, strengthened by enormous masses of men, who issued from the Quarantine ravine, joined in the combat, and disputed the ground with extraordinary obstinacy. The most distant ambuscades were five times taken and retaken; the Russians and French were sometimes mingled together, and the bayonet was used with terrible effect. On the left attack the Russians, after repeatedly dashing forward on the bayonets of their foes, and being hurled back by the fury of those noble troops, beat a retreat, and the French engineers installed themselves securely in the Russian gabionnade. On the right, the conquest was prolonged until dawn, when the Russians ceased fighting, and the French returned to their trenches, resolving to complete their half-finished work on the following night.

The attack was renewed the next night at the same hour. The impetuosity of the French was irresistible, and the defence of the Russians not so vigorous as in the preceding struggle. The ambuscades were turned and carried; and the Russians, driven back on all sides, retreated, though keeping up a skirmishing fire, which gradually ceased. The labours of the engineers were successful, and the works which the Russians erected to arrest the progress of the foes, were in the hands of the latter. Those which the French could not combine in their own system were destroyed. The losses of the French were heavy in these two encounters, to which the dignity of the term "battle" might be given. "We have paid for our victory," said the French general, "with generous blood." The loss of the Russians was much greater. On the following day, while a flag of truce waved for the burial of the dead, the French handed over to the Russian authorities more than 1,200 ghastly corpses. A Russian authority subsequently acknowledged that

they had 2,500 men put *hors de combat*. The French bayonets had done their work effectively. The affair was a miniature Inkermann; and a spectator compared the roaring of the cannon, on the second night, to that created by the recent bombardment on the 9th of April. Five or six shells were frequently seen in the air at once; and at one time nine were observed tracing their lurid path through the darkness.

During the absence from Sebastopol of the squadrons that had proceeded to Kertch and the Sea of Azoff, a considerable number of additional troops had joined the allied armies in the Crimea; and, on the 25th of May, a large piece of ground, beyond their former position, was taken into occupation. The Russians offered no further resistance than that of opening fire, without effect, from a number of guns placed in almost inaccessible-looking spots on the cliff. The Cossacks retired to the other side of the river Tchernaya, and the English and French cavalry peaceably watered their horses at that welcome stream. "As you stand on the heights by the French telegraph," said the elegant writer to whom we are so much indebted, "the verdant prairie which stretches beneath you is encircled by the dotted encampments of four nations; and the field-works, which throughout the winter and the spring defended our rear, have lost their value, and become a neglected memorial of the past. The view is panoramic in the best sense of the term. You see from sea to sea—from the masts which tower against the beleaguered city, to those which come in quick succession to our unimpeded harbours. Before you and below you, to the south, the Genoese fortress shines against an ocean seldom vacant of a sail. Beneath you, on that nearer mound, as you look eastward, the Turks are posted; and the faint monotony of their droning music comes to you across the valley. Further to the left, the more formidable ranges are sprinkled with the white tents of the French, which crop out, again and again, upon the horizon far away, foretelling no distant conclusion to the protracted struggle. You descend amid waving grasses, giant thistles, and regaled by the scent of a thousand flowers: diverge an instant from the road, and you trample upon vetches and lupins, convolvulus and poppy, geranium and wild parsley, with innumerable other blossoms of the rank and file. It is a vivid and delicious contrast to the hoof-trodden

and arid waste, desolated by our winter encampment, cut into no spontaneous fairy rings by tents planted and removed, and sown broadcast with fragments of broken bottles and discarded raiment—a contrast not less refreshing to the eye of man than to the appetite of a myriad of beasts. The chasseur rides down beside you with his hand-scythe to reap an easy load of succulent forage. The Turk has discarded his canvas habitation, and contrived himself a shady bower, thatched with green branches of underwood, beneath which he enjoys a siesta accommodated to his heart's desire. It is no longer a question whether this jutting corner of the peninsula shall be ours, earth and water, dale and hill; whether the brute shall outlive his hard day's labour, and the man strive beyond his failing strength, yet strive in vain. The feet of our horses have been in Tchorgoun; the humble burgesses of Baidar have tendered their submission to the allies. Up to those precipitous ridges which bound the prospect, scored by rains, and streaked with white seams of limestone, there is no competitor. The fruits of the flank march are ripe and ready to cut. The hunters are beginning to close upon the prey. The strength and the purpose of the two great countries of Western Europe have made themselves at last plainly visible to the eye of every beholder, and the roar of the guns which hedge round Sebastopol, in nearer and nearer embrace, seems to have a sound of triumph mixed with its own malign and deep reverberation. Our own army is once more what England's army should be, if it is to represent her—in first-rate condition, full of vigour and enthusiasm; nor is there any doubt in any soldier's mind as to what he can do, or will."

The Malakhoff Tower, and the works fronting and flanking that elevated position, were regarded by many engineers and military judges as the true key of the entire fortress of Sebastopol. Coinciding in this opinion, General Pelissier resolved on an attempt to take the Mamelon, a fortified work in advance of the Malakhoff Tower,

which the French had been unable to prevent the Russians from erecting (*see page 113.*) Thus stimulated, General Pelissier resolved that the Mamelon should be taken, chiefly by the French.

On the 5th of June,* a general order announced to the allied armies the victories, or rather the triumphs, of the fleets in the Sea of Azoff. This raised the spirits of the men to a pitch of enthusiasm which made them fit for any exploit; and when Lord Raglan and General Pelissier rode through the camps that evening, they were received with tumultuous hurrahs and acclamations. The men knew that they were on the eve of some effort, and they wished to show that they were ready for anything.

On the afternoon of the 6th, a fierce cannonade was opened from both the French and English lines, and continued for about three hours. The English had 157 guns and mortars, and the French about 300, pouring forth flame and destruction. The fire was kept up with great energy and rapidity, and obtained a superiority over that of the enemy at several points, though the Russians replied with much energy and bravado. It was a hot sultry day, with scarce a breath of wind to blow away the thick curtain of smoke which swayed heavily between the town and the batteries of the besiegers; and during the night, flashes of lightning succeeded to the roar and blazing of the cannons. The Russian fire ceased wholly soon after sunset, but the allies threw shells occasionally during the night, to prevent the enemy from repairing damages. On the morning of this day, General Pelissier dispatched the following characteristic telegraphic message to the French minister of war:—"To-day, with our allies, we opened fire against the external works; and to-morrow, please God, we will take them."

The French general kept his word. The next morning the cannonade was renewed with great spirit, though principally on the part of the English. A cool breeze sprang up, and blew throughout the day, driving the clouds of smoke out of the batteries.

* On this day a brief despatch from Lord Raglan announced the death, on board the *Jason*, of Rear-admiral Boxer. This veteran officer had for some time been extremely unpopular in England, on account of the statements that were made of his unpleasant abruptness of manner. It is due to his memory to say, that though greatly harassed by overwhelming labours, he was indefatigable in the performance of his duty, and contributed largely to

the restoration of order and decency in the harbour of Balaklava. A few days previous to the death of Admiral Boxer, his nephew died of cholera; the veteran officer took the matter so much to heart that he, too, sank under the fatal epidemic. The cholera had again attacked the troops, though not severely; the Sardinians, however, suffered considerably, and the brother of the Sardinian general perished by it.

The fire of the Russians was not so vigorous as usual on these occasions; but about eleven o'clock, one of their shells blew up a magazine in the English 8-gun battery. A yell of triumph from the Russians followed the report, but the explosion did not produce much mischief. About three, the fire was kept up with great activity, and continued so until the hour of the intended attack. At four, active preparatory movements began. The volunteers had turned out, talking and laughing, and looking rather as if they were going to a merry party than to attack a position defended by heavy siege guns. When General Pennefather arrived, with his staff, the air rang with shouts, caps flew up, and wherever he stopped for a moment, he was surrounded by the soldiers, who seemed to regard him as a father. Once, with a pleasant smile, he said—"Leave the cheering till you have taken the place;" to which the men responded—"Never fear us; we will take it." The intention was, for the French to attack the Mamelon in front of the Malakhoff Tower, and the English the Quarries in front of the Redan. An idea generally prevailed that the Mamelon redoubt was deeply mined, and that even if taken, an explosion might cause a catastrophe to the first occupants. But no anxiety on this subject could be traced in the martial appearance of the brave fellows who were soon to dash forward upon it like tigers on their prey.

Shortly before six, Lord Raglan and his staff took up a conspicuous position on the edge of the hill below the Limekiln, and the man with the signal-rockets stood impatiently awaiting orders. At half-past six the head of the French attacking column came in sight; instantly a rocket shot up into the air, and the body of English, detached for the post of honour, rushed on to the Quarries. The Russians, on seeing the French approach the Mamelon, had moved along their trenches towards the right, where they became connected with the trenches or other works on the Malakhoff hill; so that the left—that side against which our men advanced—was almost deserted. The conflict was a brief one; the Russians were driven out, and our troops had an easy victory. Several sharp attempts were made to dislodge them, but the English succeeded in maintaining their position.

* An eye-witness thus spoke of the Mamelon on visiting it shortly after this engagement:—"From the simple parapet it had been in the beginning, it

The great feature of the day was the advance of the French against the Mamelon; they went up the steep towards it in beautiful style and in loose order. Spectators stood lost in admiration. The French troops mounted the earthworks, running, climbing, scrambling up the slopes on to the body of the work amidst a plunging fire from the guns, which fortunately did not do them much damage. Soon the Zouaves were upon the parapet; instantly the French flag was raised as a rallying point and defiance; backward and forward, up and down, went the fluttering colours, as the storm of battle raged around them. With a wild dash the French rushed into the heart of the Mamelon, where a fierce hand-to-hand encounter, with musket and bayonet, ensued. The Russians received reinforcements from the Malakhoff Tower, and once the French were momentarily driven back; but they soon recovered themselves, rushed again into the redoubt, and, after another bloody contest carried on with dripping bayonets, the Russians spiked their guns and retired. The French were victors, and the famous Mamelon redoubt was theirs. This was all that was then contemplated; but the enthusiasm of the troops, both officers and men, carried them away. They were unable to resist the pursuit of the Russians, or even to attempt to storm the Malakhoff itself. Dashing after the enemy, they crossed a hollow between the Mamelon and the Malakhoff, and mounted the hill on which the latter stands. They actually succeeded in ascending the tower, and spiking seven of the guns; but it was found impossible, in that unprepared state, to retain it; and a powder-magazine, or mine, having exploded inside, the French retired to the Mamelon. In this attempt on the Malakhoff Tower, the French suffered a tremendous loss. The Russians not only poured down a heavy fire upon their assailants from the batteries, but placed field-pieces so as to take them in flank. The French were harrowed by a storm of bullets as they recrossed the hollow to the Mamelon, which, after more sharp fighting, they remained masters of. The French were protected, to some extent, by the English batteries, which flung their shells into the Malakhoff with deadly effect.*

The English had taken the Quarries with had, by assiduous labour, become a strong outwork of the Malakhoff Tower. Even amid its ruins (for it is the most complete wreck imaginable), every-

more ease than they were able to keep them. A desultory, but murderous fight, was maintained the whole night. Six times did the Russians advance to the attack, and endeavour to drive our brave fellows from the advantage they had gained. The foe were, however, unable to make any impression; neither shell, nor grape, nor bullet, nor bayonet, could daunt our noble troops. A communication was effected with our advanced parallel, and the Quarries taken into the English lines. The most murderous attack of the enemy took place about three in the morning, when the whole ravine was lighted up with a blaze of fire, and a storm of shot thrown in from the Strand battery and every other spot within range. This attack, like the rest, was repelled, and many of the English officers and privates expressed their confident opinion that, with a larger body of reserve, they could have entered the Redan.

The morning of the 8th revealed the result of the proceedings of the previous day and night. The French were in great force within and on the outer slopes of the Mamelon, and were also in possession of the works on the right, called the "Ouvrages Blancs." Their efforts to intrench them-

thing shows the value they had set upon it, and the care they took to make the most of it by the fixing of the gabions, the strength of the embrasures, and the traverses. These latter had been taken advantage of to form a cover for the troops not required as gunners or sentries, bound over with fascines and earth, or rather stones; they are made up into a kind of subterranean caves. But not all the care and trouble could save them from destruction. I never saw a more complete state of wreck. The embrasures knocked into formless mounds, the traverses overthrown, burying all under them, the guns dismounted, with here a wheel, there a muzzle sticking out of the heaps of stones and earth. Whoever wanted to know what English and French guns could do, ought to have gone to the Mamelon today; and whoever wished to have an idea what the struggle was, ought to have counted the mass of dead bodies." The correspondent of the *Daily News*, who examined the ruins of the Mamelon during the subsequent armistice, gives a very interesting account of its appearance:—"At first," he says, "all officers were admitted into the Mamelon redoubt; but long before the armistice had ceased, our allies found it necessary to check the number of visitors. It was indeed a most remarkable work. The Russian engineers had not followed any set rules, but adapted it to the peculiar exigencies of its position. Every possible contrivance had been laid hold of to protect the artillerymen from the cross-fire from the French and English batteries. Traverses of immense thickness had been made between every gun. There was a depth of four feet from the level of the platforms to the ground within the work, so that no one was exposed to fire through the em-

brasures but the men actually working the gun. Near the muzzle of each gun several coils of rope were wound round one above the other, until a close dense ring of considerable thickness was formed; this was deep enough to protect the gunner from a rifle-ball while pointing the gun, and perhaps might be useful in deadening the concussion when the gun was itself struck by a shell or other missile. In rear of each gun, a passage being left to walk along, was also a splinter-proof traverse, and along the opposite sides of this passage—that is, in the sides of the earth on which the platforms rested—were a series of cave-like holes, into which two or three men could retreat. There was a middle passage along the centre of the redoubt, between the traverses placed in rear of the several embrasures. On entering the work, a stranger found himself in a sort of maze; there were little lanes and turnings in every direction. A shell falling into any part of the work could scarcely hurt more than the troops in the particular enclosure into which it fell, and they, if there were time, would have the opportunity of running behind a traverse or getting into some of the holes in the earth. A deep ditch flanked the work on each side, except that in which was the entrance, and this ditch, and the compartments of the work between the traverses, were covered with the bodies of those who had fallen in the contest for its possession. Russians, Zouaves, Algerines, and French soldiers of the line, were all lying together. The traverses and parapets were battered about in all directions, and some of the guns had been overturned, and were half-buried in the displaced earth. It was a scene, indeed, of ruin and devastation."

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the six hours of truce had expired, many of the embrasures of the Redan and Malakhoff Tower, which had been reduced to silence, again poured forth a furious fire. Some among the allies were much annoyed that a truce had been granted to the Russians; but it was a necessity. The bodies of the dead, under the influence of the sun of a Crimean June, were decomposing rapidly, and in a few days it would have been almost impossible to have remained in the neighbourhood of the recent combats. The formidable Mamelon was rechristened by the French, who gave it the name of "Brancion Redoubt."

This fierce engagement, ending in the capture of two most important Russian outworks, rose so nearly to the dignity of a battle, that we shall give copies of the despatches of the English and French commanders. That by Lord Raglan ran as follows:—

Before Sebastopol, June 9th.

My Lord,—I have the great satisfaction of informing your lordship that the assault which was made upon the Quarries in front of the Redan from our advanced parallel in the right attack on the evening of the 7th inst., was attended with perfect success, and that the brave men who achieved this advantage with a gallantry and determination that does them infinite honour, maintained themselves on the ground they had acquired, notwithstanding that during the night, and in the morning of yesterday, the enemy made repeated attempts to drive them out, each attempt ending in failure, although supported by large bodies of troops, and by heavy discharges of musketry, and every species of offensive missile.

The French on our right had shortly before moved out of their trenches and attacked the "Ouvrages Blancs" and the Mamelon. These they carried without the smallest check, and their leading column rushed forward and approached the Malakhoff Tower; but this it had not been in contemplation to assail, and the troops were brought back and finally established in the enemy's works, from which the latter did not succeed in expelling them, though the fire of musketry and cannon which was brought to bear upon them was tremendous. I never saw anything more spirited and rapid than the advance of our allies. I am happy to say that the best feeling prevails between the two armies, and each is proud of and confident in the gallantry and high

military qualities of the other. I apprised your lordship, by telegraph on the 6th, that our batteries reopened that afternoon. The fire was kept up with the greatest energy until the day closed, when it was confined to vertical fire; but the next morning the guns resumed the work of destruction, and the effect was such that it was determined by General Pelissier and myself that the time had arrived for pushing our operations forward. Accordingly, soon after six o'clock on the evening of the 7th, the signal was given for the assault of the works I have enumerated, and the result was most triumphant. The troops employed in storming the Quarries were composed of detachments from the light and second divisions, and at night they were supported by the 62nd regiment. The command of these troops was intrusted to Colonel Shirley, of the 88th, who was acting as general officer of the trenches, and he was assisted in the arrangements, and guided as to the points of attack and distribution of the troops, by Lieutenant-colonel Tylden, of the royal engineers, the directing engineer officer of the right attack.

Although nothing could be more spirited than the attack of the Quarries, or more creditable to every officer and man engaged in the operation, yet I cannot refrain from drawing your lordship's especial attention to the energy and determination which they all displayed in maintaining and establishing themselves after their first success in them. They were repeatedly attacked during the night, and again soon after daylight on the 8th; and it was in resisting these repeated efforts on the part of the enemy that a great portion of the heavy loss the army has to deplore was sustained. The mode in which Colonel Shirley conducted this very arduous service, and carried out his orders, entitles him to my highest commendation. I have great pleasure in mentioning the following officers, who are stated to have distinguished themselves on the occasion—viz., Lieutenant-colonel Campbell, of the 90th, who commanded the storming party; Major Mills, royal fusiliers; Major Villiers, 47th; Major Armstrong, 49th; who are all severely wounded: Lieutenant-colonel Maxwell, of the 88th; Major Bayley, of the same regiment, who was unfortunately killed; Lieutenant-colonel Grant, 49th; Major Simpson, of the 34th; Lieutenant-colonel Johnstone, of the 33rd; Major Herbert, of the 23rd; Captain

Lowry, of the 47th; Captain Turner, of the 7th; Captain Lowndes, of the 47th; Captain Nason, of the 49th; Captain Le Marchant, of the 49th, who was wounded; Captain Wolseley, 90th; and lieutenants Chatfield and Eustace, of the 49th; and Palmer, Irby, and Waddilove, of the 47th; and Captain Hunter, 47th; and Lance-corporal Quinn, 47th, who took a Russian officer prisoner in the most gallant manner.

I also feel it my duty to solicit your lordship's notice to the eminent services of Lieutenant-colonel Tylden, of the royal engineers; he has been indefatigable in the discharge of his peculiar duties from the commencement of the siege, and he has always been at hand to aid in the repulse of the enemy when they have assaulted our trenches. He eulogises the conduct of Captain Browne, of the royal engineers, Lieutenant Elphinstone, of the same corps, Lieutenant Anderson, 96th foot (acting engineer), who is wounded; and he laments the death of Lieutenant Lowry, R.E., who conducted the storming party, and was afterwards killed by a cannon-shot.

Notwithstanding the frequency of the endeavours of the Russians to regain possession of the Quarries, and the interruptions to the work to which these attacks gave rise, Lieutenant-colonel Tylden was enabled to effect the lodgment and to establish the communication with the advanced parallel, and this redounds greatly to his credit and that of the officers and men employed as the working party; and I cannot omit this opportunity to express my approbation of the conduct of the sappers throughout the operations. The exertions of the royal artillery, under Brigadier-general Dacres, and those of the naval brigade, under Captain Lushington, R.N., in serving the guns, cannot be too warmly commended. The accuracy of their fire is the theme of universal admiration, and the constancy with which they applied themselves to their arduous duties under all circumstances, however dangerous, cannot be too strongly placed upon record. It is deeply to be lamented that this success should have entailed so heavy a loss as is shown in the accompanying returns, which, however, are still incomplete; but I have the assurance of the principal medical officer that many of the wounds are slight, and that by far the greater portion of the sufferers are progressing most favourably. I have just learnt that the enemy have aban-

doned a work in the rear of the "Ouvrages Blancs," which they constructed at the commencement of the month of May. The French took possession of it on the 7th, but did not retain it. In the other works they captured sixty-two pieces of artillery, and they have fourteen officers and about 400 men prisoners. We have a few prisoners, and among them a captain of infantry, who was wounded, and taken by Corporal Quinn, of the 47th regiment.

I have, &c.,

RAGLAN.

The Lord Panmure, &c.

The next is the despatch of General Pelissier, the first of any importance which, as commander-in-chief of the French army in the Crimea, he had had occasion to send to his government. He wrote a second and longer one on the 11th of June, which, while it is more technical than the present, is little more than a repetition of it.

Head-quarters, June 9th.

Monsieur le Maréchal,—I had hoped to have been able to complete, by a detailed report, the news of the storming and occupation by our troops of the Kamtschatka redoubt (Mamelon Vert) and of the Volhynia and Selinghinsk redoubts (Careening Bay), forming the principal exterior defences of Sebastopol—news which was forwarded to you by my telegraphic despatches of the 7th and 8th of June; but General Bosquet has not yet been enabled to collect the multitudinous incidents which are requisite to send a report of this brilliant combat, which assumed the proportions of a battle. I confine myself therefore to-day to sending you a summary, postponing the definitive report till the next mail.

On the 7th of June, at half-past six, I gave from the Victoria redoubt, where I had established myself with my staff, the order for a simultaneous attack against the redoubt of the Mamelon Vert and of the Carénage, according to arrangements respecting which I had previously given instructions to General Bosquet; while our allies, on their side, advanced against the so-called "Quarries," which was the point of attack agreed upon for them. The troops engaged belonged to the divisions of Camou, Mayran, Dulac, and Brunet. They were supported by two battalions—one of grenadiers, the other of *gendarmes* of the imperial guard—and by a regiment forming part of the division of the Turkish army under the orders of Omar Pasha, posted in reserve on

the right. The intrepidity with which our soldiers traversed the considerable distance which separated them from the redoubts, the invincible energy with which they fought, under a hail of balls and bullets, to force an entrance, and there maintain themselves against the renewed attacks of the enemy, who in numbers returned to the charge, offered a most grand and stirring military spectacle.

One hour after the commencement of this struggle, which will remain one of the most glorious episodes of a war fruitful in great military events, our eagles were planted upon the three conquered redoubts, sixty-two guns fell into our hands, with 400 prisoners, of which number fourteen were officers.

Our allies, following the combined plan of operations, had carried the works of the Quarries with the same vigour and the same success. They maintained themselves there during the whole of the night, under a terrible fire, and despite frequent sorties by a portion of the garrison, with that indomitable firmness which is one of the salient traits of their military character. Day-break found us both, after a night of agitation and intermittent fighting, established in our respective conquests, busily employed making final arrangements and constructing batteries against the place.

I need not point out to you, M. le Maréchal, the importance of the results obtained; they are considerable as well in a material point of view as with regard to their moral effect and the security of our future operations. The siege operations on the right, which were behindhand, are now as far advanced as those on the left. The enemy is shut up on all sides in the town; and when the redoubts we have captured are armed and placed in a good state of defence, it will be impossible for them to attempt those great sorties which might, in determined cases, compromise our siege works, and even our ports of Kamiesch and Balaklava. Successes of this value, achieved by such efforts, are not to be obtained without considerable sacrifices. To-day, during a suspension of arms, we render the last duty to the fallen, and I cannot yet make out a list of the killed or wounded. I will send you shortly a full and detailed official report on the subject. I can already point out some who met a glorious death, and who excited our lively admiration and regret. Colonel de Brancion was killed while planting the eagle of the 50th regiment on the Kamptschatka redoubt. Colonel Hardy fell while

leading on the 86th. I regret to add, that the day after the victory, to which he greatly contributed, General de Lavarande, still young and full of promise, was killed by a cannon-ball. We continue to reconnoitre the country on the Tchernaya, pushing forward our cavalry, supported by infantry. On the night between the 5th and 6th a squadron of the 6th dragoons surprised some Russian videttes just at moonrise, and sabred them.

The news from the Sea of Azoff is excellent; the allied flotillas have destroyed immense stores of provisions at Gheisk, Mariopol, and Taganrog. The material losses of the enemy are incalculable. Altogether the situation of affairs is excellent; the ardour of the allied armies is really extraordinary; hope, founded upon success, is general. I have the firm conviction that it will not be deceived. PELISSIER.

The French general also addressed the following commendatory and inspiring order of the day to his troops:—

Soldiers!—The combat of the 7th of June is a brilliant victory, from the *éclat* it throws upon our arms, and from the greatness of the results obtained. You have deserved well of the emperor. By courage and intrepidity you have captured from the enemy the three redoubts, armed with a powerful artillery, which formed the principal external defence of the town; sixty-two guns have remained in our hands; 400 prisoners, of whom fourteen are officers, are in our power. A later order of the day will proclaim to the army and to our country the names of the corps that took a glorious part in this struggle, and the names of those among you to whom the reward of valour is due. I content myself to-day with telling you that your task has been nobly done. In concert with our brave allies, we have made a decisive step in advance towards the object which, you may rest assured, our persevering efforts will not fail to attain. Soldiers! My confidence in you is unlimited, and your commander-in-chief is proud to think that you place yours in him.

The commander-in-chief,

PELISSIER.

Head-quarters before Sebastopol, June 8th.

It is to be regretted that the generals of the allied armies did not instantly follow up the advantage they had gained. This caused surprise at the time; and subsequent events showed it would have been better for them

if they had: however, for awhile, the allies relapsed into a state of comparative silence and repose. The generals probably wished to employ every means in their power to obtain a surer and less bloody success; but the sleepless enemy turned the delay to good account, by repairing and increasing his means of defence. The delay on the part of the allies was caused by the construction of new works on the ground gained. The Mamelon was a ruin; it had to be restored, and its guns pointed against the Russians; and although the Quarry did not admit of any extensive works, it was much exposed until its guns were turned with their mouths threatening their former masters. The Russians, however, did not seem in any way discouraged, but appeared resolved not to give way, except step by step, and to sell every advantage as dearly as possible. In the allied camps, the slackening of the fire and the postponement of the assault produced a general feeling of despondency and irritation amongst the men, and all felt that there was every prospect of the siege being indefinitely prolonged. To those brave fellows, fighting was a more welcome thing than waiting.

The attack was not resumed until the 17th, the new batteries being completed the day before. At daybreak on the 17th, a rocket shot up from one of the French batteries on the right of Careening Bay. At this signal, all the batteries in the French and English trenches opened a tremendous fire, which they continued throughout the day. So crushing and rapid was the fire, that it was generally agreed that if cannon could conquer the Russian fortifications, they were at length doomed to destruction. The enemy replied at first with great energy, but afterwards his firing grew very slack, and almost ceased from the Malakhoff and the Redan. It was supposed that this was the result of the cannonade, but it would seem that the Russians were merely economising their fire.

Under these circumstances, it was resolved to commence a simultaneous attack upon the Malakhoff and the Redan the next morning, and every heart beat high with the almost confident hope of success. It was intended that the artillery should resume their fire on the dawn of the 18th, and continue it for two hours before the assault, with the object of destroying any works the enemy might have raised in the night. At the request of General Pelissier,

Lord Raglan abandoned this intention, as the former had resolved, upon further consideration, that the French should commence their attack at three in the morning. The facility with which Lord Raglan yielded to the request of the French general, and consented, late on the evening of the 17th, to alter the arrangements for the following morning, subsequently became the subject of grave censure. The plan of attack originally proposed was, that the allies were to open a cannonade for two hours on the Malakhoff and Redan at dawn on the morning of the 18th; that the French were to assault the Malakhoff; and that as soon as it was taken, the English were to attack the Redan. This arrangement seemed necessary, because the latter work was commanded by the guns of the former, and could not therefore be carried or held until the Malakhoff was taken.

The French attacking force consisted of three divisions, numbering 25,000 men, and commanded respectively by generals Mayran, Brunet, and d'Autemarre. General Pelissier directed their proceedings from the Lancaster battery. The English troops, to the number of 8,000, were commanded by the brave old veteran, Sir George Brown. The men, consisting of detachments from the light, second, and fourth divisions, were also formed into three columns. Shortly after midnight of the 17th, the English troops moved down from their camp and entered the trenches, from which they were to issue forth on the works of the foe.

The Russians were well prepared for an attack which they had been so long allowed to anticipate. Shortly before three o'clock there was a sudden and unexpected fire of musketry between the Malakhoff and the Mamelon. The Russians had made a sortie against the French in their advanced trenches on the Mamelon. They were instantly swept back; but this little success gave an unfortunate impulse to the French troops, who, unable to control their ardour, rushed forward, and converted the repulse of the sortie into a premature attack upon the Malakhoff itself. This error was sanctioned by General Mayran mistaking a shell, with a blazing fusee, for the rocket which was to have been the signal for the attack. The sortie of the Russians, consisting of a very small force only, was probably a mere artifice, intended to lead the French on to a hurried assault, for which the enemy had prepared with that coolness and complete-

ness so often shown by Russian troops. The French dashed forward and mounted the hill; while others, pursuing the Russians who had made the sortie, followed them to the gorge of the work, and even gained admission into the work itself. Then they discovered the error they had committed through precipitation. The Russians showed themselves in overpowering numbers, and but few of our allies who had gained admission into the Malakhoff, effected their escape. The enemy crowded upon the parapets, and poured down from their rifles a deadly storm of bullets among the troops attempting to mount the hill; while the unsilenced guns of the Russians, placed in commanding positions, roared forth defiance and death. The Russian steamers in the harbour contributed to this fire, and the further advance of the French became impossible.

Lord Raglan, observing the dangerous position of our allies, gave the command for the English columns at once to leave the trenches and advance upon the Redan. The command was obeyed; the flank columns issued from the trenches, and were instantly assailed with a most murderous fire. It was not, said a witness, to be counted by guns; it was a raging storm—an incessant rain of grape and rifle-balls. Lord Raglan said, that he never before witnessed such a fire. All in front were struck dead or wounded. From some cause the men were obliged to issue from the trench in twos and threes, instead of in a firm unbroken body. The awful fire with which they were instantly received increased their want of order, and it became evident they were falling into confusion. Colonel Yea tried to obviate the evil. "This will never do!" exclaimed that brave soldier. "Where's the bugler to call them back?" No bugler was to be found; and as the gallant colonel rushed along the troubled mass of troops, endeavouring to get them into order for a rush at the batteries, he was struck by grapeshot at once in the head and stomach, and fell dead in front of his men. Many other officers fell, and it is an apparent miracle that any escaped. The Redan was filled with troops; the Russians were fully prepared for the attack; their artillery, so far from being exhausted, was pouring forth a fire that astonished and appalled our men, and nothing was left for them but to retire from the futile attack. The French, met as they had been, and probably disheartened

by the repulse of the English, were also compelled to give way to numbers, and return to their intrenchments. Their loss, during this fatal day, amounted in killed, wounded, or prisoners, to the alarming number of 8,684. For the particulars, we refer the reader to the annexed despatch of General Pelissier.

The second division of the English attacking party, seeing that the flank attacks had failed, kept under cover, and suffered but a trifling loss. Had they advanced, the carnage would have been much greater. This unfortunate affair lasted but fifteen minutes, by which time it became evident that the contest was perfectly hopeless.

"With our own men," said a writer from the camp, "the space to be passed over from our most advanced trenches to the Redan was somewhere about 700 yards; and from the first moment of their rushing over the parapet towards the point of attack, they were met by the same awful and annihilating storm of canister and grape. Many fell within the first dozen yards, and thence on to some broken ground about midway, in which the remainder sought cover: the field was strewed with the slain and wounded. An officer present in the affair, and who was one of the few who escaped uninjured, described the fire to me as being perfectly awful; much more severe than that which greeted our men at Alma, where he also fought and received a wound. Few of them reached the *abatis* in front of the work; none, I believe, ever saw the deep ditch which protects its approaches. Remembering the confusion which characterised the commencement of our movement, and coupling this with the murderous preparations made by the enemy, you will be at no loss to understand that success was most improbable. During the whole affair, Lord Raglan and Sir George Brown were ensconced within our 8-gun battery; but though this afforded a good view of the scene of the struggle, and of the disorder which marked it, for some reasons unknown to uninitiated spectators, they appeared unable to give any efficient directions for the correction of our multiplied blunders. When the whole sad scene was ended, our men straggled back by every safe avenue to the camp, in a state of dispirited confusion well in keeping with the mob-like disorder in which they had been throughout the assault. I know not what may have been the feelings of your home public on reading



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the telegraphic news of our defeat (for I presume the scribes at head-quarters made no attempt to conceal the naked truth—that our repulse was neither more nor less than a defeat), but here mingled shame and indignation were general throughout the camp. Officers and men alike felt that disgrace had been incurred, and that in consequence solely of the unredeemed mismanagement of their generals. From drum-boys to colonels, a sense of humiliation filled every breast, the deeper that everybody was sensible that neither men nor regimental officers had shown themselves deficient in what, under proper guidance, would have commanded success.”

While the attack was proceeding, General Eyre, with a body of men, was sent to occupy the Cemetery, and threaten the works at the head of the Dockyard Creek. His force included the 18th royal Irish, who were to act as the storming regiment. The brigade marched down the road to the Cemetery, and halted under cover while preparations were being made for the attack. General Eyre, addressing the 18th, observed:—“I hope, my men, that this morning you will do something that will make every cabin in Ireland ring again.” This appeal was answered by a loud shout from the men—a demonstration of readiness which elicited a shower of grape from the enemy. When the general attack began, the skirmishers advanced, rushed at the Cemetery, which

was but feebly defended, and succeeded in getting possession of it. The enemy opened a heavy fire upon the place from the left of the Redan and from the Barrack battery. Four companies of the 18th then pushed forward from the Cemetery towards the town, and actually succeeded in getting possession of the suburb. The men drove the Russians out, and took possession of some of the houses. The battery quite overhangs the suburb, and the Russians were unable to depress their guns sufficiently to fire down upon our men; but they directed a sharp flanking fire upon them from an angle of the Redan works. The men kept close in the houses, and replied with a vigorous fire. They were also protected by the regiments in the Cemetery behind them, which directed their fire at the Russian embrasures, and thus prevented the enemy from directing their attention to the houses. Those into which the troops had forced their way were most of them comfortably furnished; some of them extremely so. Good wines were found in the cellars, and with these the soldiers made free; some of the officers also carried trifling articles away as remembrances of their having been in the place. The soldiers entered the houses at about four o'clock in the morning, and were unable to leave them until nine in the evening.* The Russians had blown up many houses, and set fire to others; and when the

* The following highly interesting letter, by a young soldier, a native of Belfast, conveying some particulars in connexion with this attack on the town of Sebastopol, will be read with pleasure:—

“Camp before Sebastopol, June 22nd. “My dear cousin Kate,—You have heard about the action on the 18th; it was a most sanguinary one. On account of our staff situations, neither the paymaster, myself, nor the regimental clerks, were allowed to go into action with the regiment, so we were ordered to take charge of the camp along with two other sergeants; we volunteered to go with the regiment, but were told, if we dared to leave the camp, we should be tried by a court-martial. During the day I suffered great anxiety about John, who was along with the regiment, and, during the time the heavy firing was going on, I slipped out of camp and went down to the Picket-house battery, so that, if anything unfortunately happened to my brother, I would be near at hand to tend to his wants, as on account of the Picket-house battery being near the scene of action, the wounded were brought under it. However, most fortunately, thank God, he did not require my services, as he returned to camp safe, after the action was over, after many narrow escapes. During the time I was at the battery, an officer of the 38th regiment and I did all we could to relieve the sufferings of the poor wounded, in getting them conveyed to the general hospital—getting them water, &c.; for the day was very warm. My dear

Kate, you can have no idea of the horrors of war; it was awful to look at these poor wounded fellows suffering under every description of wounds, through heads, necks, bodies, arms, and legs—some in the pangs of death, blaspheming, others raving, while others were praying, while the blood trickled from their wounds—such ghastly wounds. One poor fellow was severely wounded with grape. The officer asked him if it was grape that caused the wound? ‘Yes, sir,’ he replied, ‘it was d—— sour grape to me.’ The most of them bore their sufferings very patiently. The 2nd brigade of the third division to which the 9th regiment belongs, were the only troops engaged on the left. Some of the men of the regiment told me that Johnny behaved most gallantly in leading on the men along with the officers when under fire in charging the Cemetery plain and gardens, where they were compelled to take shelter behind the houses there, on account of their small numbers. They could neither advance or retire. They would have taken the Garden batteries had the Round Tower on the right been taken by our troops there. I hear that the divisions on the right had taken the Round Tower twice, but were compelled to evacuate it in consequence of the Russian shipping raking the tower, and retired with heavy loss; and, had the troops on the left taken the Garden batteries, they could not have held them, as the Round Tower completely covered them. During the time the brigade was charging through the Cemetery plain and gar-

men retired, the flames were spreading along the street. The 9th regiment also entered the houses in two or three places. A sergeant and a few men actually got possession of the Little Wasp battery, but they were soon driven out by the Russians, when the latter perceived the smallness of their numbers. An officer, with only twelve men, took one of the Russian rifle pits, bayoneted those whom they found there, and held possession of it throughout the day. The losses of these venturesome troops under General Eyre, were, as may be expected, extremely heavy; they amounted to thirty-one officers, forty-four sergeants, and 487 rank and file killed or wounded. The entry of the troops into the suburbs of the town of Sebastopol, was the most extraordinary part of the events of the day, and shows what probably might have been done, had the British been in great force upon that point. During the day, the first division of

dens, they were exposed to a most galling fire of grape, round shot, shell, and musketry, and even when under shelter of the houses, the enemy never ceased firing at them, tumbling the houses and walls down; some of the regiment were in rifle pits, and if one dared to show himself he was instantly struck down; they had to remain there until dark, when they returned to camp. The 9th regiment had three officers wounded (one has since died), eight privates killed, two sergeants and forty-three privates wounded; each regiment in the brigade furnished one sergeant and thirty rank and file volunteers for the forlorn hope or advanced guard; these gallant fellows actually got into the houses of Sebastopol, which they plundered according to the custom of war. Enclosed is a perforated cardboard pattern for my dear Louisa, which was taken from a house at Sebastopol (in which a Russian general lived) by one of the men of the regiment, who gave it to me; he told me that when he and some others broke into the house, after driving the Russians away, they found a woman and four children in it; as soon as they saw the English soldiers, they supplicated for mercy, but our gallant fellows were too generous to harm them, and made signs that they had nothing to fear from them; so they retired to a corner, where they remained until our men left the house. The man who gave me the cardboard came to camp laden with plunder. I shall enumerate the articles I saw with him—viz., a general's gold-laced hat, a guineapig, a valuable microscope, the cardboard, knives and forks, a most ingenious Russian toy, some plates, some bottles containing wine and rum, a pair of lady's satin slippers (the lady who wore them must have had a remarkably small foot.) How he managed to carry them all surprised me. While in the house they destroyed beautiful pianos, ladies' and gentlemen's wardrobes, mirrors, &c.; but while there he said they did not neglect their duty; when they returned to camp their forage caps were gaily decorated with gold lace and satin ribands. The brigade returned to camp at dark, and through some mismanagement of high authorities they were forced to relinquish the position they had so gallantly taken

the army, consisting of the guards and the highland regiments, was on duty as a reserve in the trenches. It has been suggested, and we think with much reason, that had that intrepid and powerful corps been flung at once upon the Barrack battery, into which the Irish had already penetrated, the fortune of the day might have been reversed. The total loss, in killed and wounded, of the English on the 18th, including a long list of veteran officers, amounted to 1,473; which was thus classified: ninety-three officers, one hundred sergeants, nine drummers, and 1,271 rank and file.

During the attack, the allied fleets off Sebastopol played their part, and on the nights of the 16th and 17th, they discharged a heavy fire on the town and sea-defences, and poured in flights of rockets. They did not render this assistance without danger and loss to themselves. The *Princess Royal* had one man killed and two

after suffering severe losses and behaving most creditably under a galling fire. Colonel Borton, commanding officer of the regiment, and who was foremost in the action, told the men when they were assembled on parade next morning, that he never saw heavier firing (he having been through the Cabul and Sutlej campaigns in India), and felt proud of his regiment, and could place dependence on them, no matter where they went. My comrade sergeant was sergeant to the 9th regiment, forlorn hope, and he gave me a fine description of what he saw. He and a number of men under his command were in one of the most advanced houses, within a few yards of another house occupied by Russian soldiers, and one of the Russians fired out of a window at our fellows, and after he fired he said (for he could speak English), 'Take that you d—English! and one of the 9th, a wild young Irish fellow, immediately fired out of a window at him in return, saying, 'Take that, you d—Russian.' This interchange of compliments continued for some time until the Russian was winged. Colonel Borton showed great bravery. When the regiment was going to advance, he ran out in front and roared out, after casting his eye along the line, and waving his sword, 'Up, up, 9th! come along, my lads!' 'Yes, sir,' they replied; 'we will follow you wherever you go!' Johnny told me this, for he was along with the colonel. The colonel is one of the most handsome men I ever saw. John also told me that he saw four men carrying a wounded officer on a stretcher to the rear, and they had to pass through all the heavy fire; for, as soon as the dastardly Russians saw the brave fellows employed on their charitable mission (for they left a comparatively secure cover for the purpose of having their wounded officer medically attended to), they poured all their fire on them; but God in his mercy protected them, as only one of them was wounded, although shot, shell, and grape ploughed the earth around them. When Colonel Borton saw them, he exclaimed, 'Ah, they are truly British soldiers!' What a meaning is conveyed in that one sentence!—volumes expressed."

wounded; the *Sidon*, two men killed and eleven wounded. It was on this occasion, also, that the brave Captain Lyons, the hero of the Sea of Azoff, received the severe wound which eventually caused his death. But it was not by water alone that our seamen assisted in this unfortunate attack: a naval brigade, consisting of four parties of sixty men each, accompanied the troops, carrying scaling-ladders and woolbags, which they were to place for the storming parties. Only two of these parties went out, the others being kept in reserve: how they did their work is evidenced by the fact that ten were killed, forty-one wounded, and one was missing. Four men were killed and three wounded by the bursting of one of our 68-pounders, which weighed ninety-five cwt. Among those wounded by this accident was Major Stuart Wortley. When our soldiers were driven back by the hell-storm hurled against them from the Russian rifles and batteries, several naval officers and seamen who were wounded were unavoidably left behind, and endured dreadful agonies for hours, without a cup of water or a cheering voice to comfort them. Some who had been but slightly struck contrived to return to their comrades. Amongst these was Lieutenant Ermiston, who, after lying for five hours under the *abattis* of the Redan, contrived to get away with only a contusion of the knee. Mr. Kennedy, senior mate of the *London*, after some hours of painful concealment, rolled himself over and over like a ball down the declivity, and managed to get back into the trench. The fate of Lieutenant Kidd was a painful one, and elicits emotions of sympathy and admiration. Having got safely back to the trench, he was receiving the congratulations of a brother-officer, when he saw a wounded soldier lying outside exposed to the fire of the enemy. "We must go and save him!" exclaimed the generous man, and at once leaped over the parapet in order to do so. A few moments after, a bullet entered his breast and inflicted a death-wound; he survived only an hour.

We shall here append copies of the despatches by Lord Raglan and General Pelissier relative to this fatal action. A melancholy interest pervades the former, for it is almost the last he wrote. The old soldier was rapidly breaking down amid the harass and hardships of this protracted struggle, and the shadow of death was already upon him. Anxiety, overwork, a painful sense of

responsibility, and probably a fear of the too evident truth, that his ability had been overtaxed—that he was not the man to triumph over the gigantic difficulties by which he was surrounded, and out of the gloom and uncertainty of which he could not see his way, had undermined his hardy constitution, and were fast extinguishing the flickering lamp of life. Added to this, there was a difference of opinion between him and the stern Pelissier; the latter considered that Lord Raglan did not display the energy and activity which ought to be expected from him, and that the interests of the allies were endangered by the sluggish councils or movements of the generals of the British army. It was even said that a paragraph in the despatch of General Pelissier, reflecting on Lord Raglan, was discreetly omitted by the French government, for fear of giving offence to the English. However this may be, much of the camp-gossip attributed the failure of both French and English, on the 18th, to the impetuosity of Pelissier himself.

Before Sebastopol, June 19th.

My Lord,—I informed your lordship, on the 16th, that new batteries had been completed, and that in consequence the allies would be enabled to resume the offensive against Sebastopol with the utmost vigour. Accordingly, on the 17th, at daylight a very heavy fire was opened from all the batteries in the English and French trenches, and maintained throughout the day, and the effect produced appeared so satisfactory that it was determined that the French should attack the Malakhoff works the next morning, and that the English should assail the Redan as soon after as I might consider it desirable. It was at first proposed that the artillery fire should be resumed on the morning of the 18th, and should be kept up for about two hours, for the purpose of destroying any works the enemy might have thrown up in the night, and of opening passages through the *abattis* that covered the Redan; but on the evening of the 17th it was intimated to me by General Pelissier that he had determined, upon further consideration, that the attack by his troops should take place at three the following morning.

The French therefore commenced their operations as day broke; and as their several columns came within range of the enemy's fire, they encountered the most serious opposition both from musketry and the guns in the works which had been silenced the

previous evening, and, observing this, I was induced at once to order our columns to move out of the trenches upon the Redan. It had been arranged that detachments from the light, second, and fourth divisions, which I placed for the occasion under the command of Lieutenant-general Sir G. Brown, should be formed into three columns; that the right one should attack the left face of the Redan between the flanking batteries; that the centre should advance upon the salient angle; and that the left should move upon the re-entering angle formed by the right face and flank of the work, the first and last preceding the centre column. The flank columns at once obeyed the signal to advance, preceded by covering parties of the rifle brigade, and by sailors carrying ladders and soldiers carrying woolbags; but they had no sooner shown themselves beyond the trenches than they were assailed by a most murderous fire of grape and musketry. Those in advance were either killed or wounded, and the remainder found it impossible to proceed. I never before witnessed such a continued and heavy fire of grape combined with musketry from the enemy's works, which appeared to be fully manned; and the long list of killed and wounded in the light and fourth divisions, and the seamen of the naval brigade, under Captain Peel, who was unfortunately wounded, though not severely, will show that a very large proportion of those that went forward fell. Major-general Sir John Campbell, who led the left attack, and Colonel Shadforth, of the 57th, who commanded the storming party under his direction, were both killed, as was also Colonel Yea, of the royal fusiliers, who led the right column.

I cannot say too much in praise of these officers. Major-general Sir J. Campbell had commanded the fourth division from the period of the battle of Inkermann till the arrival, very recently, of Lieutenant-general Bentinck. He had devoted himself to his duty without any intermission, and had acquired the confidence and respect of all. I most deeply lament his loss. Colonel Shadforth had maintained the efficiency of his regiment by constant attention to all the details of his command, and Colonel Yea was not only distinguished for his gallantry, but had exercised his control of the royal fusiliers in such a manner as to win the affections of the soldiers under his orders, and to secure to them every

comfort and accommodation which his personal exertions could procure for them.

I have not any definite information upon the movements of the French columns, and the atmosphere became so obscured by the smoke from the guns and musketry, that it was not possible by personal observation to ascertain their progress, though I was particularly well situated for the purpose; but I understand that their left column, under General d'Autemarre, passed the advanced works of the enemy and threatened the gorge of the Malakhoff Tower; and that the two other columns, under generals Mayran and Brunet, who both, I regret to say, were killed, met with obstacles equal to those we encountered, and were obliged in consequence to abandon the attack. The superiority of our fire on the day we opened, led both General Pelissier and myself, and the officers of the artillery and engineers of the two services, and the armies in general, to conclude that the Russian artillery fire was, in a great measure, subdued, and that the operation we projected could be undertaken with every prospect of success. The result has shown that the resources of the enemy were not exhausted, and that they had still the power, either from their ships or from their batteries, to bring an overwhelming fire upon their assailants. While the direct attack upon the Redan was proceeding, Lieutenant-general Sir R. England was directed to send one of the brigades of the third division, under the command of Major-general Barnard, down the Woronzoff ravine, with a view to give support to the attacking columns on his right, and the other brigade, under Major-general Eyre, still further to the left, to threaten the works at the head of the Dockyard Creek.

I have not yet received their reports, and shall not be able to send them to your lordship to-day; but General Eyre was very seriously engaged, and he himself wounded, though I am happy to say not severely, and he possessed himself of a churchyard which the enemy had hitherto carefully watched, and some houses within the place; but, as the town front was not attacked, it became necessary to withdraw his brigade at night. I am concerned to have to inform you that Lieutenant-colonel Tylden, of the royal engineers, whose services I have had the greatest pleasure in bringing so frequently to your lordship's notice, is very severely wounded. The account I received of him this morning is upon the whole satisfactory.

and I entertain strong hopes that his valuable life will be preserved.

I feel greatly indebted to Sir G. Brown for the manner in which he conducted the duties I intrusted to him; and my warmest acknowledgments are due to Major-general Harry Jones, not only for his valuable assistance on the present occasion, but for the able, zealous, and energetic manner in which he has conducted the siege operations since he assumed the command of the royal engineers. He received a wound from a grape-shot in the forehead yesterday, which I trust will not prove serious. I brought up the first division from the vicinity of Balaklava as a reserve, and I shall retain them on these heights. The Sardinian troops, under General La Marmora, and the Turkish troops, under Omar Pasha, crossed the Tchernaya on the 17th inst., and occupy positions in front of Tchorgoun. They have not come in contact with any large body of the enemy.

I have, &c.,

Lord Panmure, &c.

RAGLAN.

Copy of the despatch of General Pelissier :—

Head-quarters before Sebastopol, June 22nd.

Monsieur le Maréchal,—Since the capture of the external works on the 7th of June, I had rapidly made every arrangement to make them the basis of our attack against the *enceinte* itself of the Karabelnaia. We armed them with powerful artillery; the Russian communications and *places d'armes* were turned to our own use; the ground plan of attack studied in detail; the allied armies had their respective tasks allotted to them. The English were to storm the great Redan, and we were to carry the Malakhoff Tower, the redan of the Careening Bay, and the intrenchments which cover that extremity of the faubourg. It is superfluous, M. le Maréchal, to point out to your excellency what would have been the result of such an operation if it had succeeded. Since our last successes the attitude of the enemy and the enthusiasm of our troops promised victory. There was no time to be lost. In concert with Lord Raglan, on the 17th, we poured a crushing fire into Sebastopol, especially into the works we intended storming. At an early hour the enemy ceased replying from the Malakhoff and from the Redan. It is probable they were economising their batteries and fire, and that they did not suffer so much from the effects of our artillery as we were led to

presume. However that may be, the superiority of our guns confirmed us in our plan for making an assault on the 18th, and on the night before we made all the necessary arrangements for a general movement on the morrow.

Three divisions were to take part in the combat—the divisions of Mayran and Brunet, of the 2nd corps; the division d'Autemarre of the 1st. The division of the imperial guard formed the reserve. Mayran's division had the right attack, and was to carry the intrenchments which extend from the battery of the point to the redan of Careening Bay. Brunet's division was to turn the Malakhoff on the right. D'Autemarre's division was to manœuvre on the left to carry that important work.

General Mayran's task was a difficult one. His 1st brigade, commanded by Colonel Saurin, of the 3rd Zouaves, was to advance from the ravine of Careening Bay as far as the aqueduct, to creep along the left hill side of the ravine, avoiding as much as possible the fire of the enemy's lines, and to turn the battery of the point by the gorge. The 2nd brigade, commanded by General de Failly, was to make an attempt on the right of the redan of Careening Bay. They were provided with everything necessary to scale the works. The special reserve of this division consisted of two battalions of the 1st regiment of the *voltigeurs* of the guard. All these troops were ready at their post at an early hour. Brunet's division had one of its brigades in advance and to the right of the Brancion redoubt (Mamelon), the other in the parallel in the rear and to the right of that redoubt. A similar arrangement was made as regards d'Autemarre's division—Niel's brigade in advance and to the left of the Mamelon; Breton's brigade in the parallel in the rear. Two batteries of artillery, which could be served *à la bricole*, were placed behind the Brancion redoubt (Mamelon), ready to occupy the enemy's positions in case we succeeded in carrying them. The division of the imperial guard, forming the general reserve of the three attacks, was drawn up in a body in the rear of the Victoria redoubt.

I selected the Lancaster battery for my post, from which I was to give the signal by star rockets for the general advance. Notwithstanding great difficulties of ground, notwithstanding the obstacles accumulated by the enemy, and although the Russians, evidently informed of our plans, were on

their guard ready to repel an attack, I am inclined to think that if the attack could have been general and instantaneous on the whole extent of the line—if there had been a simultaneous action and *ensemble* in the efforts of our brave troops—the object would have been achieved. Unhappily, it was not so, and an inconceivable fatality caused us to fail.

I was still at more than 1,000 metres from the place whence I was to give the signal, when a violent fire of musketry, intermixed with grape, apprised me that the combat had commenced seriously on the right. In fact, a little before three, A.M., General Mayran fancied he recognised my signal in a shell with a blazing fusee sent up from the Brancion redoubt. It was in vain that he was informed of his mistake.

This brave and unfortunate general gave the order for the attack. The Saurin and De Faily columns immediately rushed forward; the first rush was magnificent; but scarcely were these heads of columns in march, when a shower of balls and grape was poured in upon them. This crushing fire came not only from the works which we wished to carry, but also from the enemy's steamers, which came up at full steam and manœuvred with great skill and effect. We, however, caused them some damage. This prodigious fire stopped the efforts of our troops. It became impossible for our soldiers to advance, but not a man retired one step; it was at this moment that General Mayran, already hit in two places, was knocked down by a grapeshot, and was compelled to resign the command of his division. All this was the work of a moment, and General Mayran was already carried off the field of battle when I sent up the signal from the Lancaster battery. The other troops then advanced to support the premature movement of the right division. That valiant division, for a moment disconcerted by the loss of its general, promptly rallied at the voice of General de Faily. The troops engaged, supported by the 2nd battalion of the 95th of the line and by a battalion of the voltigeurs of the guard, under the orders of the brave Colonel Boudville, held a footing in a bend of the ground where the general places them, and boldly maintain their position there. Informed, however, of this position, which might become critical, I ordered General Regnault de St. Jean d'Angely to send four battalions of the voltigeurs of the guard,

taken from the general reserve, to the support of that division. Generals Mellinet Uhrich marched with that fine body of men, rallied the stragglers in the ravine of Careening Bay, and gave a solid support to General de Faily, by occupying the bottom of the ravine.

General Mellinet, in person, advanced to the right of General de Faily at the head of a battalion of grenadiers, placed the evening before to defend the ravine, and was of great service to him by covering his right. The attack on the centre had not a better fate. General Brunet had not yet completed all his arrangements, when the signal-rockets were fired. The whole of the right was already prematurely engaged for more than twenty to twenty-five minutes. The troops, nevertheless, resolutely advanced; but their valour was of no avail against the well-sustained fire of the Russians, and against unforeseen obstacles. At the very outset, General Brunet fell mortally wounded by a ball in the chest. The flag of the 91st was cut in two by a ball, but it is needless to add that its fragments were brought back by that gallant regiment. General Lafont de Villiers took the command of the division, and intrusted that of the troops engaged to Colonel Lorencez. The latter held firm while the remainder of the division occupied the trenches to provide against the eventualities of the combat. To the left, General d'Autemarre could not go into action before Brunet's division, nor could he explain the hasty fusillade he heard in the direction of Careening Bay; but at the signal agreed upon for the attack, he threw forward with impetuosity the 5th *chasseurs-à-pied* and the 1st battalion of the 19th of the line, which, following the ridge of the Karabelnaia ravine, arrived at the intrenchment which connects it with the Malakhoff Tower, scaled the intrenchment, and entered into the *enceinte* itself. The sappers of the engineers were already placing the scaling-ladders for the remainder of the 19th and 26th regiments, who were hurrying up, by order of General d'Autemarre, to follow his gallant column. For an instant we believed in success. Our eagles were planted on the Russian works. Unhappily, that hope was promptly dispelled. Our allies had met with such obstacles in their attack on the Grand Redan, they had been received with such a fearful shower of grape, that, despite their well-known tenacity, they had already been obliged to beat a retreat.

Such was the spirit of our troops, that, despite this circumstance, they would have pushed on and charged down upon the enemy; but the want of simultaneity in the attack of our divisions, permitted the Russians to fall upon us with their reserves and with the artillery of the great Redan, and the enemy did not lose a moment in advancing all the other reserves of the Karabelnaia against our brave *chasseurs-à-pied*.

Before so imposing a force Commandant Garnier, of the 5th battalion, already struck by five balls, endeavoured, but in vain, to maintain the conquered ground. Compelled to give way to numbers, he recrossed the intrenchments. General Niel came up to support his brigade, reinforced by the 30th of the line; a new offensive movement was attempted, to ensure the success of the new effort; and on a message from General d'Autemarre, to the effect that his reserve was reduced to the 74th of the line, I sent him the regiment of Zouaves of the guard; but on the arrival of those hardy veterans of our African campaigns, as the movement had no longer any desirable *ensemble* for so vigorous a blow, with a single division without support either on the right or on the left, and cut up by the artillery of the Redan, the attack upon which had been relinquished by our allies, I at once saw that all chance of success was over. Another effort would only have led to useless bloodshed. It was half-past eight o'clock, and I ordered a general retreat to the trenches. This movement was carried out proudly, with order and coolness, and without the enemy following us on any point. A portion of the Russian trenches remained even occupied by some of our men, who evacuated them gradually, without the enemy daring to turn their advantage to account against them.

Our losses have been great. We took care, at the very commencement of the action, to carry off most of our wounded. But a certain number of those glorious dead remained lying on the glacis or in the ditches of the place. The last duties were rendered to them the following day. Besides General Brunet and General Mayran (who died during the night), we have to deplore the loss of an officer beloved and appreciated by the whole army, the young and brave lieutenant-colonel of artillery De Laboursinière, killed while scaling the reverse of a trench obstructed by troops on his way from one of his batteries to the Brancion

redoubt. It is a great loss. In him were the germs of future promise. A number of brave superior officers have been wounded while showing the most noble example. The officers of the staff and of the troops worthily performed their duties, and the conduct of the men was admirable everywhere. We had thirty-seven officers killed, and seventeen taken prisoners; 1,544 non-commissioned officers and privates killed or missing. On the evening of the 18th, ninety-six officers, and 1,644 men went to the ambulances. Many wounds at first thought very serious, will ultimately prove not to be so. The bearers of these honourable scars will shortly rejoin their colours.

These losses have not shaken either the ardour or the confidence of these valiant divisions. They only ask to make the enemy pay dearly for this day's work. The hope and the will to conquer are in every heart, and all count upon it that in the next struggle fortune will not play false to valour.

PELISSIER,

Commander-in-chief.

The Russian account of this engagement, published in the *Invalide Russe*, is almost too technical to be of much interest to our readers. It observed—"Our losses during the bombardment of the 17th and 18th of June, and during the assault, consist of one superior officer, four subalterns, and 530 men killed; six superior officers, forty-two subalterns, and about 3,378 men wounded." After referring to the loss of the allies, the amount of which it was unacquainted with, it thus concluded:—"Such is the recital of this unexampled exploit of the garrison of Sebastopol, which, after nine months of siege and three terrible bombardments, repulsed the desperate assault of the enemy, occasioned them an immense loss, and, with heroic devotion, is still ready to meet any new attempt on their part."

On the 19th of June, Prince Gortschakoff issued the following triumphant proclamation to the Russian troops:—

Comrades!—The sanguinary combat of yesterday, and the defeat of a despairing enemy, have again crowned our arms with immortal laurels. Russia owes you a debt of gratitude, which she will pay. Thousands of our comrades in arms have sealed with their blood the oath they have taken, and have thus redeemed the word I gave to the emperor, our common father. Accept my best thanks for it.

Comrades! Considerable reinforcements are on their way to us from every part of our holy Russia. They will soon be here. Oppose, as you have hitherto done, your manly chests to the murderous balls of our impious enemies, and die as thousands of our comrades have hitherto done, sword in hand, in an honourable struggle, man against man, chest against chest, rather than violate the oath you have sworn to the emperor and to our country, to keep Sebastopol.

Soldiers! The enemy is beaten, driven back with enormous loss. Allow your commander to repeat his gratitude to you in the name of the emperor, our august monarch, in the name of our country, of our holy and orthodox Russia. The hour is approaching when the pride of the enemy will be lowered, their armies swept from our soil like chaff blown away by the wind. 'Till then let us put trust in God, and let us fight for the emperor and for our country.

Let this order of the day be read to every company and squadron of the army.

GORTSCHAKOFF.

The day following the contest, an armistice was necessary for the collection of the wounded and the burial of the dead, and this time the allies had to make application for it. As some hesitation had been shown in granting a similar favour to the Russians, on account of the improper use they made of the time during which the flags of truce were waving, they would not at first reply to the request of the allies. The day was extremely hot, and the rays of a fierce sun shot down upon the dead, and upon the wretched, fainting wounded, who lay in misery, parched with thirst and racked with fever. The Russians would not consent to a truce until four in the afternoon, by which time the poor wounded men had lain unassisted for thirty dreary hours upon the ground. They might be seen faintly waving their caps, or making signals; but their comrades were unable to leave the works and go out to their assistance until the Russians pleased to hoist the white flag. At length it was hoisted above the Redan tower, and the Russians threw out a line of sentries along their works in front of the *abattis* which guards them. The English and the French also posted lines of sentries opposite the Redan and before the Mamelon. The searching parties issued out on their sad duty; the wounded were rescued from among the dead, and the latter con-

signed to their rude and shallow graves. Those not engaged in these melancholy labours were not permitted either to go out, to get upon the parapets, or to look over. The Russian soldiers also seemed to be kept back by their officers; but they crowded on the top of the Redan and Malakhoff parapets, and appeared to regard the proceedings with great interest. The ground between our attack and the Redan was covered with long rank grass and weeds, mingled with large stones, with graves, and with holes made by shot or shells. The grass also was seamed with grapeshot in all directions, in a manner which looked as if ploughs had been constantly drawn over it. The dead were strewn thickly about, especially close to the *abattis* of the Redan, where many of the bodies had probably been dragged during the night for the purpose of plundering them. Poor Colonel Yea's body was found near this spot. His boots and epaulettes were gone, and his head so swollen that his features were scarcely distinguishable. The body of Colonel Shadforth was discovered in a similar condition. The shattered frame of Sir John Campbell, already fast decomposing, lay close to the *abattis*. The body was removed and buried on Cathcart's-hill, his favourite resort; and where, but the evening before his death, he had been standing, talking and laughing but a few feet from the spot so soon destined to become his grave. The loss of so many brave men caused a feeling of despondency throughout the camp; and it is said that Lord Raglan was peculiarly touched by it. The prospects of the allies were overcast with gloom; but there was no despair, and it was supposed that aggressive efforts would soon be renewed.

We are almost ashamed to be under such great obligations to Mr. Russell; but many of his pictures, sketched on the spot, are so picturesque and natural, that to attempt a brief paraphrase of the most vital portions would be both unsatisfactory and injurious. From his brilliant letters we quote the following description of the truce:—

"The bodies of many a brave officer whom I knew in old times—old times of the war, for men's lives are short here, and the events of a life are compressed into a few hours—were borne past us in silence, and now and then, wonderful to relate, men with severe wounds were found still living and able to give expression to their sufferings by moans and sighs of pain. The spirit of some of

these noble fellows triumphed over all their bodily agonies. 'General!' exclaimed a sergeant of the 18th royal Irish to Brigadier Eyre as he came near the place in the Cemetery where the poor fellow lay with both his legs broken by a round shot, 'thank God, *we* did *our* work, any way. Had I another pair of legs, the country and you would be welcome to them!' Many men in hospital, after losing leg or arm, said they 'would not have cared if they had only beaten the Russians.' The tortures endured by the wounded were very great; they lay in holes made by shells, and were frequently fired at by the Russian riflemen when they rolled about in their misery. Some of our men, however, report that the enemy treated them kindly, and even brought them water out of the embrasures. They pulled all the bodies of our officers which lay within reach up to the *abattis*, and took off their epaulettes, when they had any, and their boots, but did not strip them. It was observed that the ditch of the *abattis* was in excellent order—that the *chevaux-de-frise* had been repaired, and were very strong, and that every effort had been used up to the moment before we assaulted to render it, as it was, a formidable obstacle to our advance. It is said that the bottom of the ditch was filled with bayonets, fixed firmly in the earth; and there is a report that the Russians were employed during the night of the 17th in repairing the *abattis* itself where it was injured by our cannon. I have already tried to describe the nature of the ground in the front of the *abattis*. It was in itself a considerable impediment to regularity of formation. A line of sentries was formed by the Russians as our burying parties came out, and they advanced so far in front of the *abattis* that General Airey was obliged to remonstrate with an aide-de-camp of General Osten-Sacken, who ordered them to retire nearer to the *abattis*. It was observed that these men were remarkably fine tall, muscular, and soldier-like fellows, and one could not but contrast them with some of the poor weakly-looking boys who were acting as privates in our regiments, or with the small undergrown men of the French line. They were unusually well dressed, in clean new uniforms, and were no doubt picked out to impose upon us. Many of them wore medals, and seemed veteran soldiers. Their officers had also turned out with unusual care, and wore white kid gloves, patent leather boots, and white linen.

The mass of the Russians were gathered on the towering parapets of the Redan and Malakhoff, and were not permitted to come to the front. Their working parties brought out all our dead, and laid them in front of their line of sentries, whence our people carried them away. The precautions which had been taken to prevent officers and men getting through the lines sufficed to keep any great crowd away, but the officers on duty and the lucky men, and some amateurs, who managed to get through the lines, formed groups in front of the Redan, and entered into conversation with a few of the Russian officers. There was, however, more reserve and gravity in the interview than has been the case on former occasions of the kind. One stout elderly Russian of rank asked one of our officers 'How are you off for food?' 'Oh! we get everything we want; our fleet secures that.' 'Yes,' remarked the Russian, with a knowing wink, 'Yes; but there's one thing you're not so well off for, and your fleet can't supply you, and that's sleep.' 'We're at least as well off for that as you are' was the rejoinder. Another officer, in the course of conversation, asked if we really thought, after our experience of the defence they could make, that we could take Sebastopol. 'We must; France and England are determined to take it.' 'Ah! well,' said the other, 'Russia is determined France and England shall not have it, and we'll see who has the strongest will, and can lose most men.' In the midst of these brief interviews, beginning and ending with bows and salutes, and inaugurated by the concession of favours relating to cigars and lights, the soldiers bore dead bodies by, consigning the privates to the burial-grounds near the trenches, and carrying off the wounded and the bodies of the officers to the camp. Poor Forman's body was one of the first found; it was far in advance of where he came out of the trench with his company of the rifle brigade, and it was terribly torn with shot. It was generally observed by some of the surgeons, however, that the wounds were cleaner than they have been in previous engagements. This is somewhat remarkable, for the Russians fired all kinds of missiles,—bags of nails and fragments of bullets, shells, and balls, as well as grape and canister. They were seen as we advanced 'shovelling' the shot into the muzzles of the guns. No one can deny many of their officers the praise of extreme bravery and devotion. In the

midst of our fire they got up on the top and on the outside of the parapets, and directed the fire of their men upon us. Several of them were knocked over by round shot, shell, and rifle-balls, while exposing themselves in this manner; but it scarcely speaks well for their soldiers that they felt it necessary to set them such examples. Colonel Dickson succeeded in obtaining Lord Raglan's permission to open on the Russians from the 21-gun battery, and swept them away in numbers as they crowded out to fire on our broken columns and on our wounded men and fugitives.

"The armistice lasted for upwards of two hours, and when it was over we retired from the spot so moistened with our blood. All the advantage we gained by the assault was the capture of the Cemetery, and even that we had nearly abandoned, owing to the timidity of one of our generals. As you have already learnt, the men in the Cemetery and houses suffered severely during the 18th from the enemy's fire, and the soldiers in the latter were not able to withdraw till nightfall. It was left to one of the generals of division to say what should be done with the Cemetery, and he gave orders to abandon it. On the following morning an officer of engineers, Lieutenant Donnelly, heard to his extreme surprise that the position for which we had paid so dearly was not in our possession. He appreciated its value—he saw that the Russians had not yet advanced to reoccupy it. With the utmost zeal and energy he set to work among the officers in the trenches, and begged and borrowed some thirty men, with whom he crept down into the Cemetery, just before the flag of truce was hoisted. As soon as the armistice began the Russians flocked down to the Cemetery, which they supposed to be undefended, but to their great surprise they found our thirty men posted there as sentries, who warned them back, and in the evening the party was strengthened, and we are now constructing most valuable works and batteries there, in spite of a heavy fire, which occasions us considerable loss. Such is the story that is going the round of the camp. Lord Raglan is said to have found fault with General Eyre for losing so many men, but the latter observed, 'that he had done what he was ordered, and that he *had* taken the Cemetery.' There can be no doubt but that our troops could have got into the town in the rear of the Redan from the houses on the 18th, had they been strong

enough to advance from the Cemetery. Whether they could have maintained themselves there under the fire of forts, ships, and batteries, is another question. It is now shrewdly suspected that inside the Redan, behind those outward and visible walls of earth, there is another very strong work—a kind of star fort of earth with sunken batteries—and it is certain that inside the Malakhoff works there are several lines of battery which have never been unmasked."

It is mentioned in the despatch of Lord Raglan, descriptive of the engagement of the 18th, that on the preceding day the Turkish and Sardinian troops had crossed the Tchernaya and occupied positions in front of Tchorgoun. The object of the movement was to make a diversion in the direction of Bakshiserai, while the assault was made on the Malakhoff and Redan, and thus draw off the attention of the enemy. A few words concerning this expedition will not be out of place. Though in winter the Tchernaya is an impetuous mountain stream, inundating the whole flat country on each side of it, it dwindles down to an insignificant rivulet, which can be passed nearly anywhere during the summer. The Turks and Sardinians crossed the river at sunrise, the former taking the road to Karlova, or Lower Tchorgoun, and the latter that which led to Upper Tchorgoun. While approaching the river some Russian bayonets were seen glittering among the brushwood, and a few shots were fired by the enemy, but without effect. As the Turks advanced, the Russians deemed it prudent to retire. The country in this direction is extremely beautiful, and every turn in the road brought the invaders to a more picturesque point. The Tchernaya flows chiefly through a gorge, through which there is scarcely room for the water to pass; on one spot the gorge widens and reveals a lovely and secluded dell, in which a small white house forms a pleasant contrast to the rugged rocks by which it is surrounded.

The troops encamped for the night on the heights immediately above the little village of Koutsea. As the baggage and tents were left behind, the soldiers prepared shelters from the sun and the night air, with the brushwood which grew in profusion around. The Turkish soldiers are very skilful in this employment; they made famous bowers, and places almost resembling houses for their officers. In the evening the hill-

side glared with fires, and the soldiers, who had been fortunate enough to obtain some sheep, gave themselves up to enjoyment. In every company were large fires, with an entire sheep roasting on the spit, after the Albanian fashion. Water and fire are the two necessary elements for the Turkish soldier: he can get on in a starving condition, and not think a deficiency of food any great hardship; but without plenty of water and a good fire, he is dejected and miserable. The following day, and for several succeeding ones, the Turks and Sardinians made military promenades, but without encountering the enemy.

Our Mussulman and Italian allies were joined in their pleasant quarters by the 10th hussars, and several *reconnaissances* were made. One, on the 26th of June, was into the much-famed valley of Baidar. "This place," said a writer who accompanied the expedition, "the object of the never-tiring enthusiasm of Russian poets, is certainly not an ill-chosen favourite. Fancy one of the best wooded English lakes—for instance, Derwentwater, several times magnified, and instead of its clear waters, a beautiful park, with aged oaks and every variety of forest trees substituted, with small mountain streams intersecting it, and with half-a-dozen neat villages peeping through the trees on the side of the surrounding mountains. The illusion that you are in a park is heightened by the circumstance, that, with the exception of the Woronzoff-road, all the other roads are grass roads, and that there are no corn-fields, only rich swards: the Tartars of the valley were, in autumn and spring, so much occupied in forced labour for the construction of the roads, that no time remained for sowing."

Each day the French and Piedmontese sent out foraging parties to cut grass, but they did not give themselves much trouble in that respect, as they found plenty of hayricks all ready. The French sent a train of arabas, and carried most of this away. On the 6th of July, the Turks, Sardinians, and others, left the valleys and mountains of the Tchernaya, and returned to their old quarters near Balaklava. For some time the movements of the Turkish army were frequent, and apparently without any object. In the camps it was reported that an agreement existed between the allied generals and the Porte, that the Turks were not to take part in the siege. It is difficult to

understand such an arrangement; but the fact that the Turks merely occupied themselves with foraging, or sat in indolence for hours together, while the French and English worked laboriously in the trenches, seemed to countenance the idea.

Scarcely was the repulse of the allies known in England, when it was followed by the information that Lord Raglan was no more. After a few days' illness he sunk under an attack of dysentery, and expired on the evening of the 28th of June, in his sixty-seventh year. Notwithstanding his advanced age, no doubt can be entertained that mental anxiety contributed, to no small extent, to produce this unexpected catastrophe. The telegraphic information forwarded by his successor in command, reported—"Until four, P.M., on the 28th, his lordship had been progressing to the satisfaction of his medical attendants, when alarming symptoms developed themselves, attended with difficulty of breathing, which gradually increased. From five, P.M., he was unconscious, and from that period he gradually sank until twenty-five minutes before nine, at which hour he died." The old soldier, who had braved a violent death so often on the battle-field, expired peacefully and without any suffering, in the midst of the officers composing his personal staff.

A brief biographical notice of Lord Raglan has already been given in these pages:* we will here attempt an estimate of his character as a British general. In doing so, we shall not permit any emotion of sympathy for his rather painful fate to prevent us from performing, as far as lies in us, the duty of an impartial historian. It is not our part to write his eulogy, but to speak critically of a public man, who occupied a highly prominent post in the sight not of England and France alone, but also of Europe and Asia. Lord Raglan's personal bravery was indisputable; to that, not Alma and Inkermann alone, but his whole career testified with a mute but yet incontrovertible eloquence. But his bravery was of the passive cast; he was a type of the calm, quiet English gentleman in war; imbued with a strict sense of duty, and ready to lay down his life in the performance of it. Moulded, indeed, in the school of his friend and patron the Duke of Wellington, of whom he was generally regarded as an imitator.

We must affirm that we do not think

* See Note to page 242 in Vol. IV.

Lord Raglan was of that nature which would have won high distinction without the stepping-stone of aristocratic birth and connexions. The conviction that he was not a great general is universal and uncontradicted. He could perform the ordinary duties of a general satisfactorily, but he was lamentably deficient in those qualities which constitute military genius. He possessed considerable professional experience, great application, and remarkable powers of endurance; but he lacked the energy, vehemence, and decision of character that are essential to the constitution of a successful and illustrious military chieftain. He was merciful in nature, amiable in disposition, gentle in his manners to those around him, though distant to his soldiers. But these qualities, however estimable in private men, are sometimes a positive failing in public ones, upon whose firmness, and perhaps even harshness in certain directions, the prosperity or lives of thousands depend. Hesitation in council, or slowness to action in a general, will instantly obscure all his private virtues. The dismal condition of our brave army in the Crimea, arising, to no small extent, from these defects of character in Lord Raglan, had dimmed his fame, and overthrown the popularity he acquired by the rapid and brilliant, though inconclusive, victory of the Alma.

Though Lord Raglan had won honours upon the battle-plain and "‘t the imminent deadly breach," yet his distinction was gained as much in the military cabinet as in the field. He officiated as chief secretary at the Horse-guards for very many years, and there became conversant with the forms, and habituated to the technicalities of our army system. He was injured by an over-education in this direction; and his mind became subdued to a system of routine which, however satisfactory during a time of peace, turned out to be not only useless, but extremely obstructive, in the trying exigencies which arise in the course of actual service. Lord Raglan had not an original cast of mind, but his mental character was the formation of a system. He was the result of an imperfect, worn-out, and fast-perishing military school; not the pioneer or creator of a new and better one. He looked with respect upon the past, but he had not the strength of vision requisite to gaze steadily into the future. He feared army reform, because he lacked the energy to conduct it steadily, and the iron hand to arrest it in

due time. He seemed to dread that change led only to still further change, and not to a more efficient state of things. A tory in politics—bred, indeed, in the highest school of tory politics—and attached by birth and education to the most exclusive branch of British aristocracy, it was but naturally to be expected that he should also be a tory in war. He fell into the patrician error of preserving bad things as they were, out of a respect for precedence and established custom; and, by so doing, he endangered the very existence of a noble British army, and even perilled the proud glory of the British empire.

His death, at the moment and under the circumstances in which it took place, was melancholy and rather painful. It is sad to behold a brave old man borne down to the grave by an overpowering weight of responsibilities and difficulties. Yet it may be truly said that Lord Raglan died honourably at his post, discharging his duties to the best of his ability, after a life spent industriously in the service of his country. That that ability was not of the highest order must not be his reproach, but rather that of those who placed him in a false position. He would have been well able to conduct a mere military demonstration against Russia; and it is evident enough, that that was all that the ministry of this country at first intended. When the country drifted, as if by some blind accident, into a gigantic war, it soon became apparent that Lord Raglan was painfully misplaced in the eminently responsible and dangerous position which aristocratic influence had assigned him. The truth must be spoken: the genius of history imperatively demands that; and, though it is generous to sympathise with the fate of Lord Raglan, it is but justice to say that his death, happening at the time it did, was rather an advantage than a loss to his country. A younger, stronger, sterner man was required to command the noble army of England, and to see that the glorious energy of her young blood, heroically panting for distinction, and longing to snatch bright laurels even from the grim hand of death, should not languish in inaction, suffer from exposure, cold, incredible labour and famine; and so sink and droop, and pine and die, in silence and obscurity, without honour and without result. That noble army, whose patience in suffering, no less than its heroism in battle, won the admiration of Europe, required for its leader

a warrior more fertile in expedient, more original in genius, more resolute in purpose, more terrible in action, more reckless in execution,—one who could rise to the dazzling height of the grand position in which he was placed, contemn difficulties with the majestic scorn of greatness, trample down obstacles, receive new strength from reverses, and with a steady foot and iron hand, win his way to victory, even (if necessary) through seas of blood and mountains of the dead. Mercy in war is folly; suavity is childishness. England must not fight for pastime, or fight with hesitation; with her, battle must be a raging struggle, ending in death or victory. If not this, then never stain the holy robe of Peace with sanguinary spots: it is the braggart's part to draw the sword for show and not for use. We would do the utmost to shun war; but if it is inevitable, then let it be war in earnest. If it is war in earnest, we must have blood—blood enough to drown Russian ambition; blood enough to make the northern tyranny remember the terrible vengeance of the foes she had aroused; blood enough to make her, in years to come, shrink from a repetition of her crimes; and, when she begins again to harbour new designs of rapacious conquest, shudder and grow cold at heart as the fear passes before her, like a hideous and threatening spectre, that attempts to crush the weaker nations around her may lead again to the awful deeds of vengeance showered with remorseless retribution upon her guilty head.*

The question, "Who shall succeed Lord Raglan as commander-in-chief in the Crimea?" was asked, both at the camp and at home, with considerable anxiety. Lieutenant-general Simpson, hitherto chief of the staff, being the officer next in seniority of rank present with the army, assumed the command until he should hear further from the British government. This gentleman

* The following Russian estimate of Lord Raglan, extracted from a letter dated St. Petersburg, and published in *Le Nord*, is not without interest, as it displays a feeling of lofty generosity for a noble foe:—"Lord Raglan has died. During the entire period of the command of this noble general, he succeeded in conciliating the esteem and respect not only of those with whom his nation was allied, but also of the enemy to whom he was opposed. He was one of the last of the heroes of that glorious English army, which, under the command of the Duke of Wellington, illustrated the English name on so many battle-fields, and of which the few remaining veterans bore on their breasts, till lately, the honourable tokens. Lord Raglan was, on several occasions, distinguished by the late Emperor Nicholas, as also by the reigning emperor. He will be

bore the reputation of having been a very efficient and popular colonel when in command of the 29th foot; but for some years, until appointed chief of the staff in the Crimea, his active duties were confined to the command of the garrison at Portsmouth. He was under sixty years of age, generally esteemed, was considered to possess a sound judgment, and to be at least equal in military talent to the other candidates for the command. In this lay our misfortune: there was no officer whose conspicuous merits were such that public opinion could point to him and say—"That is the man!" Forty years of peace had left our generals all in the decadence of life and energy—had changed them into men whose conduct would be guided rather by a memory of what was, than by a judgment of what should be: it was not so they gained their reputations; but we must submit to the decree of nature, by which in age the strength of man is weakened, his activity lessened, and his judgment impaired. If, as the firm brain grows soft, even wisdom often trembles at length on the verge of dotage, it is not surprising that among our old generals uncertainty should intrude on decision, and procrastination usurp the seat of enterprise. The young heroes of England, the men who possessed the qualities out of which great generals could be made, were as yet untried, and therefore regarded with a natural diffidence. War, however, in time makes the sort of men requisite to carry it on with success. It is to men in the summer of life that England must look for her victories; and one of them, young and previously unknown—we mean the gallant Captain Lyons—reaped her first naval triumph in this war.

Several officers were spoken of, in conjunction with General Simpson, as having claims upon the rank of chief command and personally regretted in Russia by all who had an opportunity of knowing and appreciating the nobleness of his sentiments and the uprightness of his character. As a subject, he performed his duty by obeying the command of his sovereign; and as a soldier, he valiantly defended the honour of his flag; but even in the execution of his duty, he preserved unblemished to his death his own personal dignity and that of his country. He has fallen, like so many others, a victim to this disastrous war. Honoured be his memory, and respected be his grave, which will be as sacred on the soil of Russia as on that of England; and, while pointing to it, no Russian will refuse to say—*Siste, viator, hercem calces.*" The writer of this letter appears to have been unaware that the body of Lord Raglan was to be conveyed to England for interment.

the Crimea. Sir George Brown was a brave man, but a martinet, and but little confidence was reposed in his military genius. Sir Richard England was next in rank, but his abilities as a general were not such as to warrant the assumption that he had any chance of succeeding to the vacant post. Beyond these, the names of Sir Colin Campbell, General Eyre, and General Codrington were sometimes spoken of in the camp, as having claims to the chieftainship; but all routine precedent was against the elevation of either of them, whatever their talents as generals, over the heads of those superior to them in military rank. There were also a few men in England whose names were sometimes mentioned in connexion with this subject; none of whom, however, approached the standard we have spoken of, as being the man required for the exigencies of the times. Of these we may enumerate the Duke of Cambridge, who though personally brave, was deficient in experience; Lord Hardinge, whose advanced age put him out of the question; Lord Gough, who had refused the command once, and who was not therefore likely to accept it when offered a second time; and Sir de Lacy Evans, of whom it must be said that he was one of the heroes whose sun was too near setting for him to enter on so gigantic a labour. The question flashes forcibly upon every mind—Does England, in her need, lack gifted sons to help her; or do the forms of our military service keep such men from rising to their just and legitimate position?

On the 3rd of July, the queen sent a message to both houses of parliament, expressing a desire to confer some signal mark of her favour on the widow and eldest son of the late Lord Raglan, and recommending the adoption of such measures as were necessary for the accomplishment of that purpose. The peers replied in an address to her majesty, assuring her that they cheerfully concurred in any measures which should be esteemed appropriate. Laudatory addresses on the career and fate of Lord Raglan—of the nature of funeral orations—were delivered by lords Panmure, Hardinge, and Brougham; the dukes of Cambridge and Beaufort; and the earls of Derby, Cardigan, Galloway, Granville, and Ellesmere. In the Commons, Lord Palmerston proposed (as it was understood that the departed warrior had not left his family in very affluent circumstances) that a pension

of £1,000 a-year should be granted to Lady Raglan for her life, with a pension of £2,000 a-year to the eldest son and to his successor to the title. This was seconded by Mr. Disraeli in the following brief and eloquent speech, which we present as a model of judicious oratory of this nature, and also as presenting a different view of Lord Raglan's military character, to the one sketched by our own pen:—"I rise to second the resolution of the noble lord, and I doubt not it will receive the unanimous acceptance and approbation of the house. Half a century of public service, always noble, sometimes illustrious, cannot be permitted to pass away without the record and recognition of a nation's gratitude. The career of Lord Raglan was remarkable. Forty years ago he sealed with his blood the close of a triumphant struggle against universal empire. After so long an interval, it has been his fate to give his life to his country, in order to avert from it the menace of a new and overwhelming dominion. The qualities of Lord Raglan were remarkable; and it may be doubted whether they can be easily supplied. What most distinguished him, perhaps, was an elevation and serenity of mind which invested him, as it were, with a heroic and classical repose—which permitted him to bring to the management of men, and to the transaction of great affairs, the magic influence of character; and which, in his case, often accomplished results which are usually achieved by the inspiration of genius. Never was there an instance where valour of the highest temper was so happily and so signally blended with so disciplined a discretion. Courage and caution were never so united, and each quality in so high a degree. Over the tomb of departed greatness criticism should be mute; yet we may be permitted to observe, that the course of events has already sanctioned the judgment of this commander with respect to those difficulties with which it was his hard fate to cope, and which his country regrets, but which he neither chose nor created. May those who follow him encounter happier fortunes! They cannot meet a more glorious end. There is nothing more admirable than self-sacrifice to public duty. This was the principle which guided the life of Somerset; this was the principle which hallowed his end." The proposition of the premier, with respect to the pensions, was unanimously agreed to.

It would, we think, have been well to bury the departed general in the scene of his last labours, and amongst the remains of the many brave men who had perished under his command. The sod of the battlefield is the most honourable sepulchre for the dead soldier; and a generous enemy would always regard the spot as sacred. It was, however, decided to bring the corpse of Lord Raglan to England, and place it in the vault containing the remains of his ancestors. On the 3rd of July, it was removed from head-quarters to Kazatch Bay, and placed on board the *Caradoc*, which left the same evening for England. It was conducted to the vessel by an imposing military procession, composed of as many of the allied troops as could be spared from duty in the trenches, and with safety to the camps. The coffin, covered with a black pall, fringed with white silk and the union-jack, and surmounted by the late field-marshal's cocked hat and sword, and a garland of *immortelles*, placed there by General Pelissier, was carried on a platform, fixed upon a 9-pounder gun, and drawn by horses of Captain Thomas's troop of royal horse artillery. General Pelissier, his highness Omar Pasha, General Della Marmora, and General Simpson, the commanders-in-chief of the four allied armies, rode at the wheels of the gun-carriage. The bands of the 3rd, 9th, and 62nd regiments, played the "Dead March;" and two field batteries, stationed on the hill opposite the house, fired a salute of nineteen guns as the procession moved off. On the wharf at Kazatch Bay, the body was received by Admiral Bruat, Rear-admiral Stewart, and a large number of officers of the combined fleets. The launch of the British flag-ship, towed by men-of-war boats, conveyed the coffin to the *Caradoc*. It was followed by an escort of the boats of the combined fleets; and the troop and battery of the royal artillery, included in the procession, formed upon the rising ground above the bay, and fired a salute of nineteen guns as the coffin left the shore. "Thus," said General Simpson, in his despatch relating these circumstances, "terminated the last honours that could be paid by his troops to their beloved commander. His loss to us is inexpressible, and will, I am sure, be equally felt by his country at home. The sympathy of our allies is universal and sincere. His name and memory are all that remain to animate us in the difficulties and dangers to which we may be called."

The *Caradoc* did not arrive at Bristol until Tuesday, the 24th of July. Great preparations for a demonstration of respect for the dead warrior, had been made by the inhabitants of the town. Early the next morning the corpse was landed with much ceremony, and amid the muffled peal of church bells and the roar of cannon. An immense number of flags were displayed, half-mast high, along the route of the procession; and many of the house-fronts and principal buildings were hung with black cloth and other funeral decorations. The procession consisted of a squadron of Blues, a squadron of the 15th hussars, a battery of field artillery (about 200 strong), the enrolled pensioners of the district, some of the land-transport corps (then training at Bristol), a few officers from the Crimea, wearing medals proudly on their breasts, and a number of Peninsular veterans, decorated with a profusion of clasps. These brave old officers had come forward to add their weight of honour to the occasion. Before the plumed canopy which preceded the hearse, the coronet of the deceased was carried by his servant on horseback. After the hearse came the escort of Blues, followed by the mourning coaches conveying the staff and relatives of the deceased. At the close of the military part of the procession, the mayor and corporation rode in twenty-four carriages; then the Society of Merchant Venturers, also in carriages, with their banner in front, borne by a party of seamen; after them the "Corporation of the Poor;" then the clergy of Bristol; and, finally, a long column of the inhabitants, chiefly "Odd-fellows" or "Foresters," formed six deep. The procession, when completed, extended over a space nearly two miles in length. It proceeded to a place called the Fishponds, where it terminated, and the hearse, attended only by the mourning coaches, went on to Badminton, the seat of the Duke of Beaufort, nephew of the deceased nobleman. During the morning of Thursday, the 26th, the body lay in state in the great hall of Badminton-house, where it was visited by large numbers of the gentry and inhabitants of the surrounding neighbourhood. In the afternoon it was conveyed to the ancestral vault of the family in the church at Badminton, and solemnly consigned to the vault where it now rests, with a wreath of laurel, and the *immortelle* placed over it by the French general Pelissier, lying upon the coffin.

CHAPTER IX.

ADDRESS OF THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH TO THE LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY; ENGLISH OFFICIAL INHUMANITY, AND DEATH OF MR. STOWE; SINGULAR CONFESSION OF LORD JOHN RUSSELL; STORM OF CENSURE AGAINST HIM; NOTICE OF MOTION BY SIR E. B. LYTTON OF WANT OF CONFIDENCE IN THE GOVERNMENT; STARTLING NOTICE OF MOTION BY MR. ROEBUCK; LORD JOHN RUSSELL AGAIN RESIGNS; DEBATE OF MR. ROEBUCK'S MOTION, AND ITS REJECTION; PARLIAMENTARY CONTEST RESPECTING THE TURKISH LOAN; THE QUEEN REVIEWS THE FOREIGN LEGION AT SHORNCLIFFE; PROROGATION OF PARLIAMENT; THE QUEEN AND ROYAL FAMILY RETURN THE VISIT OF THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON.

THE Emperor of the French opened the Legislative Assembly at Paris on the 2nd of July, and addressed to it one of those clear, convincing, and aphoristic orations which put to the blush the elaborate no-meaning of many, if not most, of our speeches from the throne. It reviewed the shuffling, hollow conduct of Austria towards the allies; exposed the insufficiency and uselessness of its equivocating propositions; appealed with confidence to Frenchmen for support; bestowed a becoming tribute of admiration on the soldiers; addressed itself to the dignity, nationality, generosity, and ambition of the people; and finally, left the issue, with calm trustiness, in the hands of the God of Battles and the Lord of Peace.

The speech of the emperor ran as follows:—

“Messieurs les Senateurs, Messieurs les Députés,—The diplomatic negotiations commenced during the course of our last session already made you foresee that I should be obliged to call you together when they came to a termination. Unhappily, the conferences of Vienna have failed in procuring peace, and I come again to appeal to the patriotism of the country and to your own. Were we wanting in moderation in settling the conditions? I do not fear to examine the question before you.

“One year already had passed since the commencement of the war, and already France and England had saved Turkey, gained two battles, forced Russia to evacuate the principalities, and to exhaust her forces in the defence of the Crimea. We had, moreover, in our favour the adhesion of Austria and the moral approbation of the rest of Europe. In that situation the cabinet of Vienna asked us if we would consent to treat upon bases vaguely formulated. Before our successes a refusal on our part seemed natural. Was it not to be supposed, forsooth, that the demands of

France and England would increase in proportion to the greatness of the struggle and of the sacrifices already made?

“Well, France and England did not turn their advantages to account, or even make the most of the rights given to them by previous treaties, so much had they at heart to facilitate peace and to give an unchallengeable proof of their moderation. We restricted ourselves to ask, in the interests of Germany, the free navigation of the Danube, and a breakwater against the Russian flood which continually obstructed the mouths of that great river. We demanded, in the interests of Austria and of Germany, a better constitution for the Danubian principalities, that they might serve as a barrier against these repeated invasions of the north. We demanded, in the interest of humanity and of justice, the same guarantees for the Christians of every confession under the exclusive protection of the sultan. In the interests of the Porte, as well as in those of Europe, we demanded that Russia should limit to a reasonable degree, sufficient to shield her against any attack, the number of her ships in the Black Sea, a number which she could only maintain with an aggressive object. Well, all these propositions, which I may call magnanimous from their disinterestedness, and which were approved in principle by Austria, by Prussia, and by Russia herself, have evaporated in the conferences. Russia, who had consented, in theory, to put an end to her preponderance in the Black Sea, has refused every limitation of her naval forces, and we have still to wait for Austria to fulfil her engagements, which consisted in rendering our treaty of alliance offensive and defensive if the negotiations failed. Austria, it is true, proposed to us to guarantee with her by treaty the independence of Turkey, and to consider for the future as a *casus belli* an increase of the number of Russian ships of war exceeding

that before the commencement of hostilities. To accept such a proposition was impossible, for it in no manner bound Russia; and, on the contrary, we should apparently have sanctioned her preponderance in the Black Sea by treaty.

"The war had to follow its course. The admirable devotion of the army and navy will, I trust, soon lead to a happy result. It is for you to provide me with the means to continue the struggle. The country has already shown what resources it has at its command, and the confidence it places in me. Some months since it offered me 1,700,000,000 francs more than I demanded. A portion of that sum will suffice to maintain its military honour and its rights as a great nation. I had resolved to go and place myself in the midst of that valiant army, where the presence of the sovereign could not have failed to produce a happy influence, and, a witness of the heroic efforts of our soldiers, I should have been proud to lead them; but serious questions agitated abroad, which have always remained pending, and the nature of circumstances demanded at home new and important measures. It is, therefore, with regret that I abandoned the idea. My government will propose to you to vote the annual recruitment bill; there will be no extraordinary levy, and the bill will take the usual course necessary for the regularity of the administration of a recruitment bill. In conclusion, gentlemen, let us pay here, solemnly, a just tribute of praise to those who fight for the country; let us mingle our regrets for those whose loss we have to deplore. So great an example of unselfishness and constancy will not have been given in vain to the world. Let us not be discouraged by the sacrifices

which are necessary; for, as you are aware, a nation must either abdicate every political character, or, if it possesses the instinct and the will to act conformably to its generous nature, to its historical traditions, to its providential mission, it must learn how to support at times the trials which alone can retemper it, and restore it to the rank which is its due. Faith in the Almighty, perseverance in our efforts, and we shall obtain a peace worthy of the alliance of two great nations."

This speech produced a considerable sensation in central Europe; its plainness was censured by some politicians, who thought that frankness should not be studied by royal lips. They considered it too argumentative for a crowned head addressing his parliament, and described it as an *exposé* that was more suitable to the tribune than the throne. The Austrian ambassador must have felt abashed, not only at the polite rebuke administered to his court, but also by the thunders of applause with which those observations were received. For ourselves, we have no sympathy with that delicacy which would refrain from wounding the national pride of such an abandoned trickster as Austria: we have an old-fashioned prejudice that language was given to men for the purpose of uttering their thoughts, and not concealing them. Evasion had made Austria contemptible, and Napoleon did not study to conceal that he shared towards that state the feeling held by almost every inhabitant of France and England. He declared in effect, that if Austria ever intended to strike, she must do so at once, or, to use his own words, she must "abdicate every political character."* To do that, is for a great nation to lose its individuality

* The following remarkable passage from a letter by an Austrian officer, presumed to be tolerably conversant with the views of the imperial court, explains to some extent the diffidence and timidity of that power:—"So, you see, Austria is prepared; money only fails us (for we are poor devils) to keep these armies, and also another of 300,000 men in the country for any length of time; and that we shall be obliged to do when we commence war with Russia; this will then last at least several years. But what has England and France to carry on the war with energy against Russia? You have carried on the war already a year in vain, but that is very natural, for with 100,000 men one ought not to begin war with Russia; with the Turks you only have 150,000 men in the Crimea; with this force one cannot conquer Russia; but England cannot make greater exertions than she has already made. Your foreign legion comes not together, and when it should so it will only be 20,000 men more. But that is

nothing. It is true you have a fine fleet, but that cannot be dangerous to Russia [we entertain a different opinion: our blockade is a blow at the heart of the empire]; it cannot sail to Moscow; and France, it is true, can render more; but the government stands on weak feet. As long as that Napoleon sits on the throne it is good, but there is more than one Pianori in Mazzini's army, and Napoleon's successor is a friend of his (Mazzini.) He (Napoleon) wishes to make Poland, Hungary, and Italy free. A certain *brochure* concerning the war in the Crimea shows that his political views are only too well known. As to the other allies, Turkey and Piedmont, they are not worth mentioning. Tell me, my dear old friend, can Austria commence a war with Russia under such circumstances? At least she would have to carry on the war by herself, and would have in France, instead of support, a new enemy to expect. These are reasons that speak aloud for themselves. Austria must wish for peace, and this wish is strengthened by the last Polish de-

and sink into a level with those petty states which, like satellites around a mighty orb, depend for safety and existence upon some powerful neighbouring empire. The popularity of the government of the emperor was sufficiently attested by the fact, that the subscriptions to the loan for which he applied to his people, reached in a few days to the extraordinary sum of 3,600,000,000 francs. A sum five times greater than the government demanded was thus pressed upon its acceptance.

Our readers will remember that, after Mr. Macdonald, in consequence of ill-health, was compelled to give up the administration of the *Times'* fund for the relief of our sick and wounded soldiers at Scutari and at the camp, that another gentleman was sent out by that establishment, with a further sum of £15,000 for the same purpose. This was Mr. Stowe, a gentleman and a scholar; a first-class man of Oxford, and a fellow of Oriel college. With singular powers of application, he was described as possessing tenacity of memory, exactness of judgment, playfulness of wit, and quickness of sympathy. During the absence of Mr. Russell with the Kertch expedition, Mr. Stowe wrote to the *Times* the long and excellent account contained in that journal of the action of the 7th of June and the capture of the Mamelon. Unhappily, Mr. Stowe possessed but a feeble constitution, united to an energetic and somewhat excitable mind. Exposure to the burning sun, the monstration. This has only awakened mistrust in Austria towards her allies, and will damage the common work more than it has done it good. The restoration of Poland can only be brought about by a general war and with an understanding with Austria. I believe Austria would not be exactly against it, only she must be indemnified for Galicia—say, the principalities of the Danube for it. It would be even advantageous if a strong kingdom, to be a first-rate power, could be set up against Russia, instead of that weak Prussia, which at present is really a vassal kingdom to Russia. To carry on a war for the restoration of Poland, then, the greatest exertions would have to be made. England has much money, but few soldiers; on the other hand, Austria has many soldiers, but little money—therefore for England to have 100,000 more soldiers she must subsidise Austria at least with £10,000,000 a-year [this we trust she will never do; England must not increase Austria's power to do mischief, and give her the means of throwing her sword into which scale she pleases], and France must at least find another 100,000 men; in that case, one would be safe against Prussia, who, in that case, would be sure to go with Russia, and, as she would have to give back her Polish provinces, she would have the most to lose, and besides would lose her position as a great power. Naturally after this war

asperities of camp life, the want of comforts, which were aggravated by the desertion of his servant, told quickly upon him, and on the 16th, he was so ill that he applied, through the medium of a friend, for admission into one of the hospitals on the heights. In consequence of an expected influx of military patients, an order had been given not to admit any civilians. Though the pressure was not likely to be so great in the hospital of the marines, where application was made, yet Dr. Hall caused the order to be strictly observed, and Mr. Stowe was carried down in the sun to the church at Balaklava, where, after a few days, he died. With a generous and proper indignation, the editor of the *Times* observed:—"When so many men have fallen, it is vain to lavish more regrets on a solitary example. The event has led to a determination in which we hope to have the concurrence of our supporters. We shall not send out another friend, another valuable life, to a service in which, among other dangers, British inhumanity is to be encountered. Whoever goes out to administer our fund, must expect that, in the event of his sickening in the crowd, he will be excluded from the hospitals where he is sent to minister, and deprived of the medical aid which he has, perhaps, assisted with the most needful supplies. Helpless and agonised with disease, Mr. Stowe was refused admission into hospitals in which many hundreds of patients have abundantly received and thankfully the map of Europe would receive quite another face; the powers that carried on the war would indemnify themselves—England by colonies, France by taking the left bank of the Rhine, Austria by Bessarabia and the Danubian principalities, Turkey, for the loss of the above, with the Caucasian lands, Sweden (if she assisted) by Finland. Russia, then, after the war, would be greatly weakened, and never more in a position to molest others; so then only the restoration of Poland can permanently weaken Russia, and nothing else. This must then be the aim of the war; otherwise it will be useless. If England and France give up the war now, Russia will be more powerful than before, for she has now all sympathy in Turkey, and will, as opportunity offers, make use of it. One should observe what Hungary would be—free; she is too small to remain independent, and would be to-day or to-morrow a booty to Russia, in the same manner as it became Austria's, and before that Turkey's. Italy is quite as incapable of being independent and governing itself—it was never united, and never a single kingdom. The former Romans were no Italians. So, only Poland can be made free, because it is a nation of more than 20,000,000 of inhabitants, and possesses more than 15,000 German square miles. So, perhaps, your Western Powers would rather give up the war without the restoration of Poland."

acknowledged the assistance of the *Times* fund."

In this country public opinion was much divided respecting the objects of the war, its chances of ultimate success, and the sufficiency of the Palmerston ministry to carry it on in such a manner as would lead to an honourable conclusion. Some, indeed, even suspected the honesty of the English government, and declared that it had too strong a leaning in favour of the high aristocratic feeling, of which Russia was the head and representative, to be earnestly desirous of truly humbling that power. Lord Palmerston had gained popularity by talking liberalism, but he had acted conservatism; though a whig by profession, he was suspected of being a tory by inclination. Such a man was not the one to seize any opportunity that offered of striking a blow at the heart of the Russian empire; and it had now become abundantly evident that Russia was not to be intimidated out of her course by warlike demonstrations, or compelled to abandon her designs by blows that probably caused her more irritation than injury. Many thought that peace, even without glory, was better than an irresolute, protracted, and profitless war.

Feelings of this kind gave rise, at home,

* The warlike speech of Lord John Russell, frequently referred to in the debate upon his conduct, was delivered on the 24th of May. Our political readers will feel interested in the following selections from it, which are singularly opposed to the sentiments he uttered on the 6th of July:—"I quite agree with my right honourable friend (Mr. Gladstone), that never has the character of English soldiers for valour and for the power of enduring hardships stood so high as during the present war; and therefore it would not be for military successes that I should continue the war. But at the same time, if the want of success at Sebastopol led to a failure in obtaining one of the main securities of peace, the danger of Turkey for the future would be greatly aggravated, because it would be said, not only have England and France relinquished the terms of one of the articles—not only have they relinquished terms which Austria declared to be just and reasonable, while she said that the Russian propositions did not at all comply with them,—but, in addition to that, they have withdrawn an army of from 150,000 to 200,000 men from the Crimea, without having obtained a success. I think that would be a great addition, not only to the preponderance of Russia in the Black Sea, but also to her preponderance all over the world. If you had a security for peace, if you had that which men would acknowledge as a safeguard for Turkey, you might then with all honour withdraw your whole French and British forces from the Crimea; but if, in addition to a failure in your terms, you admitted a failure in your military success, and withdrew your armies, the power of Russia would be immensely increased." . . . "Now, sir,

to a parliamentary struggle in connexion with the war of which, at least, it could not be said that it was of too moderate a character, and in the course of which it came to light that not only the country, but the cabinet also, were divided as to the expediency and necessity of the war. When Lord John Russell returned from the conferences at Vienna (*see* page 118), it was rumoured that he had become a convert to the doctrine that the war was neither just nor necessary, and that he had promised the Austrian minister to use his influence with his colleagues to induce them to accept the peaceable views of Austria upon the subject. M. Drouyn de Lhuys, the French plenipotentiary, who is said to have shared the same views, resigned his office on finding that he had not the concurrence of his government. Not so Lord John Russell; with peace in his heart, he still carried war on his lips, and acted with a ministry who had repeatedly pledged themselves to carry on the war with vigour. He even delivered one of his most warlike and exciting speeches; and although many questions were put to him in parliament on the subject of his rumoured change of opinion, they failed in extracting from him a plain statement on the point.* In a circular what has been the position of Russia? That which did not justify us, which would not have excited us to make war, but which, being at war, it behoves us all most seriously to consider. Russia has, since the commencement of the century, increased more than any other of the powers of Europe. She has upwards of 60,000,000 of inhabitants; she has an army of 800,000 men. I speak of a time of peace, and before the outbreak of the present war; she was allowed after a considerable struggle, and much resistance by Lord Castlereagh, acting as the representative of this country, and Prince Talleyrand, as the representative of France, to acquire Poland—the only limitation being, that Poland was united to Russia by a constitution; but that difference, which gave to Poland a separate representative, a separate army, and as it were, a separate national existence—that link was totally broken, and the hard fetter of iron was employed to bind her to Russia after the insurrection of 1831. In Poland she had erected six or seven fortresses of a strength at least equal to that of Sebastopol. She has conciliated the peasantry to a very great extent, by a policy artfully adapted to that purpose, and at the same time the young men of Poland of rank and influence, who, filled with historic recollections and patriotic ardour, might be suspected against an inclination to rise against the power of Russia,—those young men are carefully watched and marked, and are selected to send to a distance in the interior provinces of Russia, where they meet with no sympathy, where their names are unknown, and where they are forgotten by all but their relatives and friends in their own country. In the Baltic, we

addressed by Count Buol to the diplomatic agents of Austria, that statesman observed, in reference to the peaceable views of his cabinet, that "the ministers of France and England, in a confidential interview, showed themselves decidedly inclined towards our proposal."

At length, on the 6th of July, Mr. Gibson rose in the house to ask for explanations from the government in reference to this statement of Count Buol's. He wished to know on what ground the ministry were opposed to the peaceable views of their colleague? In allusion to a recent prolonged and profitless debate upon the war, he observed, that the house then came to a unanimous vote to carry it on; but, he inquired, was it clear that they would have come to that vote if important facts that had now peeped out indirectly, through public documents from other countries, had been put into their possession? He thought that Lord John Russell went to Vienna with the *bona fide* intention of making an honourable peace, but his colleagues appeared to entertain different views. Therefore, he asked, how could that nobleman reconcile the retention of office in the government, if he still retained the opinions he expressed at Vienna?

Lord John Russell replied by referring in

found last year, and since the commencement of the present war, plans of great fortifications, which had been commenced, and which, if completed, would, as Sir Charles Napier, who sent them home, said, have given Russia the most complete predominance over the Baltic; that when those fortifications should have been completed, neither Denmark nor Sweden, nor any other power, could have held up a finger against Russia in the Baltic Sea. In Germany she is connected with many of the smaller princes by marriage. Many of the princes of Germany, I am sorry to say, live in great fear of what they think the revolutionary disposition of their subjects, and rely on their armed forces for protection. But what are those armed forces? The officers of those forces are seduced and corrupted by the Russian court. That court distributes rewards, orders, and distinctions among them; and in some cases, where the receipt of money to pay debts will be accepted, that money has been liberally given by the Russian court; and that Germany which ought to be in a state of independence—Germany which should stand forward for the protection of Europe—has been corrupted and undermined in its vital strength and independence by Russian arts and Russian means. Well, sir, I have not yet spoken of the immediate danger with which we have to deal. After a long course of violence and oppression, Russia had signed a treaty at Adrianople, which gave new powers, and confirmed many of the old. The dangers of that treaty to Turkey are admirably pointed out in the despatch of the Earl of Aberdeen, but neither the Earl of Aber-

deen, nor the Duke of Wellington, then at the head of the ministry, thought it right, on account of those dangers, to go to war, and they acted wisely in abstaining therefrom. But, now that we are at war, we ought not to forget the lesson which the Earl of Aberdeen gave us, or neglect to guard against the dangers which he so well pointed out in that despatch. Russia had, therefore, great means of influence in Turkey—such means, that I believe, had she been prudent, were quite sufficient for her purposes to gain a predominant control over the councils of the sultan. But in consequence of the imprudence—I will not say more—of the great sovereign who ruled her,—he is dead, and his time is passed,—in insisting upon what Turkey thought degrading, an aggression was made; Turkey resisted that aggression, and, judging from the offers of sympathy and support she had received from France and Great Britain, that she would be supported in the struggle, she had recourse to arms in her defence. Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, a man well acquainted with the whole subject, had said some time before, 'I think the time has come when the position of Turkey must be entirely altered; she will either fall into a state of total dependence on Russia, or else she must get rid of those manacles and shackles by which for years past she has been fettered and bound.' The question, then, was, whether we should leave her to be completely under the sway of Russia as a subject, or endeavour to raise her to something higher. She chose the latter part; and it became us, therefore, first to consider the immediate danger."

accepted; and I said to Count Buol, that I could assure him, and that he could convey that assurance to the Emperor of Austria, that I would lay the case before the cabinet of this country, and that I would use my best endeavours to put those propositions in such a light that they might hope for their adoption. That promise I certainly performed. I stated to my government every detail of the propositions of which I was the bearer. I said that I had not the written propositions, but that, if they should be considered fit to form a basis for agreement, I had no doubt the Austrian minister at this court would furnish all the details of the articles to be proposed. I must say that the propositions were deliberately considered by the cabinet. Everything that I stated had, I must say, due weight, and was fairly placed in opposition to the disadvantage of such a peace. The government came to the conclusion that the peace proposed would not be a safe peace, and that they could not recommend its adoption." In conclusion, Lord John observed, in depreciation of the condemnation which he anticipated his vacillating conduct would provoke—"I will not say that these affairs—important as they are, involving such great consequences, bearing upon the position of England in the world, bearing upon her internal fate and the maintenance of her institutions—have not cost me many painful reflections. I have made the best decision, which, with my lights, I have been able to make. That decision may be contested. It may be said by many, that I betrayed the interests of my country when I told Count Buol I was ready to agree to these terms—not officially, but to recommend them to the government. It may be said, that having so declared my concurrence, I ought to have persisted to the end, and to have resigned office immediately those terms were not agreed to. Upon either of these grounds I am liable to be cast, and I have no reason to complain of the censure. I have made a fair statement to the house of my conduct and my motives, and I leave the house to pass judgment upon them."

To this confession of the once fiery advocate of the war—that though acting with a ministry pledged to carry on the war with vigour, he was himself in favour of peace,—Mr. Cobden replied in a tone of the sternest and most caustic rebuke. Mr. Roebuck and Mr. Disraeli also spoke in a similar strain. The latter, in alluding to the dif-

ferences of opinion between Lord John Russell and the other members of the cabinet, observed—"They did not agree with the policy which he recommended. They decided upon a course totally adverse to that he wished to sanction. They decided on a course no less important than the prosecution of that war which, in his opinion, ought to have been terminated. The noble lord accedes to the suggestions of his colleagues. He remains in the cabinet of which he was previously a member during the negotiations; he remains in that cabinet—a *minister of peace and of war*—and, as a member of that cabinet, he recommends the vigorous prosecution of that war in his place in this house." Mr. Disraeli further considered that such a question as peace or war ought not to be an open one in the cabinet; and he asked whether, after the extraordinary revelation of the minister, the house was for peace or war? Nor was it in the House of Commons alone that the irresolute and double-sided conduct of Lord John Russell met with reprehension. The press generally condemned his conduct; and the *Times*, in repeated leaders, thundered its loudest against him. "Lord John Russell," said that journal, "was sustaining two characters; outwardly, the indignant plenipotentiary; inwardly, the disappointed cabinet minister; outwardly, the peacemaker who had done his best to secure Austria and tame Russia; inwardly, the patriot grieving over the fatal obstinacy of his own country and its rulers; to the eye and the ear denouncing Russia and surrendering Austria to the hard judgment of British politicians, inwardly regarding Queen Victoria and her advisers as the only obstacles to the peace of Europe."

The storm of censure which Lord J. Russell had drawn down upon himself, was followed up by a notice of motion by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, of a want of confidence in the government. It was to this effect:—"That the conduct of the minister charged with the negotiations at Vienna, and his continuance in office as a responsible adviser of the crown, have shaken the confidence which the country should place in those to whom the administration of public affairs is entrusted."

Matters looked threateningly for the government. Before Sir E. B. Lytton gave notice of his motion, Mr. Roebuck had, on the 22nd of June, given notice of his intention to move the following startling resolu-

tion:—"That this house, deeply lamenting the sufferings of the army in the Crimea, and coinciding with the resolution of their committee, that the conduct of the administration was the first and chief cause of those misfortunes, hereby visits with its severe reprehension *every member of the cabinet whose counsels led to such disastrous results.*" This motion, referring to the late ministry, most of the members of which sat in the cabinet with Lord Palmerston, was suggested to Mr. Roebuck by the evidence taken before the committee of inquiry into the condition of the troops before Sebastopol, and assumed the character of a threat of impeachment.

It was arranged that Sir E. B. Lytton's motion should be first considered; but on Friday, the 13th of July, Lord John Russell anticipated the almost certain verdict of the house against him by tendering his resignation as a member of the cabinet. Irresolute to the last—a very political Hamlet,—it is said that he was still hesitating between yielding to the pressure of public opinion against him on the one side, and on the other the invitation of his colleagues to remain where he was; when six members of the government in the house, not included in the cabinet, intimated their inability to resist Sir E. B. Lytton's motion, and their determination to resign unless Lord John Russell did. These members were understood to be—the attorney-general, the solicitor-general, Sir Benjamin Hall, Sir J. Shelley, Mr. Bouverie, and Mr. Horsman. The resignation of Lord John Russell produced all the effect that could have been anticipated from the motion of Sir E. B. Lytton, with the exception of the censure that must have fallen upon him during the discussion. The motion, however, was persevered in, and thus made, by implication, to include the question whether the government had justly incurred the censure of parliament by permitting Lord John Russell to retain his seat after the disclosure of his conduct at Vienna, and his trifling with the question in the House of Commons.

On Monday, the 16th, the House of Commons was filled by the most numerous and expectant audience that had assembled within its walls that session. Lord John Russell, anticipating Sir E. B. Lytton, rose to deliver an explanation of his conduct. This explanation did not alter the aspect of affairs, or clear the tarnished reputation of the falling statesman. He denied that he

had pledged himself to use his influence with the government to accept the propositions of Austria, but he had laid them before the cabinet, and he believed that they might afford the means of combining all the powers of Europe against the future aggressions of Russia, and of placing Turkey in a secure position. He endeavoured to justify his advocacy, on his return from Vienna, of carrying on an uncompromising war, though he thought peace should be made; because, after the rejection of the Austrian propositions, he conceived he had no other course. Many persons, he said, seemed to have a notion that there were two abstract things—one peace and the other war; and that they must be, under all circumstances, either for one or the other. He thought that peace was generally desirable, but not always so; there were instances in which war was a necessity. Sir E. B. Lytton (continued Lord John) was of opinion that, because he took the view that the Austrian proposals might have been accepted, that he must be ever after incapable of serving her majesty with respect to carrying on the war. That impression seemed generally to prevail; but he did not himself see the logic of that proposition, or the justice of its conclusion. He had, however, in consequence, tendered his resignation. "And now, sir," said he in conclusion, "let me say, that having taken that course, I do not feel that I am at all discontented with the position in which I stand. I see no reason to be so. In the first place, I have always acted for what I believe to be the benefit of the country. I have thought over these questions again and again, with a view to the public interest, and I have advised that which I have considered expedient for the country, and I have refrained from advising that which was disapproved, or rather, I should say, that which did not obtain the concurrence of those who generally held the same views as myself, and who were acting with me in the same administration. I have felt that, in the position which I have occupied at various times, that I have found many true and attached friends; and I must say, that I have every reason to thank them for their confidence and support. Others there certainly are, of a different class,—

"——— Those you make friends
And give your hearts to; when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again
But when they mean to sink ye.

Some there are of that class—I trust but few—with respect to whom I can only say, that I regard them with contempt. With regard to public affairs, it has been my fortune, far beyond my deserts, to carry on, or assist in carrying measures which have promoted civil and religious liberty, and the moral and religious welfare of my country; that is a satisfaction of which I cannot be deprived. That in the course which I have pursued, and in the positions I have at various times filled, I should have been slandered and calumniated, is a circumstance at which I ought to feel neither surprise nor dissatisfaction. There have been men whom I have known, and among them I cannot but recollect my dearly loved friend Lord Althorp, whose only ambition it was to steer clear of office, and who, when he held the highest offices in the state, only desired to descend from them; yet I have known him calumniated as seeking place. I have seen but lately a gallant and a skilful soldier calumniated. I mean the great and humane Lord Raglan, who was slandered and persecuted even to the very verge of the grave.* I say, therefore, that I can feel no dissatisfaction and no surprise at being myself thus calumniated; but if I had to balance my political accounts with my calumniators, I could say to them that I have been able to promote, by measures which I have seen adopted, the welfare and advantage, the liberty and prosperity of my country, and in doing so, I have met with many warmly-attached and excellent friends—men of a nature as noble as that of any men who have ever taken part in public life; and I have this satisfaction,—that whatever errors I may have committed, whatever mistakes I may have made, I have always endeavoured to satisfy those friends and my own conscience; and therefore I have no reason to be dissatisfied with the result at which I have arrived, even if that result should be for ever to exclude me from any voice in the management of affairs. Whatever, therefore, may be the result of the motion of the honourable baronet opposite, I have no desire that it should be postponed, and I am most willing that he should have the full opportunity of making any charges against me which he may think

* Our readers will be aware that we do not coincide in this opinion. Lord Raglan was a misplaced man, and doubtless felt the severe criticisms to which he was exposed; but that unsparing expression of opinion which wounds the feelings of public men, often heals the injuries of a nation. When

necessary in support of the views he entertains.”

Sir E. B. Lytton delivered an earnest and eloquent speech, in which he entered into an extended criticism of the conduct of Lord John Russell, and stated that he did not wish that noble lord to stand alone in any censure which the house might think fit to visit on him. That would be contrary to the constitutional principle, which cannot separate one member of the cabinet from his colleagues. We could not afford that the great name of England should be frittered away by constant cabinet scandals: we must have peace at once, even upon Austria's terms, and let the energy of our commerce atone for the feebleness of our arms; or let ministers and people be united, heart and soul, to bring the war to a speedy and triumphant end by the earnestness of their purpose and the worthiness of their preparations. The talented baronet thus concluded:—“The retirement of the noble lord has so far effected my object, that if it has not cancelled his errors, the errors can no longer injure the public service. An object yet more important is also obtained. Sir, there is something which ought to be more lasting than any peace, and which is more glorious than any war, however triumphant. I mean that high standard of public integrity, without which a nation may rot though it has no enemies, and with which all enemies may be defied. Last Friday week we saw a cabinet unite to abase that standard to the lowest reasons by which expediency can justify dissimulation. Against the will of a cabinet so ignobly united, you, the representatives of the people, have once more raised that standard to its proud English level. And, in asking your leave now to withdraw my motion, I congratulate you on having successfully asserted that vital element of all free government, which is lost the moment you divorce from the nation's councils the recognition of that public virtue which demands that our actions shall not, with cynical audacity, give the lie to our convictions. Thus, all I could desire is accomplished, except what may be called the mere party object of replacing one government by another. That may come later; but Heaven forbid that at plain truths are unheeded, they are apt to be reiterated with harshness and exaggeration; but except so far as they are exaggerated, they are not calumny, but justice. It is not well to hear public men over-ready to brand reproof with the offensive name of calumny.

such a crisis an object so comparatively unimportant should be foremost in our thoughts. The government is reprieved, but it is still more than ever under the vigilant surveillance of public opinion; and it remains to be seen whether the sacrifice of a man, trusted by his country and revered by his opponents not less than his friends, till, in an evil hour, you induced him to prefer your temporary interests to the dignity of his imperishable name—it remains to be seen whether that sacrifice has removed the only obstacle to the earnestness of your pursuit and the unity of your councils."

Lord Palmerston, in a speech correctly described by Mr. Disraeli as "reckless rodomontade," attempted, but vainly, by abuse and ridicule, to overthrow the effect of Sir E. B. Lytton's address. Mr. Disraeli expressed his belief that the peace views Lord John Russell brought from Vienna were favourably received by the *whole* of his colleagues in the cabinet, but that difficulties arose which prevented their being adopted. "Lord John Russell," said Mr. Disraeli, "dared not meet the debate: but," he continued, "who dare meet it? The first minister of the crown, who has addressed this house to-night in language utterly unworthy of his position, and of the occasion; and who has shown, by his language and by the tone of his mind, that if the honour and interests of the country be any longer intrusted to his care, the first will be degraded, and the last, I believe, will be betrayed." After speeches from Mr. Roebuck, Sir George Grey, and Mr. Gladstone (the first being fiercely condemnatory of Lord John Russell, the second haughtily apologetic on behalf of the cabinet, and the third dully and prosaically critical of the government and the Austrian proposals), the debate terminated.

Shortly after the resignation of Lord John Russell, Sir William Molesworth was appointed to succeed him as colonial minister. This was regarded as a valuable appointment, as Sir William was not only esteemed as a man of liberal principles and of a large grasp of intellect, but he understood the colonies, had made them his study, and during his parliamentary career, had rendered them many services. He was the first to denounce the offensive practice and moral rottenness of transporting criminals to the Australian colonies. He was among the early colonizers of New Zealand;

and he imparted to parliament much information respecting the complicated relations between the English settlers at the Cape of Good Hope, the Dutch boers, and the savage tribes by which they are menaced and surrounded. To him we owe the establishment of the valuable principle that the colonies should be entrusted with the management of their own affairs; and no one had thrown more light on the best constitution for dependencies, and on the manner in which imperial powers should be distinguished from local ones.

On Tuesday, the 17th of July, Mr. Roebuck introduced his motion for the severe reprehension by the house of every member of the late ministry. The discussion lasted for two nights, and was spoken on by nearly every distinguished member of the lower house of parliament. Mr. Roebuck proposed the censure of the legislative assembly as a sequel to the labours of the Sebastopol committee. He called upon the house to vindicate their committee, by declaring the whole of the late cabinet guilty, and to visit with their censure persons who had so carelessly discharged their duties. The punishment which Mr. Roebuck thus sought to visit on a government no longer in existence, was regarded by many members of the house as too retrospective in its character, and as approaching too nearly to vindictiveness. It was further considered, that the evidence collected by the committee was insufficient to warrant so sweeping a condemnation. Some observations were made by Sir J. Walsh, which we look upon as explanatory in a great degree of the motion, and also as partially disposing of it. "It was a singular circumstance," said that gentleman, "connected with the war, that every person who had been mixed up in the management of it—every military and naval commander, every political leader and statesman, every one in fact who had taken part in it, had reaped nothing but failure, disappointment, and tarnished fame. What was the reason of this remarkable result? Public opinion, during the last twelve months, had visited with utter condemnation minister after minister, commander after commander: it had swept away half the treasury bench, and those who remained were even now quailing beneath its force; but might it not be that public opinion itself was justly to blame for many of the failures which had occurred? Unfortunately, public men seemed to defer far too

much to public opinion: they surrendered their own convictions, and tamely followed that which they ought to lead. It was clear, from the passages quoted by the honourable and learned member for Sheffield (Mr. Roebuck), from the report of the Sebastopol committee, that the sense of the majority of that committee was in direct opposition to the policy of the expedition to Sebastopol; but if that were the case, was not public opinion, which had urged that expedition on the government, a *particeps criminis*? Was not that house, and the public press out of doors, in some degree to be blamed for the difficulties in which they then found themselves? If the expedition to the Crimea was blamable, the fault should be visited upon the government which undertook it; but it should also be visited upon the public opinion of the country, and upon that house, which failed to exercise a proper control over matters so important. He had pointed out last year the inadequate amount of our forces, and now he could not but say the government was censurable for not supplying those deficiencies. But it was difficult to agree to a vote of censure upon ministers who were in a great degree urged on to the expedition by that public opinion which now sought to crush them."

The debate being adjourned until Friday, the 20th, was carried on with great vigour on that night. The attorney-general made a legal-sounding and unsatisfactory speech in defence of the government; so far unsatisfactory, that it deserved the sarcasm of Mr. Bright, who observed, that great lawyers did not have all their wits about them unless they were engaged in their own sphere, and had a fee absolutely written at the back of the brief. Mr. Whiteside, the eloquent Irish barrister and member for Enniskillen, supported the motion, and delivered a stern and sweeping invective against the government. Lord John Russell proved that he was not extinguished as a public man, by delivering a spirited but bitter speech, in which he attacked Mr. Roebuck with great severity, and attributed the motion to malicious motives. "I am constantly disappointed," he observed, "when listening to the honourable and learned gentleman's speeches. He begins with a very strong exordium. He places in the strongest light, in the most forcible language, and with the greatest effect, the argument upon which he is about to dwell; and he ends with a

very admirable peroration; but with regard to the argument itself, which should come in the middle,—with respect to the proofs with which an accuser should always be abundantly prepared,—in short, with regard to the substance of the speech itself, the speech of the honourable and learned gentleman is always entirely wanting. There are the beak and talons of the bird of prey, but the inside is nothing but straw." Mr. Bright spoke forcibly in support of the motion. Mr. Sidney Herbert made a flimsy and sophistical speech against it; Sir George Grey took refuge in a deal of indignant astonishment and defiant virtue; while Lord Palmerston, in an off-hand, facile manner, maintained that no errors had been committed, and that no war was ever conducted with such judgment and vigour. This placid assurance was a little dashed by a caustic speech from Mr. Disraeli; and Mr. Roebuck then replied. After vindicating himself from the charge of malice, he observed—"An inquiry has been instituted by this house into a matter which deeply affected the happiness and welfare of my countrymen. A committee brought these matters to a conclusion. I came to this house to ask them if they coincided in that conclusion; and the right honourable gentleman, the member for Wiltshire (Mr. Sidney Herbert), says most candidly that I did no more than my duty. I now appeal to the house, and ask them to watch over the great interests of England. I ask them to watch over the army of England. In doing so, I have done my duty; it is for the house now to decide whether they will do theirs." The house then divided, and it was decided by a majority of 107 (that is, 182 for, and 289 against), that Mr. Roebuck's motion should not be put to the vote, but that the question previously before the house should be proceeded with. The great majority of the members, and the nation generally, thought that Mr. Roebuck's motion was of too extreme a character, and that no good would be done by pronouncing a sentence of ostracism against a large number of our distinguished politicians. England was not satisfied with these men; but she was content, at least, to believe them honest, and she would not banish them for ever from her national councils on account of certain errors of judgment. Perhaps a less trustful policy would have been wiser.

The session of parliament was drawing to

a close, and it was presumed that the two great contests we have described would be the last proceedings of interest. This was not the case, and the ministry had to go through another ordeal in reference to the war. The Turkish government, exhausted by its efforts against the czar, required pecuniary as well as military assistance. A convention, therefore, was signed in London by the ministers of England, France, and Turkey, and sent to Constantinople for the exchange of ratifications, by which England and France were to guarantee a loan of five millions sterling, to be raised by or on behalf of the Turkish government. The loan was to be effected in London, and to bear interest at four per cent. per annum. The Emperor of the French had received the approbation of his chamber to the treaty; and on the 20th of July, Lord Palmerston moved, in the House of Commons, a resolution authorising the queen to guarantee the interest on the loan.

In doing so, his lordship represented that it was no reproach to the Turkish empire that her ordinary resources were unequal to the emergencies of a great and important struggle, because that happened to all countries engaged in war. "It happens here," he observed, "it happens in France, and, from information which we have received, we believe that in Russia the difference between ordinary revenue and war expenditure is greater even than in England, France, or Turkey. We are informed that whereas the ordinary revenue of Russia is about £30,000,000 sterling, her expenses in this war certainly equal, if they do not exceed, double that amount. The ordinary revenues of Turkey amount to about £10,000,000 sterling. Last year they were obliged to increase their available means, and a loan was negotiated, nominally of five millions, but of which between two and three millions was actually raised. That has not been found sufficient for the purposes of the Turkish government; and it was put to France and England that, unless additional means were found to defray the current expenses of the military and naval service of Turkey, they would come to a stand; and it would be impossible for Turkey, out of her ordinary resources, to find the means of defraying the necessary and unavoidable expenses connected with her military and naval operations. The matter was long and seriously considered by the governments of England and France.

We felt, while we were making great exertions in support of Turkey, by armies and fleets, that, if we allowed the very body which we wished to support to fall to pieces for want of resources, we should be defeating the object we had in view, and rendering fruitless those great efforts for her support; that unless the Turkish government were supplied with the means of paying and maintaining their own army, it would be in vain for England and France to assist in defending that territory." Lord Palmerston added, that there was every reasonable expectation that Turkey would make good its engagement, without throwing any real burden upon the finances of its two allies. The security to be given was, in the first place, the available surplus of the tribute of Egypt, which amounted to about £65,000 a year; and in the second, the entire revenue of the Turkish empire.

The proposition was met by a powerful opposition. Mr. Ricardo contended that the guarantee was, in effect, a subsidy; and that Turkey was able to raise money on her own security, though doubtless she would have to pay a higher rate of interest for it. Mr. Gladstone considered, that if there was a question connected with our finances that excited a deep and general feeling of suspicion, mistrust, alarm, and aversion, it was such a proposal at the commencement of a war. He averred that England had already, in a small way, been giving a disguised subsidy to the Turkish government, by paying it a royalty of ten shillings per ton on the coal supplied to our fleet. Mr. Disraeli considered that if England guaranteed the loan, she would have to meet it. He denied its necessity; alluded to its being the second advance to a foreign power the house had been called upon to make during that session—the loan to the Sardinian government being the first. If the house sanctioned that advance, there was reason to believe that, in a short time, it would be called upon to advance a much larger sum. Mr. Cobden said that a want of money was the chronic symptom of disordered and worn-out states, and warned the members not to delude themselves with the idea that they were lending money when they were giving it. He averred that they had no more chance of getting the money back from Turkey, than if they threw it into the sewer; and urged, that if they were going to advance the money at all, to take the simple course of making Turkey a present of it.

Mr. Cardwell and Mr. Walpole both argued against the loan. The chancellor of the exchequer represented that if the resolution was rejected, the queen would have to communicate to the Emperor of the French that it was not in her power to fulfil the convention into which she had entered, and to inform him that the assent to it obtained from the legislative chamber would be void and of no effect. The difficulty startled Lord Palmerston into seriousness, and he made an earnest appeal to the house to pass a measure, the rejection of which, he conceived, would affect the honour of England, and endanger the alliance with France and the safety of Turkey. Upon the house dividing, the numbers were—for the resolution, 135; against it, 132; leaving only the slender majority of three in its favour. It is evident, that had the resolution been rejected, the Emperor of the French must have been irritated, and placed in a somewhat humiliating position; Turkey would have felt itself insulted; and a principle established by which co-operation between the governments of England and France must have been rendered extremely difficult: still the House of Commons had a perfect right to act as they pleased with respect to any pecuniary question.

On the following Monday, the debate on the subject of the Turkish loan was resumed, apparently for the purpose of allowing certain explanations from both sides of the house. Mr. Ricardo said he was satisfied that the government of France would willingly have reconsidered the subject. He also protested against the doctrine laid down by Lord Palmerston and the chancellor of the exchequer, that the appeal to the House of Commons for its sanction to such a measure was a mere form. If the money of the country was to be diplomatised away without any expression of opinion on the part of the House of Commons, that house might as well at once abdicate its functions with reference to questions of this nature. He reminded the house that it was distinctly stated in the convention that her majesty merely undertook to recommend to her parliament a grant of money for the purposes of the loan.

The formation of a foreign legion had proceeded very slowly. This arose from obloquy springing from not unnatural prejudices in this country, and from severe restrictions interposed by the jealousy of

particular governments abroad. However, on the 9th of August, the queen, accompanied by Prince Albert, visited the camp established for the foreign legion at Shorncliffe, above Sandgate, for the purpose of reviewing the men. The royal party travelled by special train along the South Coast and South-Eastern lines to Folkestone, from whence they proceeded by carriage to the site of the encampment. At the flag-staff she was received by the Duke of Cambridge, Lord Hardinge, General Wetherall, Lord Panmure, and Mr. Frederick Peel. After a general salute, the royal carriage, escorted by the staff in attendance, passed slowly along the line. The number of troops was but small, not exceeding 3,500 men; no attempt, therefore, was made at military pageantry. The regiment of German light infantry were the first inspected; then the rifles, composed principally of the same nation; then the Swiss, 1,000 strong; and finally, 500 recruits, who had arrived from Heligoland only the night before. On returning to the flagstaff, the queen and prince alighted, and the troops were marched past them. As they passed, it was curious to see the eyes of each company intently fixed upon the queen, instead of looking straight forward, as is rigidly required in the English service. They marched, however, with great steadiness, and with a certain practised air which showed that most of them were old soldiers. It was understood that they were extremely pleased with the service, and with the treatment they received. The march over, her majesty and the prince crossed the parade ground on foot, and inspected one of the huts of the German light infantry regiment. These huts held twenty-four men each, and were similar to those at Aldershot, to which, however, they were in many respects superior. Having partaken of luncheon in the mess-room of the officers of the German light infantry, her majesty and the prince took their departure, loudly cheered as they left the ground by the troops, who were again drawn out in line, on the north side of the camp, to receive them.

No other events of interest, in connexion with the war, occurred at home, and parliament was prorogued on the 14th of August. The queen, probably occupied by preparations for a visit to the Emperor and Empress of the French, did not attend, and the ceremony was performed by commission. The lord chancellor, the Duke of Argyll, Earl

Granville, Lord Stanley of Alderley, and the Earl of Harrowby, arrayed in their robes, took their seats as royal commissioners. On the Commons being summoned, the speaker, attended by the sergent-at-arms and the officers of the house, and accompanied by Lord Palmerston and about fifty members, appeared at the bar. After some customary business had taken place, the lord chancellor read the queen's speech. This composition cannot be compared to advantage with the explicit and eloquent address of the Emperor Napoleon to his legislative chamber, inserted at the commencement of this chapter. It was, however, plain and unequivocal, and did not seek to hide anything. It referred to the exertions of parliament, deplored the burdens necessarily imposed upon the people, spoke of the fidelity of the allies of England, promised a resolute prosecution of the war, and looked forward with a confident hope to the result.

Parliament was then prorogued until the 23rd of October. On the evening of the day of prorogation, thrilling news of success and triumph came from the Baltic: but that must be related in another chapter.

In Paris unceasing preparations were in progress to render a fitting welcome to the royalty of England. The work of decoration was incessant, and extraordinary excitement prevailed. Well it might; for the visit of the queen and royal family of England to the Emperor of the French had a deep significance. In 1419, Henry V. took advantage of the then disturbed state of that capital, married the Princess Catherine, daughter of Charles VI., and grasped at the sceptre of France. In 1431, his feeble-minded son went there also, to take possession of a prize that was soon to slip from his nerveless grasp: but since then, no crowned monarch of England had entered Paris. Charles II., in the time of his wanderings, was there as a fugitive; and the last sovereign of the vicious and dishonoured house of Stuart ended his worthless life there. Now, for the first time, an English sovereign entered Paris in all the heartiness of friendship, and placed the seal to an alliance between the representative rulers and peoples of the two most illustrious nations of Europe. "Before the European system," observed an able journalist, "no king could with perfect safety trust himself to the keeping of his brother; and English policy since has unhappily oftener

leagued us with Austria against France, than with France against Austria. The fault has not been confined to either side; and the best that can now be said for the errors committed on both, is that the people of the two countries have remained always friendly to each other. The enmity has been between the governing and not the governed races. Nor is it to be denied that the angry tone given to French and English relations, after our own revolution, proceeded less from the English than the French government. The Bourbon family had a too natural affinity to the weak and vicious Stuart race. The final expulsion of the latter from the English throne was bitterly resented, and during the century that followed 1688, no George could have visited a Louis."

The queen was preceded by a squadron consisting of nine vessels, two of which, the *Neptune* and the *St. George*, carried respectively 128 and 120 guns. On Saturday, the 18th of August, her Majesty, accompanied by Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, the Princess Royal, and the members of the royal suite, left Osborne at the early hour of half-past four, in the *Victoria and Royal Albert* yacht. They arrived safely at Boulogne about half-past one, and the royal vessel steamed majestically into the harbour, between the English men-of-war who formed the squadron of honour. The French batteries mingled the thunder of their welcome with the broadside salutes of our ships; while loud and enthusiastic hurrahs burst from the crowds upon the left jetty. On the right was one unbroken line of French infantry, who presented arms as the royal yacht passed. On a stage being thrown on board, the Emperor Napoleon, who had arrived to receive his guests, ran forward, and having first kissed the queen's hand, saluted her upon both cheeks.

An *arc de triomphe*, seventy-five feet in height, adorned with flowers and evergreens, bearing the arms of England and France, together with the flags of England, France, Turkey, and Sardinia, and surmounted by a colossal figure representing the Genius of Civilisation, had been erected at the railway station, in honour of the regal visitors. At half-past two, the train, the first carriage of which contained the Emperor, the Queen of England, the Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, and the Princess Royal, started amidst a salvo of artillery. Shortly after seven in the evening, the illustrious party arrived at

Paris. To the trophies, banners, streamers, inscriptions, sculpture, colossal eagles, and triumphal arches, which stood as so many tokens of welcome to the majesty of England, we cannot do more than allude. The route of the procession was preserved, it is said, by no less than 100,000 soldiers; and it is estimated that not less than 800,000 persons were assembled to behold and welcome the visitors of the Emperor of France. Unfortunately, the august party arrived much later than was expected, and a sense of fatigue and disappointment became very general. At length the dull booming of cannon broke forth, and shortly afterwards the royal *cortège* was sweeping through the gay city. Nothing could exceed the cordiality and earnestness of the reception extended to her majesty, who bowed repeatedly in acknowledgment of the enthusiasm with which she was greeted. The declining light, however, compelled the travellers to quicken their pace, and thus greatly abridged the opportunity for a full display of the public feeling. It was nearly nine when they arrived at the palace of St. Cloud.

The following day (Sunday) was observed as one of rest by the visitors of the emperor. On Monday they commenced a series of visits to the most remarkable and attractive of the thousand objects of interest and admiration which the capital of France possesses. That day they visited the Palais des Beaux Arts; and such was the anxiety to behold them, that they ran a chance of being lost in the eager crowds which thronged around them. The inspection, however, lasted nearly three hours, and several of the artists who were in attendance were highly complimented by the queen on the excellence of their works. On leaving they proceeded to the Palace of the Elysée, where there was a reception of the *corps diplomatique*, and, what was perhaps a great deal more agreeable, a luncheon, served in the most magnificent style. In the afternoon, the queen, the prince, and their imperial host, visited La Sainte Chapelle, one of the most remarkable buildings in Paris, and the venerable cathedral of Nôtre-Dame. On leaving this interesting relic of past times, the imperial carriages proceeded by the Rue Rivoli and the Rue St. Antoine, to the Place de la Bastille, and drove along the whole line of the Boulevards. The disappointment of the French people on the first arrival of the queen in their city, was thus

atoned for. Our lively neighbours expressed their feelings with hearty enthusiasm. Many of the decorations along the Boulevards were not only elegant, but extremely interesting. There was a statue personifying the city of Paris, surrounded by flags, cannon, and foliage; a gigantic triumphal arch; a column of white and gold, surmounted by a globe and an eagle, and placed in the midst of a *parterre* of beautiful flowers. The most expressive, however, was the decorations of the *façade* of the Cercle des Chemins de Fer. It displayed groups of English and French flags, from the midst of which two immense English and French standards rose proudly, the ends of each being united in a ring bearing the words "FOR EVER!" In the evening a grand dinner of sixty covers took place at St. Cloud, and the amusements of the day terminated with a dramatic representation, by the artists of the Theatre Française, in the elegant little theatre fitted up in the palace.

On Tuesday, their majesties left the palace at half-past ten, and proceeded in open carriages to Versailles. On ascending the marble staircase leading to the Salle du Sacre, the queen paused to admire David's famous painting of the coronation of the Emperor Napoleon I. The halls and galleries of the Palace of Versailles are decorated with paintings representing, in a nearly unbroken series, all the great events of French history, almost down to the present time. Having examined the works of David, the emperor then led the queen through the Salles de 1792 et 1793, which contain portraits of the noted generals of that time, and the scenes of their exploits, to the Galerie des Batailles, in which is exhibited large paintings of some of the great victories of the French. The picture which appeared principally to fix her majesty's attention was that of the "Battle of Fontenoy," representing a defeat of the English. On leaving this gallery, the emperor conducted the queen to that which contains paintings of some of the principal events in the revolution of 1830, in which King Louis figured; but on these the illustrious party did not bestow much attention. The next gallery visited was filled with statues of great Frenchmen, and the queen paused before those of the Grand Condé, Turenne, and Richelieu. Returning to the Salles de 1792 and du Sacre, the emperor showed the queen into what were formerly

the apartments of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette. Her majesty examined these rooms with melancholy interest, and asked several questions concerning the events of which they were the theatre. Subsequently she visited the *Galerie de Glaces*, the magnificent saloon of which is entirely lined with looking-glasses. From the centre window the emperor pointed out the fine view it commands of the grounds of the palace and the adjacent woods and country. After an inspection of the other objects of interest within the palace, their majesties had a drive in the gardens, and witnessed the playing of the magnificent and much-famed fountains. In the evening a state visit to the grand opera contrasted greatly with the comparatively quiet trip to Versailles.

We extract, from the account of a spectator, a brief description of this brilliant entertainment:—"The Boulevards and other streets along which they passed were brilliantly illuminated, and it is impossible to do justice to the fairy-like appearance of that part of Paris, lit up by thousands of variegated lamps. The whole thing put one in mind of the descriptions in the *Arabian Nights*, rather than a sober reality; and one was never tired of admiring the *coup d'œil* thus produced. From the centre of the triumphal arch, at the Rue Lepelletier, an immense chandelier of coloured lamps was suspended. The principal *façades* of the Opera-house were a blaze of light; and from the long succession of crowded *cafés* on the Boulevards, the bright effulgence of the illumination found its way into the darkness outside, bringing out in fine relief the gigantic *gendarmerie à cheval*, who patrolled backwards and forwards, watching over public order in the thoroughfares. Nor was the spectacle within the Opera-house less imposing. Not a seat had for days been obtainable either for love or money. The emperor's box was erected in the grand tier, directly opposite the stage; and on either side of it stood, like a statue, a soldier of the Cent Garde, *en grand tenue*—superb-looking fellows, as superbly dressed and equipped. Two others stood sentry on the stage, at either wing. The pit was entirely filled with gentlemen, in full evening costume; and the stalls and tiers of boxes resembled so many *parterres* of rare flowers, from the amount of beauty, exalted by the highest triumphs of the toilette, with which they overflowed. When the emperor and

empress, with their guests, entered, the whole house rose to receive them; and from that brilliant assemblage our queen met with a reception worthy of those who gave and of her who was the object of it. The enthusiastic plaudits had hardly subsided, when the orchestra began to play the national anthem; and, at its close, the cheering was renewed and long-sustained. Her majesty gracefully acknowledged these tokens of the high favour with which she is regarded by the upper classes in Paris. She was tastefully but simply dressed, and wore the riband of the Garter, and on her head a tiara of diamonds. She sat on the right hand of the empress, having the emperor on her right, and looked remarkably well. On the right hand of the emperor was the Prince Napoleon, and on the left of the empress, Prince Albert, who again had the Princess Mathilde on his left. The emperor wore the riband of the Garter also, and, as usual, appeared in the uniform of a general of division. Prince Albert displayed the insignia of the legion of honour over his field-marshal's uniform. Her majesty the empress wore a magnificent tiara of diamonds, and her delicate features were the theme of general admiration. The royal and imperial personages seated in front, with the maids of honour standing behind them, formed together a group which was at once historical and dramatic."

On Wednesday, the queen, the emperor, and several members of the royal party, visited the Palais de l'Industrie, or Great Exhibition. Here they spent nearly three hours in beholding the numerous objects of art and beauty which everywhere met their gaze. The queen evinced an earnest desire to see everything that was worth seeing; while Prince Albert went about from object to object with the eagerness of an enthusiast. On the prince expressing his admiration of the beauty of a colossal Sèvres vase, the emperor begged his royal highness would accept it as a *souvenir* of his visit. On leaving the palace, the emperor and his guests proceeded *incognito* in a hired carriage to the Jardin des Plantes, and from thence to the Tuileries, where they partook of luncheon, and afterwards returned to St. Cloud, where a grand banquet, followed by a theatrical performance, was given in the evening. Thursday was a comparatively quiet day; but Prince Albert paid a second visit to the Palais de l'Industrie, apparently for the purpose of making purchases on his

own behalf and that of her majesty. In the evening a grand *fête* was given by the city of Paris to the queen at the Hotel de Ville, the beauty and brilliancy of which is said to have surpassed anything of the kind ever attempted. About 8,000 persons were present; and the profusion of lights, mirrors, fountains, statues, and choice flowers, made the scene resemble one from the fabled fairy-land.

During the morning of Friday, Prince Albert, in company with the emperor, visited the School of Musketry at Vincennes, and then joining the queen at the Tuileries, proceeded to pay another visit to the Exhibition. At five in the evening, the whole party proceeded to the Champ de Mars, where an army of 50,000 French soldiers was reviewed before them. Her majesty, accompanied by the emperor and Prince Albert, rode down the centre of the Champ de Mars between the lines of infantry and cavalry, and was greeted by the troops with enthusiastic acclamations. General Canrobert, who had been recalled from the Crimea, appeared among the brilliant escort which accompanied the queen, and as often as he was recognised, received a hearty cheer. The review over, the rain descended in torrents, and in the midst of a thunder-storm, the emperor led the Queen of England and her family to the Hospital of the Invalides, there to visit the tomb in which rests the remains of Napoleon the Great! The occasion was a solemn one, and afforded food for thought. Wonderful are the changes brought about by time! Who, when the captive hero who had shaken the world, trampled down old tyrannous dynasties, nearly succeeded in reconstructing Europe, and whose clear vision foresaw, as with a prophet's glance, the struggle of the allies against the domination of Russia—who, when this great soldier, and still greater statesman, breathed his last upon a barren rock in the South Atlantic, would have ventured to predict that the grand-daughter of George III., girt with the royalty of England, should pay the tribute of admiring awe at the grave of the mighty dead? After listening to one of Mozart's requiems, which pealed softly and mournfully through the

chapel, in honour of the memory of the imperial and illustrious soldier, the queen expressed her admiration of the magnificent mausoleum beneath which he lies, and then retired. "No other visit," said the *Moniteur*, "produced so great an impression upon her majesty. As the review had lasted to a late hour, she was no longer expected at the Hotel des Invalides; nevertheless, despite the lateness of the hour, she expressed the wish to go there. The queen arrived at nightfall, followed by a numerous staff, surrounded by veterans of our former wars, who hurried up to accompany her, and she advanced with noble impressiveness to the last dwelling-place of him who was ever the most constant enemy of England. What a sight! What remembrances did not then rise up with such contrasts! But when by the light of torches, in the midst of brilliant uniforms, the organ playing "God save the Queen," her majesty was led by the emperor into the chapel, where repose the ashes of Napoleon, the effect was thrilling, immense—the emotion profound; for every one thought that this was no simple act of homage at the tomb of a great man, but a solemn act attesting that past rivalries were forgotten, and that the union of the two people had now received the most striking consecration." Turning from grave to gay, the royal party spent the evening at the Opera Comique.

On Saturday morning the emperor conducted his guests to St. Germain, where, after a drive through the forest, they returned to the palace, where the queen visited with much interest the apartments occupied by our shuffling and banished tyrant James II., and especially noticed the oratory in which this bad man, vainly striving to stifle remorse with a dramatic assumption of piety, spent so much of his time in prayer. In the evening came the termination to the series of *fêtes* called into existence by the visit of the Queen of England to the capital of France. It consisted of a grand ball at Versailles, of the extraordinary beauty and magnificence of which it is impossible to convey any adequate idea within the limits we must here necessarily prescribe to ourselves.*

* From a description in the columns of the *Moniteur* we extract the following:—"On Saturday night the palace of Louis XIV. recovered, as if by magic, the splendour and life which animated it in its best days. In our epoch we are called upon to behold marvels which would have appeared impossible in the greatest

ages and under the most glorious reigns. In a short time, when the *éclat* of the *fêtes* and the noise of the cheering shall have ceased, and when time has been given to reflect upon the bearing and signification of all that has taken place in this full and brilliant week, the journey and visit of her majesty Queen

On Monday, the 27th, the queen, the prince, and their family, returned to England. The emperor and Prince Napoleon accompanied them as far as Boulogne, which they reached at five o'clock. A review of the troops encamped on the heights, amounting to from 45,000 to 50,000 men, then took place. A farewell dinner was given at the Imperial Pavilion Hotel; in the evening Boulogne was brilliantly illuminated; and at eleven at night, the royal family of England embarked on its return home, amidst the roar of a salute from the fleet which shook the houses both at Folkestone and Dover. A magnificent blaze of fireworks also arose from the cliffs, the most cordial adieus were exchanged, and the queen's yacht proceeded to Osborne, where it arrived the next morning shortly before nine o'clock. On leaving Paris, the queen commanded Colonel Phipps to place in the hands of the minister of the interior 25,000 francs for distribution among the most indigent of that city; an act even more charitably thoughtful than generous.

We close this chapter with some eloquent and truthful observations from the pen of a French journalist:—"Queen Victoria arrived to close at last seven ages of disastrous rivalries, and to cement upon its basis the alliance of the two greatest nations of the west. France and England, since circumstances have allowed of their studying each other more closely, feel that they cannot dispense with each other, and that they are still nearer neighbours by the common stock of liberal civilisation than by their coasts. And, nevertheless, their sentiments had not overpassed till now the bounds of a reci-

procal esteem; they were never intermingled either in the same policy or in the enthusiasm of a warm friendship. It was reserved for the emperor to operate a more intimate approximation. . . . It may be said, that for greater solemnity this fraternal alliance has been celebrated in the presence of the whole world represented in Paris. Providence, it must be acknowledged, seems to have reserved for our epoch profound subjects of meditation. It is at Versailles, in the palace of Louis XIV., that the Emperor Napoleon III. offered to the Queen of England the most superb magnificences of the court; for her he reanimates the noble pleasures and long-extinguished pomps of the great king, that haughty foe of the revolution of 1688. The same day, this queen of an elevated soul, was received in the funereal asylum of the Stuarts, which her dynasty replaces. She has done more; and, surrounded by her family in emotion, she came to deposit upon the tomb of Napoleon I. the idea of conciliation, of which her visit is the sympathy and the seal. Finally, France and England, which have filled Europe with their divisions, instead of persisting, like Rome and Carthage, in implacable resentments, associate their policy, their interests, and their blood for one of those immense causes which decide the future of humanity. Such contrasts confound the provisions of men; there remains no more for the mind than to bow itself humbly before the Supreme Wisdom whose grandeur is alone immutable, and which subjects our most rebellious passions to the harmony of its providential designs."

Victoria to the capital of France will be looked upon as one of those events which appear as a dream until realised. All who witnessed that enthusiastic reception, those manifestations of sincere cordiality and deep sympathy between sovereign and sovereign, and nation and nation, will retain a lasting remembrance which they will love to tell in their old age, and which marks an epoch in the existence of individuals as well as in the history of nations." . . . "The gallery of the mirrors offered a most dazzling *coup d'œil*. At the four angles, four orchestras had been erected, consisting of 200 artists directed by Strauss and Dufresne. Flowers and shrubs concealed the stands of the musicians, and the harmony seemed to proceed from invisible instruments through a bower of dahlias, roses, and other flowers. Garlands hung suspended from the ceiling, and, interlaced with each other, formed the most charming decoration. Thousands of lustres and

torches, reflected in the mirrors, threw streams of light upon the rich garments of the guests, covered with gold and ornamented with diamonds. On approaching the windows a still more admirable sight presented itself to view. The great sheet of water was enclosed by a series of porches, in the *renaissance* style, standing out from the background of the park in coloured fire, and joined together by an emerald trellis-work. In the centre a portal two-thirds larger than the rest, built like a triumphal arch, was surmounted with a double shield, with the arms of France and England. At the two corners to the right and left were two other porticoes, with the initials of their majesties. Under these brilliant arches the water sprang up in jets, and fell back in cascades. The two basins formed one vast sheet of light, upon which golden dolphins, mounted by cupids, disported, carrying circular torches and Venetian lights."

CHAPTER X.

RENEWED BLOCKADE OF THE RUSSIAN COASTS IN THE BALTIC; CAPTURE OF SMALL TRADING-VESSELS; ADMIRAL DUNDAS JOINED BY THE FRENCH FLEET; THE ALLIED ADMIRALS RECONNOITRE CRONSTADT; SUBMARINE INFERNAL MACHINES; THE RUSSIANS AT HANGO FIRE ON A BOAT CARRYING A FLAG OF TRUCE IN AN IMPROPER MANNER; DISCUSSION RESPECTING IT, BETWEEN ADMIRAL DUNDAS AND THE RUSSIAN AUTHORITIES; STATEMENT BY LIEUTENANT GENESTE; CANNONADE OF A BATTERY AT NARVA; DESTRUCTION OF RUSSIAN TRADERS; DESTRUCTION OF LOVISA; ENGAGEMENT AT WIBORG; ATTACK ON FORT FREDERICKSHAUM; DESTRUCTION OF STORES AT KOTKA; TERRIBLE BOMBARDMENT OF SWEABORG, AND BURNING OF THE TOWN; LETTERS OF SIR C. NAPIER; RETURN OF THE ALLIED FLEETS.

We have already given (at page 121) an account of the powerful fleet that sailed in the spring from Spithead to the Baltic, under the command of Admiral Richard Dundas, and we will now commence our narrative of the proceedings in that sea during 1855, which, in consequence of a want of forethought, were neither so brilliant nor decisive as they might have been.

All the Russian ports in the Baltic were declared in a state of blockade, and many unfortunate trading-vessels seized as prizes: as to the Russians, they still seemed to consider that discretion was the better part of valour,—that enemies were to be baffled by cunning rather than beaten by bravery; and they kept their fleet in harbour, behind the protection of their grim stone batteries.

The early movements of the English fleet possess no interest, as they were not productive of any result, except the enforcement of the blockade, and the excitement of alarm in the inhabitants of all towns and fortifications on the Russian coasts.

At the latter end of May, the fleet was within two hours' steaming of Cronstadt, and the vessels employed in cruising off the mainland, daily fell in with, and captured some of the enemy's coasters. With few exceptions, the crews, on finding they were closely pursued, ran their vessels on shore, and thus escaped being taken prisoners. These small vessels were of no great value; but their hulls afforded the fleet a supply of wood, which, for all ordinary purposes, was used instead of coal, and thus effected a considerable saving in that important article. It was considered that hitherto too much respect had been paid to what was supposed to be private property of the enemy; but during this expedition no opportunity was lost of seizing everything that could benefit the subjects of Russia, either directly or indirectly. Thus the captured coasting-vessels were, after the removal of the cargoes, burnt to the water's edge and scuttled,

in order to sink the remainder of the hulls. The crews of many of these boats were taken on board the vessels of their captors in a state of extreme fear, while others exhibited a despairing indifference. Most of them entertained a rooted belief that our prisoners were instantly hanged, or sent to England and disposed of in some dreadful manner. When they found that they were well fed, and that the sailors behaved kindly to them, they became profuse in their displays of gratitude. In some cases they fell upon their knees, stroked down the seams of the officers' trowsers, kissed their hands, their coat-skirts, and their boots, and showed a great willingness to help in the work of the ship.

The following incident will show that prizes were looked after very sharply. On the evening of the 28th of May, Captain Vansittart, of the *Magicienne*, while cruising off Wyborg, descried close under the land three small craft, of which he speedily took possession, and placed a sufficient number of hands on board to retain them. While still busy with her prizes, one of the enemy's steam-tug vessels hove in sight, with three merchantmen in tow. The *Magicienne*, therefore, hoisted Russian colours, with the design of luring her adversary within the range of her guns. At first the *ruse* seemed likely to be successful; the Russian steamer continued on her course, and made signals to her supposed consort. As these could not be answered, she discovered the snare, and putting her helm up, cut adrift the vessels in tow, and effected her escape. The *Magicienne*, however, captured the three vessels, which were large transports laden with stone, and sunk them with their cargoes. Some prizes of value were sent to Memel, to be sold for the benefit of the captors, and others forwarded to England for the same purpose.

Admiral Dundas was joined by the French fleet on the 1st of June, near Cronstadt.

It was under the command of Rear-admiral Penaud, and consisted of the *Tourville*, 90 guns; *Austerlitz*, 100; *Duquesne*, 90; and *D'Assas*, 16. It did not pretend to compare in extent to the English fleet, bearing much the same proportion to it as the English troops did to the French before Sebastopol; but it was composed entirely of screw ships. After the customary salutes, the French commander embarked in his barge, and paid a visit to Admiral Dundas, with whom he had a long interview. On the 3rd, the allied admirals embarked in the *Merlin* and *Dragon*, and proceeded on a cruise off the north side of Cronstadt. They hove-to for four hours almost within range of the forts, minutely surveying the enemy's means of defence. Their movements were closely watched by the Russians, who stationed themselves at their guns, which were laid at the greatest elevation. As a *reconnaissance* only was intended, the steamers steered back in the evening to the anchorage. The admirals had ascertained that three line-of-battle ships and two frigates were moored across the mouth of the harbour, that additional earthworks were thrown up along the line of coast, and that the defences generally had been materially strengthened since Cronstadt was threatened in the preceding year. This was to be expected, as the Russians did not throw away opportunities with the recklessness of the allies. In addition to the line-of-battle ships lying under shelter of the forts, they had a large flotilla of gun-boats; indeed, the harbour was so thickly studded with them, that though it was impossible to count them accurately, their number was estimated as little short of 200. They were doubtless accumulated with the intention of issuing out and attacking the allies in case any unforeseen casualty should, by storm or otherwise, injure the latter. It was considered that Cronstadt was not to be successfully assailed by the fleets before it, as none of the larger ships could approach nearer than two miles and a-half to the north side of that powerful fortress. The negligence which failed to provide the gun-boats and shallow vessels necessary for that purpose, eventually drew severe censures on the admiralty.

On the 9th of June, the French admiral Penaud, and several French and English captains, proceeded in the *Merlin* again to reconnoitre Cronstadt, in which duty they were attended by the *Dragon*, the *Firefly*,

and the corvette *D'Assas*. The result of their observations only confirmed their previous impression. Going along the north side of the island, they approached within 4,000 yards of the block-ships lying in the open water between Cronstadt and St. Petersburg. These consisted of four liners, five frigates, and two corvettes, moored in a line along the three-fathom bank, with their broadsides bearing upon their northern passage. Inside them fourteen steam gun-boats lay at anchor; and under the wall of Man-of-War Harbour, anchored in three lines, were twenty-four row gun-boats. In the Man-of-War Harbour were seventeen line-of-battle ships, four of them fully rigged, and the others in progress. Between the harbour and Fort Cronslot were ten steamers of various sizes, some of them screws; and between Cronslot and Fort Mentschikoff, were two three-deckers, moored bow to bow, with their broadsides commanding the only entrance. Besides this, the island seemed full of soldiers; for, in addition to those quartered in the town and batteries, three large camps were formed outside. An enormous quantity of new earthworks had been erected during the spring, and a complete chain of them ran from the governor's house across the island to the old Kessell battery. As the *Merlin* was returning from her tour of observation, a severe shock was felt beneath her, which made the ship quiver from stem to stern. Her engines were instantly stopped and reversed; but a second blow, far more severe than the first, struck her on the starboard bow, sensibly lifting her over to port, and making her masts bend and shake as if they would topple down. The *Firefly*, which was immediately in the wake of the *Merlin*, was also staggered by a tremendous explosion under her bows; circumstances which proved they were over a nest of Professor Jacobi's infernal machines, which fortunately turned out not to be so destructive as was anticipated. By proceeding carefully until they got into deep water, the vessels avoided meeting any more of these subterranean assailants. On their return to the fleet, a diver was sent down to examine the *Firefly*, and no injury was detected, although inside the ship almost every bit of crockeryware was broken, and the bulkheads thrown down or displaced. On the *Merlin* being subjected to examination, eight sheets of her copper were found to be blown off, and the side ap-

peared charred. All the inside fittings of the engineer's bath-room, mess-room, and store-room, were completely demolished. An iron tank, which had been bolted to the ship's side, and contained thirteen cwt. of tallow, was knocked a distance of four feet. Shot were shaken out of the racks, and all movables thrown into confusion,

The fleets remained for some time at anchor off Cronstadt, ranged in order of battle, and extending over a surface of three miles. In this position they occupied themselves by exercising the crews at the great guns, and firing at moored targets. The officers of both squadrons daily exchanged visits, and looked wistfully through spy-glasses in the direction of St. Petersburg, the spires of the churches of which they could see glittering in the sunbeams.

Such was the state of things when intelligence reached England which excited a general feeling of bitterness and indignation. Telegraphic information was received by the way of the Hague, stating that on the 5th of June, "the *Cossack* (a screw corvette of twenty-one guns) was fired into while landing Russian prisoners at Hango, under a flag of truce." Twenty-four men, it was added, were killed, and only one survived the massacre. This statement was afterwards found to be exaggerated, partial, imperfect, and incorrect. The Russian authorities, stung on being branded by the English press as savages, who set at defiance the laws of nations and the general usages of humanity, published their account of the transaction, which certainly placed it in a very different light. Admiral Dundas had directed seven Russian prisoners, found in some vessels lately captured, to be landed at Hango, or where else they chose, and set at liberty. Captain Fanshawe, of the *Cossack*, was commissioned to execute this duty. On the morning of the 5th, that vessel stood close in to shore, and sent away the cutter, with a flag of truce, to land the prisoners. This flag of truce, however, appears to have been displayed in a careless and obscure manner, nor did the *Cossack* itself hoist the white flag, as it should have done, while its boat was making towards the shore. The display of a flag of truce from the mast-head of the *Cossack* would have obviated all misunderstanding as to her object; but this customary expedient Captain Fanshawe did not adopt, assigning, as his excuse for this neglect, that as he remained on the ordinary station for a blockading-ship, he

believed that he complied with custom in not hoisting a flag of truce on board his own ship, but only in the boat detached. According also to the acknowledgment of Captain Fanshawe, the flag of truce was not displayed until the boat was about half-way between the ship and the shore. Neither was there an assent given by any Russian officer on shore that he was willing to receive a flag of truce. These circumstances were not only irregularities, but also of such a nature as were likely to lead the Russians to suppose that the boat was approaching to reconnoitre or take soundings; and although they acted with cruel and unnecessary severity, yet hostility was, in our opinion, to have been anticipated.

In the cutter, besides the crew and the Russian prisoners, were Lieutenant Louis Geneste, Dr. Easton, the ship's surgeon; Mr. Sullivan, master's-assistant; and three stewards. The latter were taken because one of the prisoners, a Finnish captain, said that there were no troops at the intended landing-point, and that therefore the inhabitants would trade with them, and the stewards could purchase stock. As the boat approached the land, she was hidden from the sight of those in the ship by some intervening islands. When the cutter touched the shore no one was visible, and on getting alongside the landing-place, the three officers jumped upon it from the boat, Lieutenant Geneste holding up the white flag as a protection. When they had advanced about fifty yards, a body of about 500 Russian soldiers rose suddenly from behind the rocks and houses, and instantly fired upon them. The officer in command of the Russians, in reply to the expostulations of the helpless men, called out in English, that he would have nothing to do with the d——d flag of truce. At the first volley, Lieutenant Geneste, Dr. Easton, and Mr. Sullivan, fell senseless, and it was supposed, dead. Several of the men leaped on shore, but only to meet the same fate, for other volleys were poured upon them and into the boat until it was supposed that all were killed or captured. The Russians then searched the boat, carried off all they desired, and hurried their prisoners away.

As the cutter did not return, Captain Fanshawe, at about four o'clock, sent the gig in search of it with another flag of truce, under charge of Lieutenant Field. That officer met the cutter a little distance from the shore: in it was a single seaman—

John Brown, a young man of colour, who, while one arm dangled broken at his side, with three bullets in it, was feebly struggling with the other to scull back to the ship. Taken into the gig in a fainting state, he said—"They are all killed!" while the bodies of four of his messmates, at the bottom of the boat, apparently corroborated his exclamation. He, too, had been insensible, and was supposed dead; but the boat being riddled with shot above the water-line, and the spray dashing through the holes, it revived him; and with great efforts he contrived to get the boat to sea, and direct it until he was picked up. He afterwards made the following statement:—"On the cutter, with a flag of truce flying, getting alongside the jetty or landing-place near the village of Hango, the officers and liberated prisoners jumped out, and Lieutenant Geneste held up a flag of truce to a number of Russian troops, who had suddenly sprung up from the cover of houses and rocks (about 500, dressed as riflemen, and armed with muskets, swords, and bayonets), and told them what it was they meant, and why they landed. They replied, 'that they did not care a d— for flags of truce there, and would soon show them how the Russians could fight;' or words to that effect. A volley was then fired at the officers and liberated prisoners, and afterwards on the boat, until all were supposed to be killed. The Russians jumped into the boat, and after throwing several dead bodies overboard, lying on the arms in the bottom of the boat, they found Henry Gliddon, A.B., who was only wounded; they took him out of the boat and bayoneted him on the wharf; John Brown, lying by his side, and severely wounded, feigned death; he was dragged from one end of the boat to the other, but luckily not thrown overboard. They then took the arms, magazine, colours, &c. The officers and liberated prisoners were shot down first. Dr. Easton was the first who fell and the Finnish captain, the next who took the flag, was Lieutenant Geneste, and waving it, shouted—'A flag of truce!' which had been previously explained to them before they fired. The Russians spoke English, and the person who led them, from his dress and appearance, seemed to be an officer. The Russians yelled and fired on the men before they could defend themselves; indeed, there was not an attempt made."

On the return of the gig with its melancholy freight, Captain Fanshawe opened fire upon the place at about 600 yards' distance. As it was not returned, and a thick fog came on shortly afterwards, he ceased firing, and withdrew to a position where he could anchor in safety.

It subsequently appeared that seven only of the crew of the *Cossack's* cutter were killed; the others having been wounded, and taken prisoners. On the 15th of June, Admiral Dundas addressed a letter to the commander-in-chief of the Russian troops at Helsingfors, in which, after recounting the circumstances of the occurrence, he said—"In calling your attention to these facts, I hope I shall not be making a vain appeal to your honour, as an officer, to give me such explanations as you may deem suitable under the actual circumstances; and I am happy to take advantage of this circumstance to afford you the means of defending the character of your flag." The letter concluded with a request, that if any survivors remained in the hands of that officer, he would let the admiral know.

To this General de Berg replied in the following letter, which, notwithstanding the abuse lavished on it by the English press at the time of its appearance, we cannot help regarding as a temperate statement. It is very clear that the flag of truce was not properly displayed, and that the crew of the boat bearing it did not observe the rules necessary for the regulation of such communications.

"Helsingfors, June 5 (17th.)

"Monsieur l'Amiral,—Before replying to the letter of your excellency of the 3rd (15th) of June, I must observe with regret that the vessels of the English fleet hoist Russian colours the more easily to capture any Russian vessel they come across. The journals have sufficiently made known how, from the commencement of the war, the flag of truce has been abused in every sea to take soundings and to make military observations. The hostility displayed against inoffensive towns and villages inhabited by peaceful populations has been but too well proved by all that has taken place in the Baltic. On the 14th (26th) of May a cutter, I do not know from which ship, landed with a little white flag near the village of Twerminne. Not finding any troops stationed near the village, the crew of the cutter wantonly set fire to some huts and boats, despite the white flag. On the 26th of

May (5th of June) another cutter, belonging to the corvette *Cossack*, made for the Hango coast. This boat had the British flag flying. The officer in command of her pretends to have hoisted a little white flag in her prow on a stick. Neither the men on duty at the telegraph on the neighbouring heights, nor the military post on the coast, perceived this pretended white flag. It was, consequently, quite natural that they should attack the cutter and its crew as soon as the latter landed.

"Lieutenant Louis Geneste pretends that a servant carried by his side a stick with the white flag on it. The soldiers and officers of our advanced posts, questioned as to the existence of this flag, affirm that they never saw it at all. M. Geneste pretends that he was sent with a flag of truce to give up some of the crew of merchantmen captured during that fortnight. If such had been his intention, it would have been a much simpler plan, as the *Cossack* came from the neighbourhood of Cronstadt, to have sent them to Sweaborg, or to have landed them on some island, from which they could easily have reached the coast.

"The captain of the *Cossack* ought to know that the bearer of a flag of truce cannot and ought not to be received upon the first landing-place, promontory, or rock it may suit him to select. My outposts see, and will continue to see, in such missions only military *reconnaissances*, which use similar pretexts to make explorations and secure provisions. The hostile and by no means truce-like character of this mission is, moreover, proved:—1. By the loaded arms seized. Three muskets show, by their exploded caps, that the crew of the boat made use of them in the struggle. 2. By the care shown in providing the cutter with 360 cartridges, and a chest full of incendiary articles, which is actually in our possession.

"On the following day the *Cossack* kept up a heavy fire, during an hour, against the village of Hango and its peaceful inhabitants; and a few days later, the 1st (13th) of June, the attack was repeated, to set fire to the telegraph and to destroy some houses, instead of going to Sweaborg to demand explanations. Despite the superiority which steam and screws give to your vessels, they do not cease to hoist the Russian flag to seize our coasting-vessels. In the same manner some yards of white canvas have evidently been turned to account to take soundings and make explorations.

"I am willing to believe, M. l'Amiral, that this is done without your knowledge. Allow me to express the hope that you will in future prohibit the missions of such pretended flags of truce. The crew of Lieutenant Geneste's boat were caught in their own trap. Seven men were killed, four wounded, and the remainder made prisoners, as the list I enclose will inform you. The affair only lasted a moment. It was impossible to distinguish the English from the prisoner sailors they brought with them. One of them, Lundstrom, who spoke English, was the first man killed, and two others were wounded. The responsibility of the whole affair rests with the irregularity with which missions of this sort are made. It appears to me that it would be more suitable to make communications to Sweaborg, and entrust them to some vessel sent there in the same manner as you sent your letter of the 3rd (15th) of June. The *Cossack* should not have deviated from the rule. Vessels wishing to enter into parley should hoist a white flag of large dimensions, and anchor beyond long range, and await a boat to receive their message in writing. We will never receive any other. The *Cossack* did nothing of the sort. It seems to me that the honour of your flag ought to exact the most strict and scrupulous observance of the rules established on such occasions.

"The honour of my flag will never permit me to depart from them.

"I can assure you that the wounded are well taken care of, and the prisoners well treated.

"I have the honour to be,

"Monsieur l'Amiral,

"Your very obedient servant,

"DE BERG,

"Aide-de-camp-general of his Majesty."

On the 29th of June, a Russian steamer left Cronstadt with a flag of truce, and steered toward the allied fleet. An officer from it delivered a despatch from Prince Basile Dolgorouki, minister of war, to Admiral Dundas, stating, that with a view to prevent future misunderstandings respecting flags of truce, they would only be received at three points—namely, Cronstadt, Sweaborg, and Revel. It added—"Vessels bearing a flag of truce must hoist a white flag of large dimensions, cast anchor beyond long range, and wait until a boat goes alongside to receive a written message from them." Admiral Dundas deprecated these

arrangements in a letter from which we extract the following passage:—"I take the liberty of informing you that I am ignorant of the circumstances with respect to the conduct of my officers which may have given rise to restriction of communications by flags of truce as hitherto practised in the present war. I am perfectly aware that it is customary to hoist a white flag of sufficient size, and I also admit the necessity of not approaching within range of the guns of a fortress without permission, or nearer any other point than may be necessary to attract attention; but the time and place where such communications, under a flag of truce, may be thought indispensable, depend upon the circumstances of each individual case. I admit, without reserve, that in most cases it is more suitable to send a flag of truce to a spot where it is likely to meet with an officer of rank; and that, moreover, no advantage should be taken of such suspension of hostilities to accomplish, without danger, acts which could not have been done during actual hostilities. By informing me that on the whole extent of the Russian territory, from Tornea to Libau, flags of truce are limited to the three points you have mentioned, you virtually increase the evils of war, and deprive both parties of those means of correspondence necessary even between enemies."

In answer to a formal demand by Admiral Dundas for the liberation of the prisoners taken in the cutter of the *Cossack*, Prince Dolgorouki replied, that the Russians possessed three versions of what took place at Hango. The first, that of the sailor Brown, which was manifestly incorrect, as he stated that Lieutenant Geneste, Dr. Easton, and others were killed, though they were then alive; the second, that of Lieutenant Geneste himself; and the third, the result of an official investigation made on the spot by General De Berg, governor-general of Finland. The result drawn from these accounts authorised the detention of the prisoners. "There must," said the prince, "be some limit to stratagems of war. If this were not so, everything might be allowed under the abusive protection of a flag of truce. For our part, we wish to respect it and to see it respected as legally recognised by law in times of war. This is why we cannot consent, under existing circumstances, to exempt Lieutenant Geneste from the captivity he himself incurred, and which the crew under his orders have to share."

The *Journal de St. Petersburg*, a semi-official Russian organ, afterwards published a long statement on the subject, in which it denied the *Cossack's* boat was entitled to be respected. "No signal," it said, "was made to give timely information to our authorities of the approach of a flag of truce to parley. No consent was asked, no permission granted, to authorise a landing; the boat ran on shore, the crew landed, the officer advanced into hostile territory without permission, without any legal recognition of his quality; in a word, at his own risk and peril. He fell into our power, exposing his life and the lives of his crew to the chances of a surprise. The emperor, in defending his country against hostile aggression which he did not provoke, maintains, sword in hand, the dignity of his crown and the honour of Russia, in honest war, by the aid of God. If the enemy makes use of artifices, it is for us to counteract them by every means in our power, conformable to the law of nations. We have just done so at Hango. We declare it openly. The enemy may regret the failure of an expedition he thought he could carry out with impunity under a white flag; but it cannot be allowed to revenge himself by injurious language, accusing Russia of having infringed the laws of war, whilst he is the first to transgress them by overstepping the limits of what is just and legitimate in legal warfare." At the same time that this statement made its appearance, Prince Dolgorouki sent to inform Admiral Dundas that in addition to Cronstadt, Sweaborg, and Revel, flags of truce would be also received at Libau, Windau, Wasa, and Tornea.

The Russian authorities also obtained from Lieutenant Geneste, who remained in their hands, a report of the circumstances, which they transmitted to the British admiral. We append it as giving a more accurate account of the affair than the statement made by the coloured seaman George Brown, when weak and confused in mind from the result of his wounds.

"Helsingfors, July 8th, 1855.

"Sir,—In obedience to your order, on Monday, the 5th of June, I proceeded to the landing-place at Hango Head in the cutter, carrying a flag of truce, in order to land Russian prisoners and communicate with the officer at the telegraph station. We arrived at the pier, and no person being visible on shore except two or three women standing near the houses, I landed the Rus-

sian prisoners, and, in company with them and Dr. Easton, proceeded towards the house, to communicate with the people and with the officer of the telegraph. The three stewards also accompanied us, in order, if possible, to purchase fresh provisions. But all the boat's crew were left in the boat, with strict orders not to land, as you had directed. We also carried with us a white flag of truce on a boarding-pike; Lorton, the midshipmen's steward, carrying it beside me. We had only proceeded about fifty yards from the boat when, suddenly, Russian soldiers (who had lain concealed behind the rocks and houses, and of whose vicinity we were completely ignorant) rose and fired on us and the boat from all sides. Taking the white flag from the steward Lorton, who was shot down by my side, I endeavoured with it in my hand to prevent the soldiers firing at the boat, and so called the attention of their officer, who came near me, to it. However, I regret to state that the firing did not cease until many of our people had been hit. As we were completely surrounded by soldiers, it was impossible to effect our escape, the soldiers being within a few yards of the boat on every side; and, seeing the inutility of making any resistance, not having a loaded musket in the boat, and the greater number of our small boat's crew of eleven men being killed and wounded by the first fire of the enemy, not a shot was fired on our side. We were all seized by the soldiers, taken to the houses, and without a moment's delay placed in carriages, which appeared to me to be ready for us, and transported to Ekness, where we arrived the same afternoon. I regret to have to state that we have lost six of our men killed, and four have been wounded badly, nearly all the others having slight scratches. Our Finnish captain was also killed, and two Russian captains wounded. The wounded men were carried to Ekness, and placed in hospital there. I enclose a list of the killed and wounded. The fate of several of the killed I know only by the Russian report, as we were hurried away too quickly from the scene of action to ascertain it for ourselves; but I fear the report is too true, as we have six men missing, and they report seven dead bodies at Hango Head, which would be correct with our six men and the old Finnish captain, whom we saw shot down and bayoneted. We remained at Ekness during Tuesday, and on Wednesday Mr. Sullivan,

myself, and the four unwounded men, were removed to this place, leaving the four wounded men at Ekness, with Dr. Easton to attend them. The wounded men were all doing well when we left Ekness. One of them, Gliddon, had to undergo amputation of his right arm, near the shoulder, which had been successfully performed. Since our arrival at Ekness we have received every attention and kindness from the Russian general and officers that our position would admit of. The wounded men have been treated with the greatest care and consideration. I requested General Moller, the officer commanding at Ekness, to send a boat on the day following this unfortunate affair to the ship, with a flag of truce, to inform you what had happened, but he declared it to be impossible. I do not know how this letter will reach you, but the general will forward it by the first opportunity. As we were taken prisoners under a flag of truce, I presume we shall be shortly released, but am at present in perfect ignorance of their intentions with respect to us. I send this letter open and unsealed.

"I am, &c.,

"LOUIS GENESTE, Lieutenant.

"To Captain Fanshawe, her Majesty's ship *Cossack*."

Admiral Dundas sent a long letter of comment on Prince Dolgorouki's refusal to set Lieutenant Geneste and his comrades at liberty. It was for the most part a very polite document, though it would not admit that the crew of the *Cossack's* cutter were acting irregularly; and even contained the following passage:—"I am myself forced to the conclusion that wilful falsehoods have been invented in vindication of a decided outrage; and it is not unimportant to inquire, for what purpose the carriages and horses, mentioned by Lieutenant Geneste, had been previously collected." This letter remained for some time unanswered by the prince, but he eventually acknowledged it. The Russian minister remarked, that the explanations of Admiral Dundas only served to confirm the evidence of the fact that Lieutenant Geneste landed without waiting for his character as bearer of a flag of truce to be legally recognised and admitted. This fact, he added, remained established in such a manner as to render any further discussion superfluous; and with that remark he closed the correspondence.

As it appeared Cronstadt could not be

attacked with any probability of success, the allied admirals addressed themselves to harass the enemy in other less important localities. On the 16th of June, the *Blenheim* and *Exmouth*, accompanied by two gun-boats, under the orders of Rear-admiral Seymour, left the fleet to reconnoitre the mouth of the river Narva. The town of Narva, eight miles up the river, was strongly fortified and full of troops. On the 18th, several Russian coasting vessels were observed at anchor. The admiral embarked in the *Snapper*, followed by the *Blenheim* and *Pincher*, with the intention of cutting them out. While standing along shore, they observed a sand battery, mounting fourteen guns, and opened fire upon it when within about 1,200 yards. This was returned by the enemy; and though most of their shot fell wide, the *Blenheim* received two balls, and a third passed directly over the head of Admiral Seymour. The cannonade lasted for some time; several of the Russians were killed, and one of their guns dismounted, though no material injury was done to the battery. The vessels rejoined the fleet on the 19th, without having accomplished anything further.

On the 20th, the allied fleet returned to the neighbourhood of Cronstadt; and when about three miles west of Tolboukin lighthouse, divided into two parts. The first of these, consisting of the *Duke of Wellington*, *Exmouth*, *Nile*, *Cressy*, *Orion*, *James Watt*, *Dragon*, *Vulture*, *Merlin*, and eight gun-boats, with the French ships *Tourville*, *Austerlitz*, and *Isis*, continued their course along the north side of the island until they anchored within five miles of the town and shipping of Cronstadt, and in sight of the dome and spires of St. Petersburg. The second division anchored as a reserve in mid-channel, between the lighthouse and the opposite coast.

On the previous reconnaissance of Cronstadt, the *Merlin* and *Firefly* had been struck by infernal machines. On this occasion one exploded beneath the *Vulture*, giving that vessel a severe shock, smashing everything in the galley, and throwing the 68 lb. shot out of their racks, though without doing further damage. The following morning, June 21st, each ship began sweeping for infernal machines; and in three days no less than thirty-three of them were fished up. The following was the method pursued:—Two boats took between them a long rope, which was sunk about ten or

twelve feet by means of weights, and kept at that depth by lines attached to small casks, which floated on the surface at intervals of forty or fifty yards. The boats then separated as far as the rope would permit, and pulled in parallel lines until one of the casks stopped behind; a circumstance which intimated they had caught something. The boats then approached each other, keeping the rope taut; then, by hauling it in carefully, up came the machine. The first found were supposed to be only the buoys to the machine; but Admiral Seymour convinced himself to the contrary, in a manner which nearly cost him his life. Examining one on the poop of the *Exmouth*, he incautiously tapped a little bit of iron which projected from its side, observing—"This must be the way they are exploded;" when the thing went off, and every body round was hurled upon the deck. Lieutenant Lewis was severely wounded in the knee, and much burnt in the hands and arms; the signal-man, who was holding the machine in his hands, was severely burnt; indeed, every one near was more or less hurt. The admiral was so injured in the eyes that it was at first feared he might lose his sight, though he was eventually perfectly recovered.

The following is a description of these submarine instruments, by a gentleman who accompanied the fleet:—"Each machine consists of a cone of galvanised iron, sixteen inches in diameter at the base, and twenty inches from base to apex, and is divided into three chambers; the one near the base being largest and containing air, causes it to float with the base uppermost. In the centre of this chamber is another, which holds a tube with a fuse in it, and an apparatus for firing it. This consists of two little iron rods, which move in guides, and are kept projected over the side of the base by springs which press them outwards. When anything pushes either of these rods inwards, it strikes against a lever, which moves like a pendulum, in the fuse-tube, and the lower end of the lever breaks or bends a small leaden tube, containing a combustible compound, which is set on fire by coming in contact with some sulphuric acid held in a capillary tube, which is broken at the same time, and so fires the fuse, which communicates with the powder—about nine or ten pounds—contained in the chamber at the apex of the cone. At the extreme apex is a brass ring, to which is attached a rope

and some pieces of granite, which moors them about nine or ten feet below the surface; so that the only vessels they could hurt (the gun-boats), float quietly over them; and now that we know what they are, they have been disarmed of all their dread."

The allies continued to heap insult and disgrace upon the flag of Russia by destroying the stores accumulated along her coasts, and seizing every ship or boat that made its appearance. During the night of the 23rd of June, Captain Story, of the *Harrier*, discovered a number of trading vessels, varying from two to seven hundred tons each, in an anchorage about one mile from the town of Nysted. Several of them were destroyed in the course of the night, and one barque, the *Victoria*, of about 450 tons, carried off as a prize. These operations were renewed the following day and night, and with such success, that in that brief time only, the boats of the *Harrier* had burnt or scuttled no less than forty-seven ships of the enemy; and that, too, without any loss on their own part. The whole of the Nysted shipping, estimated as amounting to upwards of 20,000 tons, was thus destroyed. With all the gigantic fortresses of the Baltic, that sea was the most vulnerable part of Russia, and a strict and harassing blockade the weapon most powerful in injuring and humbling her.

A detachment of the fleet, under the command of Captain Yelverton of the *Arrogant*, proceeded to Lovisa, a small town on the north side of the Gulf of Finland, which they reached on the 4th of July. The vessels anchored before Fort Svartholm, a well-constructed fortification in the entrance to the Bay of Lovisa. It had lately been greatly strengthened, was capable of mounting 122 guns, and had accommodation, in casemated barracks, for about 1,000 men, with governor's house and garden, together with excellent quarters for officers. The enemy abandoned the fort at the approach of our vessels, taking with them their guns, stores, and ammunition. Captain Yelverton immediately made arrangements for blowing up the fort and destroying the barracks. Having, on the next day, made a *reconnaissance* of the town in the *Ruby*, accompanied by the boats of the *Arrogant* and *Magicienne*, the fire from which dispersed a strong body of Cossacks, Captain Yelverton landed, and sent for the authorities of Lovisa. On their arrival, he explained to them the

object of his visit, and then at once proceeded to accomplish it, by destroying the barracks and government stores. He abstained, however, from setting them on fire, as by so doing the whole town would have been burnt. His precaution was without effect: during the night an accidental fire occurred in a part of the town he had not visited, and spread with such violence, that before morning Lovisa was reduced to heaps of smouldering ashes. The circumstance was in no way attributable to the English; and the authorities of the town themselves admitted and explained the accidental origin of the conflagration.

Captain Yelverton next proceeded to Kounda Bay, on the south coast, where he had reason to believe troops were concentrated. There he found a large Cossack encampment, on a commanding position; but he speedily dislodged the enemy with shell and rockets. After some opposition, he landed and examined the place, but did not subject it to injury, as it was found to contain only private property. The next morning he anchored at the mouth of the river Portsoiki, and destroyed a Cossack barrack and stables on its right bank; at the same time driving the soldiers into the country. He then proceeded to Trangsund, off the town of Wiborg, where he arrived on the 14th of July. On entering the bay, a Russian man-of-war steamer made its appearance, with the apparent intention of offering battle. So novel and unexpected a sight as a Russian ship of war, clear from the protection of stone land batteries, created great enthusiasm amongst the men and officers. Captain Yelverton gave the order to fire upon her at once; but, after the exchange of a few shots at long range, she retreated; though, it was believed, not before she had received some damage. On pushing further up the bay, three large gun-boats were perceived lying, with another steamer, under an island about one mile off. Suddenly the gun-boat and launches were brought to a standstill by some stakes or other sunken obstructions. While in the act of examining into the cause of the stoppage, a masked battery on the left bank, not more than 350 yards off, opened on them a heavy fire of musketry, round, and grape. This was so violent, that the boats, which as a matter of precaution had been formed in order of battle, were thrown into a slight confusion. However, they rallied almost instantly, pulled steadily up to the

earthwork, returned the fire, and, after an engagement which lasted upwards of an hour, with an enemy far superior in numbers, returned to their respective ships. An explosion took place in one of the *Arrogant's* cutters, which swamped the boat and killed Mr. Story, the midshipman in command of her. The crew were saved, and the boat, which had drifted close to the battery, was rescued from falling into the hands of the enemy by lieutenants Haggard and Dowell, who, with a volunteer crew, towed it out under a heavy fire. As it was found impossible to get the *Ruby* through the sunken barrier, captains Yelverton, Vansittart, and Lowder, returned with that vessel and the boats towards Stralsund. The riflemen of the enemy followed them along the banks, but were driven from their positions, as fast as they took them, by the fire from the *Ruby* and the boats. In this unsuccessful attempt, one man, beside Mr. Story (who was regarded as a fine promising young officer), was killed, and nine were wounded.

On the 17th of July, admirals Dundas, Penaud, Seymour, and Commodore the Hon. F. F. Pelham, proceeded in the *Merlin*, attended by two gun-boats and a French steamer, to reconnoitre Sweaborg and Helsingfors. When about 3,000 yards from the batteries, several submarine or infernal machines were exploded, by means (it is supposed) of galvanic wires, which connected them with the shore. Happily, they did no mischief, for it is almost impossible for any one on shore to ascertain by taking angles, or by any other means, when a ship is so exactly over one of the machines that an explosion would damage her. The result of the *reconnaissance* will be related presently. The following day the admirals proceeded to reconnoitre the powerful fortress of Revel. There the forts and batteries run along the shore for two or three miles, and mount altogether no less than 400 guns.

Captain Yelverton, of the *Arrogant*, who had gained for himself a well-merited reputation for intrepidity and cool daring, together with the *Magicienne*, *Cossack*, and gun-boat *Ruby*, proceeded on the 20th of July to attack a Russian fortress at Frederickshaum. This town, situated on the western gulf of the coast of Finland, midway between Wiborg and Helsingfors, had been only recently fortified at the command of the emperor. Passing the place on a

visit to Helsingfors, he found it without soldiers or batteries, and immediately ordered 3,000 men to be stationed there, and a fort to be built. Early on the morning of the 21st, Captain Yelverton succeeded in getting the ships up to the town, on which they opened fire shortly before ten. As the ships approached, several ladies were seen quietly sitting on the grass and watching them. Despite this dangerous coolness, with the first broadside they took to their heels with discreet rapidity. The enemy returned the fire of our ships with briskness for nearly an hour and a-half, after which they ceased firing and abandoned their guns, some of which were dismounted, and the fort itself much injured. The loss of the enemy must have been considerable; numbers of them were carried away on stretchers; and one mounted officer was seen to fall from his saddle, cut in two by a shell. The injury sustained by the assailants was very trifling; two men belonging to the *Ruby* were dangerously wounded, and one of the crew of the *Arrogant* slightly. Several shots struck the hull of the latter vessel, and also that of the *Magicienne*. The town of Frederickshaum could have been left a ruin; but Captain Yelverton gave strict orders that it should not be injured, his object being to destroy the fort only. One suburb caught fire and was burnt to ashes; in other respects the town remained uninjured. No attempt was made to follow up the advantage by landing, as a great body of troops were seen drawn up behind embankments, and Captain Yelverton was without military.

Early on the morning of the 26th of July, Captain Yelverton was reinforced by the *Cossack* and *Magicienne*, and the mortar vessels *Prompt*, *Pickle*, *Rocket*, and *Blazer*. This little squadron proceeded to the fortified island of Kotka, which it was considered desirable to take. Having anchored the mortar vessels out of range, and left two gun-boats to look after them, Captain Yelverton proceeded with the rest of the vessels to the westward of the island, for the purpose of destroying the bridge connecting it with the main-land, and thus at once cut off the retreat of the garrison, and prevent their receiving reinforcements. This duty was speedily performed by Captain Vansittart, of the *Magicienne*. The vessels having taken up their position, the marines were landed, and at once took possession of the garrison which the Russians had abandoned before the destruction of the bridge, being probably

warned by the telegraphs along the coast of the approach of the squadron. A large amount of military stores and other public property was then set on fire and destroyed by the English, including barracks, stables, magazines, telegraph station, governor's residence, and various other buildings. Some damage, also, was accidentally done to the village, in consequence of the wind shifting in that direction. Captain Yelverton and the squadron departed on the 27th, leaving Captain Fanshawe with the *Cossack* in charge of the island.

All this while the great body of the fleet remained idle; but at length the weariness arising from inaction was to be dissipated. An attack upon Sweaborg had been for some time in contemplation, and on the 6th of August, Admiral Dundas, accompanied by Admiral Seymour, with the bulk of the English ships, weighed from Nargen, and on the same day they anchored off Sweaborg, where they were joined by Admiral Penaud and the French fleet.

Sweaborg, or Sveaborg, the fortress of the Six Castles, as it is sometimes called, was one of the principal naval arsenals of Russia. It is built on a group of six small islands, or rocks of granite, respectively named Langörn, Lilla Swartoe, West Swartoe, East Swartoe, Vargon, and Gustafsvaard. Of these, Vargon, or Wolf's Island, is the capital, and the strongest fortress. The fortifications were commenced in 1748, by the Swedes, but were completed by the Russians when the place fell into their hands, together with the grand-duchy of Finland. They are opposite to, and about a mile from, the town of Helsingfors. The last five of these islands were connected together by bridges, and defended by numerous military works and batteries, many of the latter being cut in the solid rock. Mr. Scott, speaking in 1850 of the fortress of Sweaborg, said it conveyed to him the idea of being even stronger than Cronstadt or Sebastopol, though not so showy and effective in appearance. We have already mentioned that the place had been greatly strengthened, and additional batteries and earthworks constructed since it had been reconnoitred by the allied fleets in 1854. Indeed, Sweaborg has, and with some fitness of expression, been called the Gibraltar of the north! As its rock-carved batteries yet remained intact, after the awful storm—the hell-storm we may say—of fire and destructive missiles hurled against it that

we shall have to relate, it was no very idle boast to speak of its impregnability. It is said to have mounted 810 cannon, to have had casemates for from 6,000 to 7,000 small arms, and barracks for a garrison of 12,000 men.

The premeditated attack was delayed to allow the French to land on the island of Langörn, and construct a battery there of four 13-inch mortars. During the 8th, the imperial flag of Russia was flying from Sweaborg, from which it was inferred that either the emperor or the grand-duke had come to behold the armament that threatened his coasts; the following day it had disappeared. Thousands of people also crowded the rocks and heights along the shore, watching with a feverish and tremulous interest the preparations made by a powerful enemy for attacking them. Within four-and-twenty hours, who should say what might be the fate of their town, of themselves, their wives, or their little ones? Though the assailants might be merciful, in the event of victory, who should answer for the effects of a random shell?

The allied fleets were busily employed, during the 8th, in preparing for action. There were fevered lips, beating hearts, and quickened pulses, belonging also to many brave men on board those grim threatening ships, especially amongst the young, to whom the wild, intoxicating roar of war was a new sensation. But it was the fever of excitement; it was the hurried pulsation of that heroic impatience which longs, like the high-bred war-steed, for the strife, and frets inwardly at delay; it was the subdued yet passionate exultation of brave men, who saw the approach of the hour they had so earnestly hoped for—the hour in which they trusted to snatch, from the red-robed genius of war, a wreath of laurel, even though entwined with the mournful cypress. It was with no common feelings that they watched the gray dawn give place to rosy sunlight on that momentous August morning. They were soon to be gratified; the action was at hand. At a quarter-past seven on the 9th, the following signal was opened from the flag-ship:—"Gun and mortar vessels open fire with shell." At half-past seven, the first mortar was discharged, and the firing then taken up along the whole line. The distance selected was far more prudent than heroic, being 3,500 yards, from which the gun-boats ran in to about 3,000 yards, when they fired and

then retired, returning to the attack as soon as they had reloaded. Being thus continually in motion, the enemy was unable to obtain the range, and inflict any great damage upon them.

The Russians returned our fire very briskly with red-hot shot and shell; but, for the reason we have just stated, and also on account of the distance, without effect. Shortly after ten, fires burst forth from the centre of the principal island, and the first Russian magazine exploded with a terrific noise. For a few minutes the fire of the enemy slackened; but they soon recovered themselves; and in all parts of Sweaborg every rock, and house, and garden, seemed full of guns. At twelve, a second and far more terrible explosion took place, followed by a succession of minor ones. The first of them was described as lasting for more than two minutes, and resembling a huge volcano in a state of eruption, hurling forth lighted shells, guns, rafters, stone-work, and roofs of houses! The burning fragments spread the destructive element in every direction, and in a short time the dockyards, arsenal, barracks, storehouses, and all the government buildings, were burning furiously. No less than 600 Russians were said to have been killed by this explosion alone. The excitement of the sailors was most intense; and as they crowded the yards and poops of the line-of-battle ships, they cheered vociferously after each explosion. At this time the *Cornwallis*, *Hastings*, and *Amphion* opened their broadsides at the same moment; while the *Arrogant*, *Cossack*, and *Cruiser* also poured a heavy fire on a large body of troops they perceived on a small island to the eastward of the fortress.

The cannonade continued with extraordinary fury and rapidity until eight o'clock in the evening; and the gun-boats were then recalled, as many of them were injured by incessant firing. At that time there were so many fires upon the islands of Swartoe, Vargon, and Gustafsvaard (on which the town and fortress was chiefly built), that it seemed one roaring mass of red flame and smoke, suggestive of hideous and diabolical comparisons. Its respite from the iron storm that was poured into it with such terrific activity, was but momentary: the fire was still kept up, especially from the French mortar battery; and, at half-past ten, the rocket-boats went in and commenced playing their part in the terrible drama. During the night the scene was

awfully grand. The house of the main guard was perfectly red-hot; the flames rose to an enormous height, and the town and fortress seemed one vast fiery furnace,—"Fierce as ten furies; terrible as hell!"

The raging storm of fire was continued throughout Friday, the 10th, and also by the rocket-boats during the night. The second day's firing was almost a repetition of the first, and does not, therefore, need to be related in detail. On the morning of the 11th the bombardment was concluded, as many of the mortars were disabled, and two split in halves. Some of the vents of the French guns, also, had fused,—a circumstance by which they were rendered useless. It is much to be regretted that the allies had not the means of taking the place by assault, and planting the flags of England and France over its ruins: but the stone batteries of Sweaborg, cut from the solid rock, were yet in the hands of the enemy; and as the allies, by some disgraceful oversight, had not a relay of mortars, they were compelled to be contented with what they had done; though it is certain, had they been properly provided, they might have done much more. Still, a triumphant blow had been struck; a famous fortress, deemed almost impregnable, was in ruins; an enormous loss had been inflicted upon the enemy, and that—incredible as it may seem—costing the allies the life only of one man: a few were wounded, and others burnt by the premature explosion of some of our own rockets; but only one man, on the part of the allies, was killed! Yet, during the two days' bombardment, the English alone expended 100 tons of gunpowder, and hurled not less than 1,000 tons of iron into a space of about half a mile in diameter. The Russian loss could not be correctly ascertained; but it was asserted that in killed alone it was not less than 2,000 men; while the hospital at Helsingfors was crowded with wounded. It was extremely difficult to ascertain the exact loss of the enemy, and this number is probably an exaggeration. The French admiral sent a Russian, as a spy, on shore near Sweaborg, to ascertain what damage had been inflicted on the town and defences. After a few days the man returned with the news that all the government stores and the dockyard were completely destroyed, twenty-three ships burned by the shells, all the powder magazines blown up, the governor's house and several other buildings consumed, and 1,000

men killed and wounded. A three-decker line-of-battle ship had also been so much injured, that she was lying on her side, filled with water. This vessel, which had been anchored between Gustafsvaard and Bak-Holmen, to block up the passage between them, and add to the defences of the fortress, was withdrawn during the night, after the first day's bombardment. It was supposed that she found her position too warm to be retained, and only retired for shelter. Subsequently it was ascertained that she had been struck by several shells, and was in danger of sinking. The Russians therefore towed her into shallow water, where she lay on one side, disabled and useless. Eighteen other vessels in the basins were hit, and more or less injured.

During Saturday and Sunday the allied fleets remained gazing in astonishment and exultation upon the still burning town of Sweaborg. What a scene of desolate and romantic ruin it presented; what a blow to the pride of the would-be representative of the ancient Cæsars. On Sunday the tolling of the bells in Helsingfors was distinctly heard, coming softly over the calm water; a strange contrast to the terrible sounds so recently heard in that locality. Those bells had cause to toll, not as a call to prayer, but to mourning and humiliation. The inhabitants of Helsingfors, though evidently fearing the wrath of the allies might be directed against them (for on one large building they had placed an enormous piece of canvas, on which the words "lunatic asylum" were painted in large black letters, as an appeal to the allies to spare it), yet had the audacity, on the Saturday, to fire on a couple of gigs belonging to some French gun-boats. This induced Admiral Penaud to observe, that "there was much honour in burning Sweaborg, but there would be more satisfaction in destroy-

ing Helsingfors." It is difficult, indeed, to understand why it was spared, unless we are to accept the condition of the mortars as a sufficient reason.* Was it imbecility or treachery which presided at the admiralty, and governed the movements of our fleet?

On Sunday, Admiral Penaud visited each French ship, and thanked the officers and men for their exertions. He was received with hearty cheers wherever he went, for the crews were in a state of enthusiastic excitement. Admiral Dundas also issued a general memorandum with the same object, and gave orders for it to be read to the men of each ship by their respective captains. During the day the enemy showed that the batteries of Sweaborg were still able to resist a foe, and that our thunders, dreadful as they were, had not been of a decisive character. Mr. Hughes, who, in his yacht the *Wee Pet*, from motives of a foolhardy and intrusive curiosity, ventured within range of the guns of the batteries, was assailed with a shower of shell and hot shot, which fortunately dropped over his frail barque astern, in every direction, without touching him.

A naval officer, in a letter written on the 14th, mentioned the following curious facts with respect to those engaged in the firing:—"Their ears were padded during the bombardment, and I do not learn that any one's sense of hearing suffered much. Most of them felt pain in the chest afterwards, but that has now passed off. Lieutenant Horsey, of the *Growler*, who threw the most shells of all, had not recovered his voice clearly last night." In speaking of the gun-boats, the letter added that it was a beautiful sight to see them manœuvring; they literally dodged the shot.

Early on Monday morning, the 13th, the fleets retired from what remained of Sweaborg, and returned to their old anchor-

* A writer in one of the monthlies observed—"Helsingfors was spared on account of its beautiful cathedral (close under which were the batteries, as also under the shelter of a lunatic asylum), and also from the wish not to destroy private property. It is obvious that, in order to bring the war to a speedy conclusion, no means must be spared to cripple the enemy. Humanity speaks strongly in favour of defenceless towns and villages being spared; but Helsingfors comes no more under the category than Portsmouth, which would always have to run the chance of bombardment in time of war. Helsingfors evidently dared the allies to the combat by firing upon them. We think that the principles of war-courtesy are carried too far. True we had rather see Revel or Cronstadt, or any strictly Russian town,

destroyed, than one which is Finnish or Swedish in origin. But Helsingfors is neither: not even in name. It is a purely Russian stronghold and arsenal in Finland. The fact is, that by leaving Helsingfors intact, we left the Russians the means and necessities wherewith to repair all the damage done to Sweaborg in the smallest possible time. The unprogressive character of such policy ought to be its own condemnation. Powder and shot become mere waste under such circumstances, and when appropriated solely to granite rocks and batteries and a few government buildings, barracks, stores, and artificers' residences, assume more the character of an exchange of courtesies than missiles of real and warlike destructive powers." In war, the most decisive policy is ultimately the most merciful.

age at Nargen. An event so important as the partial destruction of such a fortress as Sweaborg, deserves a fuller account than we have here given it; we will therefore present our readers with copies of the despatches of the English and French admirals, to their respective governments on that occasion. The first is from Admiral Dundas, and will supply much information of a technical and professional character, which could not be conveniently introduced into a popular narrative.

Duke of Wellington, before Sweaborg,
August 13th.

Sir,—I have the honour to report, for the information of the lords commissioners of the admiralty, that after my arrival here on the 6th inst. with the squadron under my orders, I was joined the same evening by Rear-admiral Penaud, in the *Tourville*; and, on the following day, by the remainder of the French squadron, including, in addition to the ships of the line, five mortar vessels and five gun-boats, with store-ships and steam-vessels. On the 7th inst. the *Amphion* arrived from Nargen, completing the British squadron, to the ships and vessels named in the margin,* and the intention of Rear-admiral Penaud and myself being to commence operations against the fortress and arsenal of Sweaborg, no time was lost in making the necessary preparations.

My former reports will have informed their lordships, that during the past year, and in the course of the last five months, the enemy has been actively employed in strengthening the defences of the place, and completing the sea defences, by erecting batteries on every advantageous position, and commanding every practicable approach to the harbour in this intricate navigation. It has therefore formed no part of my plan to attempt a general attack by the ships on the defences; and the operations contemplated by the rear-admiral and myself were limited to such destruction of the fortress and arsenal as could be accomplished by means of mortars. The intricate nature of the ground, from rocks awash and reefs under water, rendered it difficult to select positions for the mortar vessels at proper range. In completing the arrangements for

this purpose, I have derived the greatest advantage from the abilities of Captain Sullivan, of her majesty's ship *Merlin*; and the positions ultimately chosen were in a curved line on either side of the islet of Oterhall, with space in the centre reserved for the mortar vessels of the French squadron, as concerted with Rear-admiral Penaud. The extremes of the line were limited, with reference to the extent of the range and the distance from the heavily-armed batteries of Bak-Holmen to the eastward, and of Stora Rantan to the westward of Sweaborg; and a most effective addition to the force of the allied squadrons consisted in a battery of four lighter mortars established by Admiral Penaud on an islet in advance of Oterhall. To carry these arrangements into effect, I directed Captain Ramsay, of her majesty's ship *Euryalus*, with Captain Glasse, of the *Vulture*, Captain Vansittart, of the *Magicienne*, and Captain Stewart, of the *Dragon*, to anchor to the southward of Oterhall; and the mortar vessels, under the charge of Lieutenant the Hon. Augustus C. Hobart, of the *Duke of Wellington*, being distributed to the care of those officers, the whole were anchored, on the evening of the 7th inst., in position, in readiness to warp into action; and hawsers for that purpose were laid out before daylight. Much assistance in towing was rendered by the officers of the gun-boats, and great praise is due to all concerned for their active exertions.

In the course of the same night, Rear-admiral Penaud had commenced the establishment of his battery with sand-bags on the rocks within Oterhall, but the active arrangements could not be completed before the morning of the 9th inst. During the whole of the previous day the royal standard of Russia was flying upon the citadel of Gustafsvaard, but was not afterwards observed. The success of our operations being dependent entirely on the state of the weather and the rapidity with which shells could be thrown, no time was lost in trying the ranges of the mortars, which proved to be accurate, and general firing commenced soon after seven o'clock. The direction of this service was confided to Captain T. M. Wemyss, of the royal marine artillery, as—

* The *Duke of Wellington* (bearing my flag), *Exmouth* (bearing the flag of Rear-admiral Sir Michael Seymour), *Euryalus*, *Arrogant*, *Pembroke*, *Cornwallis*, *Cossack*, *Merlin*, *Vulture*, *Hastings*, *Edinburgh*, *Amphion*, *Magicienne*, *Dragon*, *Belleisle*, *Cruiser*, *Geyser*, *Locust*, *Lightning*, *Eolus*, *Princess Alice*, *Volcano* (arrived on the 10th.) Gun-boats.

—*Starling*, *Lark*, *Thistle*, *Redwing*, *Maggie*, *Badger*, *Pelter*, *Snap*, *Dapper*, *Weasel*, *Stork*, *Pincher*, *Gleaner*, *Biter*, *Skylark*, *Snapper*. Mortar vessels. —*Rocket*, *Surly*, *Pickle*, *Blazer*, *Mastiff*, *Manly*, *Drake*, *Porpoise*, *Prompt*, *Sinbad*, *Curron*, *Redbreast*, *Beacon*, *Grappler*, *Harock*, *Grouler*.

sisted by Captain Lawrence and Captain Schomberg; and every exertion was used by these officers to press the fire of the mortars to the fullest extent which could be deemed proper. The gun-boats having been previously armed with additional guns of heavy calibre, removed temporarily from ships of the line, and the *Stork* and *Snapper* gun-boats being armed with Lancaster guns, I availed myself of the experience of Captain Hewlett to direct the fire of the two latter vessels to the greatest advantage, and his attention was specially directed to a three-decked ship of the line moored to block the passage between Gustafsvaard and Bak-Holmen. Commander Preedy, of the ship bearing my flag, was directed to take the *Starling* and four other gun-boats under his orders, and to manœuvre and attack the batteries in front of the mortar vessels towards the west extremity of the line. The remainder were distributed in a similar manner to stations assigned to them, with orders to engage the batteries and protect the mortar vessels, under the general direction of Captain Ramsay, assisted by captains Glasse, Vansittart, and Stewart.

On the evening of the 8th inst. I had dispatched Captain Key, in her majesty's ship *Amphion*, to proceed off Stora Miölö, and to place himself under the orders of Captain Wellesley, of her majesty's ship *Cornwallis*; and I instructed the latter officer to employ the *Hastings* and the *Amphion*, and to take advantage of any proper opportunity to engage the enemy at the east end of the island of Sandhamn. Captain Yelverton, in her majesty's ship *Arrogant*, was detached to the westward with the *Cossack* and *Cruiser* under his orders, and was directed to occupy the attention of troops which were observed to be posted on the island of Drumsio, and to watch the movements of small vessels which had been noticed occasionally in creeks in that direction.

Early in the day I observed that the detached squadrons in both directions had opened fire upon the enemy, and the action was general upon all points. A rapid fire of shot and shells was kept up from the fortress for the first few hours upon the gun-boats, and the range of the heavy batteries extended completely beyond the mortar vessels; but the continued motion of the gun-boats, and the able manner in which they were conducted by the officers who commanded them, enabled them to

return the fire with great spirit, and almost with impunity throughout the day. About ten o'clock in the forenoon, fires began first to be observed in the different buildings, and a heavy explosion took place on the island of Vargon, which was followed by a second about an hour afterwards; a third, and far more important explosion, occurred about noon on the island of Gustafsvaard, inflicting much damage upon the defences of the enemy, and tending greatly to slacken the fire from the guns in that direction. The advantage of the rapidity with which the fire from the mortars had been directed was apparent in the continued fresh conflagrations which spread extensively on the island of Vargon. The intricate nature of the reefs, on which the gun-boats had occasionally grounded, compelled me also to recall them before sunset, and the fire of the enemy was slack. The boats of the fleet were then ordered to be assembled with rockets before dark, and under the direction of Captain Caldwell, in command of the ship bearing my flag, they maintained a continuous fire for upwards of three hours, which was attended with considerable success, causing fresh fires and adding much to the general conflagration.

At daylight on the morning of the 10th inst. the positions of several of the mortar vessels had been advanced within easier range, and the gun-boats were again directed to engage. The three-decked ship which had been moored by the enemy to block and defend the channel between Gustafsvaard and Bak-Holmen had been withdrawn during the night to a more secure position, but the fire from the batteries was increased, and the engagement was renewed with activity on both sides; fires continued to burn without intermission within the fortress, and about noon a column of smoke, heavier and darker than any which had yet been observed, and succeeded by bright flames, gave signs that the shells had reached combustible materials in the direction of the arsenal; the exact situation was at first concealed from our view, but, the flames continuing to spread, it was soon evident that they extended beyond the island of Vargon, and that many buildings on the island of Swartoe were already in progress of destruction. By the judicious management of the officers of artillery, a steady fire was kept up during the whole of the following night. The rocket-boats in the evening

were again assembled, when the gun-boats were recalled, and proceeded successively in separate divisions. The first, under the direction of Captain Seymour, of the *Pembroke*, made excellent practice, at a distance of about 2,000 yards from the fortress; the second, under the direction of Captain Caldwell, at a later period of the night, succeeded also in adding to the fires already burning; but, the glare of the flames exposing the boats to the view of the enemy, they maintained their ground under a smart fire of bursting shells with steady gallantry. Considering the extent of injury which had now been inflicted upon the enemy, and reflecting that few buildings of importance remained to be destroyed on the island of Vargon, and that those still standing upon Swartoe were at the extreme extent of our range, and in positions where no shells had yet reached them, I was of opinion that no proportionate advantage was to be gained by continuing the fire during another day. I accordingly dispatched Captain Seymour, of her majesty's ship *Pembroke*, to communicate with Rear-admiral Penaud, and, with the cordiality and ready concord which I have invariably experienced from that officer, arrangements were immediately concerted, and order given to cease firing after daylight. Little fire, except at the rocket-boats, had been returned by the enemy during the night, and it ceased almost entirely on his side before daylight, although the sea defences in general were little injured.

It remains for me to transmit now for their lordships' information the enclosed reports of the proceedings of Captain Wellesley, of her majesty's ship *Cornwallis*, with the detached squadron to the eastward, on the 9th inst.; and I beg you will inform their lordships that, the troops on Drumsio having offered no resistance to the ships under the orders of Captain Yelverton, he returned to his former anchorage the same evening. Enclosed are the lists of casualties* which have occurred in execution of the service which I have had the honour to detail; and I am thankful to say that they have been fewer than could possibly have been expected under the fire to which those

who were engaged were repeatedly exposed. Some of the most severe injuries are those which unfortunately occurred from explosions of the rockets in the boats of the *Hastings* and *Vulture*.

Their lordships will observe that I abstain entirely from reports on the proceedings of the squadron under the command of Rear-admiral Penaud, which will, no doubt, be fully and ably explained to his own government; but I may be permitted to acknowledge my deep sense of the valuable co-operation they have afforded, and to express my admiration of the gallant conduct of those under his orders, and my warmest thanks for the cordial support which I have received.

I have much satisfaction in reporting in the most favourable manner on the conduct of the officers, seamen, and marines under my command; and I transmit, for their lordships' information, the lists of the officers and others who were employed on the various detached services which occurred during the operations.†

My best thanks are due to Rear-admiral Sir Michael Seymour, who has at all times afforded me the most ready assistance. From Commodore the Hon. Frederick Pelham, captain of the fleet, I have received the most valuable support, and the energy and ability with which he has performed the important duties of his station have tended greatly to further the execution of the service, and demand my warmest thanks. I am much indebted to Captain Ramsay, of her majesty's ship *Euryalus*, for his active and useful exertions, as well as to Captain Glasse, of the *Vulture*, and Captain Vansittart, of the *Magicienne*, and to none more than to Captain Stewart, of her majesty's ship *Dragon*, whose zeal and ready resource attracted my particular attention. The services allotted to Captain Wellesley, as well as those assigned to Captains Seymour, Hewlett, and Caldwell, were executed to my entire satisfaction; and my best thanks are due for the assistance rendered by Captain Hall, of her majesty's ship *Exmouth*, on several occasions. Late on the evening of the 10th inst., her majesty's ship *Merlin*, under the command of Captain Sullivan, struck upon an unknown rock on ground which he had himself repeatedly examined while conducting me along the line of the mortar vessels. No blame whatever can attach to this officer on the occasion, and I gladly avail myself of the opportunity

* Twenty men were wounded or burnt by accidents on board our own vessels; some of them very slightly; and but one man was wounded by the fire of the enemy.

† We omit this as being destitute of interest to the general reader.

which is thus afforded me of calling the especial attention of their lordships to the unwearied activity of this valuable officer. It is to the singular ability and zeal with which his arduous duties have been performed that much of the success of the operations of the fleet may be attributed; and I trust that I may be permitted on this occasion to recommend to the especial notice of their lordships the services of Lieutenant R. B. Creyke, of that ship, whose conduct has been most favourably reported.

My especial thanks are due to the officers and men of the royal marine artillery for the manner in which their important duties have been performed. The cool and steady courage with which they continued to conduct the duties of their stations deserves the highest praise; and I have much pleasure in calling their lordships' attention to the services of Captain Wemyss, as well as to those of Captains Lawrence and Schomberg, of that distinguished corps. Great praise is also due to the officers and crews of the mortar vessels on the occasion. The admirable manner in which the officers in charge of gun-boats maintained their stations under fire, and the general activity of the crews of those vessels upon all occasions, are deserving of the favourable notice of their lordships; but in referring to the enclosed list of the officers employed, I am unwilling to particularise any, when all have been highly deserving of their lordships' favour, and the gallant conduct of the crews has been conspicuous.

I have, &c.,

R. S. DUNDAS, Rear-admiral and
Commander-in-Chief.

The Secretary of the Admiralty.

Admiral Pennaud's report was as follows:—

Tourville, off Sweaborg, Aug. 11th.

Monsieur le Ministre,—As I have had the honour to inform your excellency by my letter of the 7th, Admiral Dundas and I presented ourselves before Sweaborg with the combined squadron, with the intention of bombarding it. At half-past seven in the morning of the 8th, sixteen English bomb-vessels, each having one mortar; five French bomb-vessels having each two of these pieces; and a siege battery of four mortars of nearly ten-inch bore, which, during the six hours' darkness of the two previous nights, I had established on the Islet Abraham at 2,200 metres from the place, opened fire against Sweaborg. I am

happy to announce to you, Monsieur le Ministre, that this operation succeeded perfectly; it was not only a simple cannonade which the squadrons have made against Sweaborg, it was a real bombardment, the important results of which have exceeded my utmost hopes. In less than three hours after we had begun to throw shells we could observe that they caused considerable damage in the fortress. Numerous fires rapidly broke out on several points at the same time, and we soon saw the flames rising above the dome of the church situated in the northern part of the island Est-Swartoe. That building, however, was not touched, and it may be said to be the only one on the islands Vargon and Swartoe which was respected by our projectiles. Terrible explosions were soon after heard, at four different times; the fire had reached the magazines filled with powder and shells. The last two explosions were particularly violent, and they must have caused the enemy enormous losses both in men and *matériel*. For several minutes the explosions of shells continued. The bombardment ceased this morning at half-past four; it consequently lasted for two days and two nights, during which time Sweaborg presented the appearance of a vast fiery furnace. The fire, which still continues its ravages, has destroyed nearly the whole place, and consumed storehouses, magazines, barracks, different government establishments, and a great quantity of stores for the arsenal. The fire of our mortars was so accurate that the enemy, fearing that the three-decker which was moored across the channel between Sweaborg and the island of Bak-Holmen, would be destroyed, had her brought into the port during the night. The Russians have received a serious blow and losses, the more severe, as on the side of the allied squadron the loss is confined to one English sailor killed and a few slightly wounded. The enemy's forts returned our fire very vigorously, and did not slacken it until the moment of the explosions above-mentioned; but the precision of our long-range guns gave us an incontestable superiority over those of the Russians. Every one in the division fulfilled his duty with ardour, devotion, and courage; the crews evinced admirable enthusiasm, and have deserved well of the emperor and of the country. I am perfectly satisfied with the means of action placed at my disposal. The mortar vessels and gun-boats rendered immense services, and they

fully realise everything that was expected from them. The siege battery produced very fine results; and it may be said that it was from an enemy's island, on which we had hoisted the French flag, that the most destructive shots were fired. In this affair, as under every other circumstance which has taken place since our flags have been united, Rear-admiral Dundas and I have acted with common accord. The example of the perfect good understanding which exists between the chiefs has had the best effect on the spirit of the crews of the two squadrons, which in reality only form one in the moment of action. Every one has only one object—to rival each other in zeal, and cause the enemy the greatest possible mischief; and the success of a vessel of one of the two nations was applauded by the other with the same cries of enthusiasm as if it had been gained by its own flag. Doubtless, Monsieur le Ministre, the bombardment of Sweaborg will exercise considerable influence on the Russian people, who have now acquired the conviction that their fortified places and their arsenals are not completely sheltered from the attacks of the allied navies, which may and must hope to be able to deal destruction on the enemy's coast without suffering any very considerable injury themselves. In sending you, Monsieur le Ministre, a more circumstantial report of this affair, I shall have the honour to ask of you a reward for the officers, sailors, and soldiers who distinguished themselves most in the battle.

I am, &c.,

PENAUD.

This year the summer in the Baltic was a very brief one. Shortly after the bombardment of Sweaborg the temperature rapidly decreased, and heavy squalls, accompanied by rain and thunder and lightning, were of frequent occurrence. Large flocks of wild-fowl were daily observed migrating to the south to seek a more genial clime, the sun was obscured by clouds, and the sky assumed that leaden hue which betokens the approach of winter. The season was closing, and, through an extraordinary want of foresight, it appeared that nothing more could be done. A successful blow had been struck;

* The "thunderer" of the press observed, with sarcastic truth:—"The fleet took out just a score of 13-inch mortars, neither more nor less, capable of firing on the average about 230 rounds a-piece. As a 13-inch mortar costs, delivered, about £125, it appears that the great Baltic fleet, the mere maintenance and pay of which, for the time it has been in

and it will occur to every one that it should have been immediately followed up,—that Sweaborg should have been taken, Helsingfors reduced to ashes, and, while the enemy were startled by these proceedings, Cronstadt, at the least, attacked. It was certainly far more likely to be taken then than a season later. To the deep disgrace of the admiralty these things could not be done, because there was no reserve of mortars. On the 17th of August, the *Basilisk* took the four mortar vessels, *Growler*, *Redbreast*, *Blazer*, and *Havock*, in tow, and departed with them for England. The next day the *Euryalus* and *Magicienne* left also, with nine other mortar vessels in tow, and the remainder left on the 19th. All this was terrible bad management; and really the fleet scarcely deserved the amount of success they had obtained. It is known how long a mortar is serviceable almost to a few rounds of firing; yet, in this case, our mortars were disabled in the bombardment of a single fortress, and our operations were brought to a standstill because there were no other mortars to take their places.* If the war had always been conducted in this manner, it might have lasted until the very cause of it was forgotten. Will it be credited by reflecting men, that while Admiral Dundas was sending home all his mortar vessels, the admiralty were loading the *Sanspareil* with mortars at Woolwich, and giving her orders to proceed with them to the Baltic? On learning that the mortar-boats were actually on their way home, the admiralty had to send out a second steamer to stop them and collect them somewhere in the Baltic, to receive their new mortars, in the faint hope that something more might be done before winter laid its bitter hand upon the waters of the north, and bound them up in fetters of massive ice. This tardy effort was, however, too late.

The publication in England of the particulars of the bombardment of Sweaborg, drew forth a long and angry letter from Sir Charles Napier, which he addressed to the daily papers. He reverted to the reflections that had been cast upon him,—to his having been deprived of the command of the Baltic fleet,—stigmatised Sir James Graham, as the Baltic, has not cost less than £30,000 a-day, has been brought to a standstill, reduced to utter impotence, and rendered a laughing-stock to the enemy, just for want of £2,500—about as much as a man of taste gives for three early Sèvres vases." It is not the foresight of her government, but the energy of her people that must sustain the honour of England

having acted towards him with "treachery,"—spoke of his own plans for the attack of Sweaborg, and said, that had they been followed, that fortress would have been annihilated, and that it would have been entirely destroyed by Sir R. Dundas, if he had had 100 gun and mortar-boats instead of fifty-three. "Admiral Dundas," he observed, "says it formed no part of his plan to attempt a general attack by the ships on the defences, and his operations were confined to such destruction of the fortress and arsenal as could be accomplished by mortars. Had Admiral Dundas been furnished with sufficient means, he *would* have contemplated an attack on the defences, and assembled the whole of his fleet, ready to take advantage of the terror and confusion occasioned by the gun and mortar-boats. The heat of the conflagration alone would have kept the garrison from the guns, and the fleet would have been in Sweaborg, and the whole of the fortifications, islands and all, blown to the Devil; instead of that, the wooden buildings and magazines are destroyed, and the work will have to be begun again next year." Sir Charles Napier concluded his letter by accusing Sir James Graham of impudence, of want of judgment, of want of feeling, of tampering with his communications, and by inferring that "the heavy baronet" was utterly unfit for his position as first lord of the admiralty. On this splenetic epistle, the sharpness of which was probably deserved as far as Sir James Graham was concerned, it is only necessary to make one or two remarks. Sir C. Napier had done very little in the Baltic during 1854, when he commanded the British fleet there. If his plans were so admirable, why did he not put them into execution while he had, at least to some extent, the power to do so? If he had not the means, why did he leave the shores

of England without those means—without the capability of doing more than making a comparatively harmless demonstration on the waters of the north? Whose business was it to have known what was necessary for the destruction of the Russian fortresses? Surely, that of the naval officer who accepted the command of an expedition against them. It is worse than idle for such a man to plead, in excuse for inactivity and perpetual hesitation, that he had not the necessary means. Had he seen the necessity for such means before he left the shores of England, and declined to accept the command of the fleet unless gun and mortar-boats were provided, they would most undoubtedly have been supplied. He does not appear to have seen that necessity; he went out inflated with a powerful self-confidence, and failure was the just and inevitable punishment of his want of prescience. It cannot be permitted a man who accepts a position of the gravest responsibility and the highest importance to the interests of the country, to plead in excuse for not having performed the duties expected of him, that he was not provided with the necessary means; he had no right to accept such a trust without them: * to do so is more than an error—it is a crime. Sir Charles Napier afterwards published some correspondence which took place between him and Sir James Graham in 1854, respecting the then meditated attack on Sweaborg. The squabbles of our statesmen (or those who pass for such) and our admirals may, for the passing hour, gratify the curiosity of that large moiety of the public who love a little polished abuse and recrimination, but they are not the materials that the historian collects for the information of posterity. We therefore dismiss this correspondence with the remark, that the sum of it consisted in Sir Charles Napier's expression of a conviction

* From the letters to which we presently refer, it appears that Sir Charles Napier did, during a conversation with Sir James Graham, state that the Baltic fleet was scarcely sufficient for the purpose for which it was intended. This elicited a letter from Sir James, in which he suggested that the admiral "should refuse the offer of the command, than undertake it with any such misgivings." We give the reply of Sir Charles Napier, in justice to that officer; but it in no way alters our opinion as to his reprehensibility in accepting the command of a fleet not provided with the means necessary for the accomplishment of the objects for which it was intended:—"I thought it my duty to point out to you what I thought the best way of manning the fleet (his objection does not refer to a deficiency of gun-

boats), to insure a great, glorious, and speedy victory over the Russians. I never made difficulties when service was required; and after a long life spent in honour, I am not going to make them now. I should consider myself a coward, and unworthy of holding her majesty's commission, were I to decline any service, be it ever so desperate. Lord Nelson never declined any service—no more shall I; particularly after the confidence you placed in me; but, with the means at my disposal, will do all I can for the honour and glory of my queen and country, which shall not be tarnished in my hands; and I certainly have no apprehension of failing either in good-will or hearty concurrence with the Board of Admiralty." Clearly Sir C. Napier did not understand the nature of the task he had undertaken.

that he was an injured man; that the impatience of the people prompted them to expect impossibilities; that, as they were dissatisfied, the government wished to throw the blame on him—a thing he would not permit; that any one would have been mad to have attacked Sweaborg with the means at his disposal; that he was conscious of having done his duty; and that if the admiralty were dissatisfied, he desired them to bring him to a court-martial.

The vessels of the fleet passed away their time, while preserving the blockade, in firing at targets, or occasionally destroying a Russian telegraph station. Sometimes a number of gun-boats would come out of the harbour of Cronstadt, as if in defiance of the watchful enemy; but they took care not to venture beyond the protection of their batteries, and on the advance of our boats, always put up their helms and returned to port with an amusing expedition. Sometimes a little firing took place between these Russian gun-boats and our own vessels, but at such distances as to amount to nothing more than a waste of powder and shot. On the 19th of August, the *Cuckoo* rejoined the fleet, bringing despatches for the admiral. It had been cruising, in company with the *Harrier*, in the Gulf of Bothnia, off Biorneborg. On the 17th they were joined by the *Tartar* and the French steamer *D'Assas*, and effected a rather dashing exploit. Biorneborg is situate about twenty miles up on the left bank of an inlet of the sea, and was protected by some earthworks and a body of troops, consisting of about 2,000 men. The boats of the ships contrived to evade their fire, and dashed over the shallows to within a short distance of the town. The burgomaster came out to meet them, and consented to deliver up the shipping of the port on condition that the town was spared. This arrangement was agreed to, provided that a certain steamer, of which the English had received information, was among the surrendered vessels. The poor burgomaster at first denied that he knew anything about a steamer, but eventually admitted that there was one higher up the river, which should be sent after the boats if they would go away. He kept his word; and our boats having burned seventeen coasters, which were found afloat and fit for sea, retired, and were soon followed by the Russian steamer, a pretty little vessel of about 130 tons. It was in the care of an engineer and a few stokers only, and

was, of course, immediately taken possession of.

Captain Henry Otter, of the *Firefly*, also did some good service before Brandon, the seaport of Wasa, in the Gulf of Bothnia, from the 27th of July to the 11th of August. On the 1st, he cut down a telegraph on a small island while in the act of making signals, then rounded the east point of Wasklöt and captured the *Fides*, a barque of 300 tons burthen, containing 228 barrels of tar. On the 2nd, the *Firefly* weighed near Brandon, which is a great ship-building place. On an island, separated from the town by a very narrow, deep-water channel, were immense magazines, barracks, and a custom-house. On the boats being sent to examine the magazines, some were found empty, while the others contained coal, tar, resin, salt, spars, anchors and cables, boats, salt-fish, hawsers, and numerous piles of deals. Some of the principal inhabitants of the town came to the island and communicated with Lieutenant Ward, who commanded the boats. On being told that they must surrender certain sails, they sent to Wasa to Mr. Wolf, a wealthy merchant and proprietor, for his sanction. This being refused, Captain Otter determined to burn the magazines, but as the wind was then blowing towards the town, which by spreading the flames in that direction would have destroyed it also, he agreed to wait a reasonable time for a change to take place, and also allowed the inhabitants to remove anything from the island that belonged to them, excepting ships' stores. For this forbearance the people expressed themselves very grateful. Towards the afternoon, Lieutenant Burstal brought in a schooner which he had captured, and reported having discovered two fine barques and two brigs in a creek a mile and a-half distant. The schooner was hauled close into the island, and a party of sailors employed to load her with casks of tar and deals. About eight in the evening a heavy fire of musketry was opened, from different parts of the town, upon the working party in the schooner and on the *Firefly*. The latter replied by a fire of shot and shell, which appeared to do considerable execution. The firing continued for about two hours; and it was afterwards ascertained that the enemy had twenty-five killed and several wounded, though the casualties of the English consisted only of two persons wounded—a man and a boy, who were struck with spent balls. At mid-

night, Captain Otter caused three of the captured vessels to be burnt; but the store-houses yet remained undestroyed. This was effected on the morning of the 8th, when the magazines were set on fire with red-hot shot. A tremendous conflagration followed, and their destruction became inevitable. After an ineffectual attempt, on the part of Lieutenant Ward, to push in and recover the schooner, the *Firefly* retired amidst a shower of rifle balls, carrying with her two fine barques, and having destroyed five others, besides the extensive storehouses and stores.

The allied fleets were chiefly occupied in preserving the blockade, the officers sometimes amusing themselves with cricket-matches on Nargen Island. When the summer was utterly past, the weather, though sometimes fine, was generally windy, cold, and rainy, and officers and men began to look wistfully forward to the time when the chilling reign of winter would release them from their duty for the year. The flying squadron in the Gulf of Bothnia, under the orders of Rear-admiral Baynes, did good service by constantly harassing the enemy in every possible manner, penetrating the narrow creeks and channels of that locality, capturing every small craft that ventured afloat, and destroying such places as it could reach. Such was their activity in this respect, that the Russian mercantile vessels captured, burnt, or sunk in the gulf alone during this year amounted to about 80,000 tons of shipping—a quantity it would take many years of patient labour to replace.

During the latter part of September, all the high-pressure block-ships left for England, and it was necessary to observe the greatest care with the fleet that remained, to avoid accidents from the sudden squalls that swept over it. On the 8th of October, all the gun-boats returned to England in four divisions; the fleet was thus reduced to little more than a squadron, consisting of a few line-of-battle ships and some large steamers. The blockade, however, was rigorously preserved as long as possible; and many poor Finlanders, who fancied the English had left, and ventured out of their hiding-places in the hope of making a voyage or two across the gulf to a Swedish port before the winter set in, were invariably captured. During September, the *Nile* and the *Bulldog*, commanded by captains Mundy and Gordon, succeeded in

burning or sinking sixteen or seventeen schooners in a creek in Biörkö Sound. A body of riflemen came down to the shore to protect the vessels, but after exchanging a few shots with our boats, retired and left the schooners to their fate. Captain Crawford, in the *Gordon*, burnt and sunk no less than twenty-one vessels of the enemy, in a single day, off the island of Oesel. Most of them were attempting to run cargoes of salt from the coast of Sweden. Nine prisoners, taken from them, were brought before Admiral Dundas, who, on hearing their stories of the misery and ruin that had been brought upon them, ordered them to be set at liberty. Other trifling events of this character took place, but they are not of sufficient importance to demand a relation at any length. Between the 13th and 18th of October some of our vessels made a *reconnaissance* in the Gulf of Pernau, in the course of which they burnt some barques of the enemy, and also threw some shot and shell into the fortifications of Gamba Carleby. During this period Admiral Dundas and his staff visited the ruins of Bomarsund, and, by a personal inspection, satisfied himself of the certainty of its complete destruction. Many guns, and one heavy mortar, were dug out of the ruins by fatigue parties of sailors; but the greater part of them were unserviceable, and only valuable as old iron. The *Eden* transport sailed for England with no less than eighty-three of them on board. Captain Hall, also, of the *Blenheim*, succeeded in raising some guns (each weighing seventy-five cwt.), which had been sunk by the enemy after the explosion of the Gustafsvärn forts, off Hango Head. They were all coated with paint, evidently with a view to preserve them for future service.

Admiral Dundas was detained in the Baltic longer than was anticipated, on account of the changeable nature of the weather. Early in November the sky was darkened with snow-storms, and the shores and islands covered with winter's white and dazzling garment to the depth of about six inches. Again, in a few days, the weather became quite warm, and gentle breezes blew from the south. "Last week," said a correspondent from the fleet, writing on the 6th of November, "I made certain the fleet would be on its way to Kiel by this time, but now I am doubtful when we leave; for I hear that Admiral Dundas has said that the flying squadron will not quit the gulf

before the end of December, and that he himself will see the 'young ice' before he goes; at all events, it will not be cold which drives him away. He is a fine healthy old man; and I often see him walking backwards and forwards, in his stern walk, with only a light jacket, no gloves, and his glass tucked under his arm; when his officers were only content with great-coats, mufflers, and fur gloves." The admiral, however, left for Kiel before the middle of November, and the remainder of the fleet followed at slow intervals, as the presence of winter rendered an artificial blockade unnecessary.

Thus terminated our second campaign in the Baltic,—not, as we have shown, without terribly harassing the Russian coasts, capturing a great number of her trading vessels, inflicting much misery upon her people and disgrace upon her government, and bombarding and burning one of her gigantic and reported impregnable fortresses. During a second year Europe was shown the spectacle of Russian coasts insulted with impunity, Russian fleets skulking from the presence of their foes, and a Russian emperor unable to protect the lives and property of his subjects. Still a feeling of disappointment existed generally throughout the country: it was felt that with the powerful fleet that had been sent forth, more ought to have been done; and the people were convinced that more, indeed much more, *would* have been done, had the admiralty acted with even a moderate amount of judgment. True, Russia had been humbled, but the naval reputation of England had not been raised; the laurels that Russia had lost England had not won. We had made a magnificent demonstration of our strength: this could not be denied by the most splenetic critics in Europe; but we had at the same time shown our weakness—a weakness of which our government seemed to have been unconscious, and which was unhappily most difficult to remedy. That weakness was our want of great commanders—of men of warlike genius, who had forethought enough to ascertain that the necessary means of successful hostility were provided for them,—genius enough to be able to see, with keen and piercing glance, the right moment to strike, and to possess the stern decision—cold and unalterable as the decrees of fate—to strike with terrible and appalling remorselessness;—to redouble their blows upon a tottering enemy, until his defences were smitten into irre-

mediable ruin,—his hordes swept back reeling and dismayed,—his fortresses shattered or in possession of a victorious foe,—the obstinacy of an aggressive despot broken beneath rapidly-repeated disasters,—and the hearts of his suffering people failing them for fear. This would be war in terrible earnest, and even merciful in his seemingly utter want of mercy; for it would be speedily brought to a close. Yes! notwithstanding England's gigantic fleet in the Baltic—notwithstanding her grim floating citadels, which seemed formed to hold for her, by majesty of nature, the universal sovereignty of the seas, she had still, in this campaign, shown her weakness. With her vast material means, all might have been done that we have just alluded to, if we had had the MEN! Giant means require giant minds to direct their action, or else their strength becomes a delusion and their supremacy a by-word!

We have more than once expressed an opinion, that a strict blockade of the Russian coasts, though it adds nothing to the naval reputation of England, strikes the most deadly blow at the power of the Russian government. "The loss of Sebastopol, of the Crimea, or indeed of all Bessarabia," said a German politician, "could not bend Russia; but a third year of blockade can dictate to her conditions of peace." Without entirely coinciding in this somewhat too favourable an opinion, it is impossible to deny that the internal sufferings of the people of Russia, from czar to serf, are not only of a heavy, but an altogether ruinous character. We believe it will be a matter of considerable interest to our readers if we can give them a correct idea of this subject, on which, indeed, is based the question of the duration of the war. For this purpose we shall not hesitate to quote somewhat largely from the account of one who witnessed what he relates,* and who left Russia (where he had resided for many years) in the course of the summer of 1855:—"The persons who are the greatest sufferers by the present war are the landed proprietors. If the war continue they will for the greater part be brought to ruin. This will be seen by the following facts, which came under my observation upon an estate where I have resided for some years, and which I can give as an average specimen of the whole country. (It must be remembered that I

* See *Blackwood's Magazine* for August, 1855.

only speak of the south of Russia; of the north I know comparatively nothing.) The estate in question consists of about 40,000 acres of land, with about 1,300 serfs. Its principal productions are linseed, corn, and wool, which are all sold for exportation by way of the ports of the Azoff and Black seas. These two seas having been closed for some time, all the raw produce remains rotting on the hands of the producer, with the single exception of wool, which finds a ready market in Germany, being transported overland through Austria; still the price diminished sensibly last year, on account of the increased cost of transport. I will now proceed to state the details of the losses experienced last year upon this one property. The average income amounts to about £6,000, out of which £1,500 has to be paid as interest of the mortgage; for this, like most other estates, is mortgaged to the government. Last year there were about 1,500 quarters of linseed, which, sold on the spot, would fetch, upon an average, 16s. per quarter. Of this not a bushel has been sold; so on this article alone there is a loss of £1,200. The wheat grown was about the same quantity. The average price of wheat is 12s. per quarter, and now only a limited quantity can be sold at 8s.; but, supposing the whole to be sold at that price, the loss will still amount to £300. This, however, is not the case, and the loss is not less than £500 upon wheat. Last year the price of wool was, upon an average, fifteen per cent. below the usual price; in some instances there was a loss of twenty and twenty-five per cent.; the quantity sold usually fetched about £1,400, so there was another loss of more than £200. Upon this same estate there are kept about 18,000 sheep, of which there are generally sold every year 2,000 for their tallow and skins, at an average price of 7s. a-head; now, on account of the difficulties of exporting tallow, the price is only 5s.—another £200 out of the pocket of the proprietor. It will be seen by the foregoing statement that the income of the possessor of this one estate is diminished more than one-third by restrictions laid upon trade by the closing of the ports of the Azoff and Black seas; and, as this may be taken as a good criterion of the whole southern part of Russia, the loss is consequently something enormous. A few of the proprietors, it is true, sold their produce at almost nominal prices to merchants who speculated upon the results of the con-

ferences at Vienna, and bought up largely and transported the corn to the different ports of the south, to be ready to take advantage of the first opening of the trade, had the conferences led to the much-desired peace. The immense quantities of corn destroyed during the late expedition to the Azoff, did not, as was stated, belong to the Russian government, but was the property of private speculators, among whom I know one who bought largely in wheat in the month of March, transporting it to Berdiansk, and I have no doubt he is a very large sufferer by the late events. I do not assert, however, that no portion of the corn belonged to the imperial government, but certainly not more than a fifth of the whole quantity destroyed was intended for the use of the troops, although it might have all been seized for that purpose later in the war, under the name of voluntary contributions.

I have attempted to show the losses that the present war occasions the landowner by the trammels it imposes on trade: we will now take into consideration the enormous taxes he is subjected to, in order that the government may be provided with means for carrying on the war, or ruining him, which is synonymous. The most severely felt tax at all times is the conscription. This, in time of peace, does not take place oftener than once a-year, and the number of recruits required is generally seven from every thousand serfs; but since the war broke out there have been two conscriptions in the year 1854, and already one in 1855, each of twelve in the thousand; being, for eighteen months, thirty-six able-bodied labourers out of every thousand males, old and young together. I do not know what proportionate number of able-bodied men there is in a thousand males, but the effective strength must be considerably diminished when such a large number is taken away. This is not all. When the recruits are sent to the town to be examined and passed by the proper authorities, there must be for every twelve men at least eighteen more, in case the others should be rejected; these are sometimes kept away from their work two or three weeks, without any indemnity whatever. By this statement it will be seen that during the last eighteen months, the possessor of the estate I have quoted above, has given to the government forty-seven conscripts, being the proportion of thirty-six in the thousand for 1,300, and lost the labour of about seventy

men for a space of fourteen days, which latter loss, at 6*d.* a-day, will be £24 10*s.*, without counting the entire loss of forty-seven men for ever. But every proprietor is obliged to pay a sum of money (about £8) to provide the recruit with an outfit and arm him; this will give again a sum of £376 for the year and a-half. The southern governments, in consideration of their vicinity to the seat of war, are exempted from the militia of thirty in the thousand, which is being raised in the northern governments. If they have not the militia they are subjected to exactions under the name of "voluntary contributions." In the spring of 1854 the estate was obliged to send forty oxen as rations for the troops then in the Danubian provinces; at the same time there were required five waggons, with a pair of horses and a driver to each, which are to be returned at the end of the war. These were for the transport of baggage and troops upon an emergency; and it was upon them that the armies who fought the battle of Inkermann were transported last autumn. In the autumn of the same year (1854), there were required half a pood (18 lb.) of biscuit from every male serf for the army, which, for 1,300, would amount to 650 poods; but the proprietor offered 1,000 poods, which had to be made and dispatched in about three weeks. While the preparation of the biscuit was going on, there came another order for ten waggons, with a driver and a pair of horses to each, to be ready and delivered up to the authorities in ten days, as the case was urgent. This was just before the news of the descent in the Crimea reached us. All these exactions were made just at the time when the harvest was going on (the end of August), so that the hands were of the greatest consequence to get all the corn housed before the autumnal rains broke up the roads and rendered the transport impossible. The number of oxen required to transport the biscuit was twenty pairs, which were absent nearly four months, as they had to carry it a long distance after the roads were broken up, and when the mud was knee-deep. A little later in the same year there was required a number of oxen again for rations. I do not remember the exact number required; but, having sent so many away with biscuits, and the murrain being very bad among the cattle at this time, instead of sending them, the proprietor forwarded to the proper authorities

£90 in money. In the April of the present year (1855), double the quantity of biscuit of that contributed last year was required, and as I travelled through the country in the month of May, I saw thousands of tons piled outside the towns ready for transportation to the army, which of course has to be done by the proprietors and peasants of the crown. I met upon the road long strings of waggons going to load with this biscuit, and stopped and talked with the drivers, who were for the chief part peasants belonging to the crown. They lamented bitterly their hard fate, being obliged to leave their homes just as the hay-making was about to commence; and, as they had to perform a journey of some 1,500 versts, going and returning, it would be late in the autumn before they reached their homes again, and consequently too late to make any preparations for winter. Many of them said to me—"Batushka! we suppose that we are intended to starve this winter; last winter we suffered enough while the troops were passing, but now we shall not be able to provide anything for ourselves, for there are only the *babas* (old women) at home, and what can they do?"

The peasants of the crown are subject to many of the same exactions as the proprietors—I think to all of them, except only the waggons, and about them I am not sure. I know they had to provide the biscuit just as their superiors had, and the oxen, too, for rations. It is, however, extremely difficult to ascertain the amount of contributions exacted from these poor, mis-called free serfs; for the *employés* by whom they are managed exact so much from them for their own use, saying that it is required for the service of the government, that it is impossible to distinguish what is really for their use and what for that of their master. The war is a rich opportunity for the *employés* to make money, because they make all their demands upon the peasants without producing any written authority from a superior officer, merely stating, in their written or verbal orders, that certain articles are required on such a date, and of course they are ready without any demur or inquiry, as it may happen that the government actually, in this particular instance, requires what is demanded: then the man who sought ocular demonstration is considered refractory, and sent to Siberia to improve his manners, and to serve as an example to others, who, after

this, will be ready to give all that is required of them without inquiry. Another exaction to which all the agricultural population is subject, is the furnishing means to transport all the munitions of war through the country. At the beginning they were paid for this service in a kind of government check, called *contremark*, which was received again at the treasury in payment of the poll-tax; but since August, 1854, this has been changed, and this service is paid in money—*i. e.*, not paid at all; for the *employés* pocket the money, which it is never prudent to ask for. The *contremark* was of no use to the *employés*, consequently the service was always accurately paid; but now the peasants get nothing but kicks and cuffs for their trouble. The sufferings of the inhabitants of those villages situate on the lines of march taken by the armies that traversed the country from north to south during the winter of 1853 and 1854 were so intense, that even the soldiers themselves pitied them; and it takes something to touch the heart of a Russian soldier. The troops, in order to obtain sustenance, were obliged to disperse themselves over a large tract of country, marching in a parallel direction, and falling on the poor peasantry, whose stock of winter provisions was only prepared for the wants of their own families: like locusts, eating up everything, and reducing the inhabitants to the greatest distress; while the male population, who generally earn something considerable with their horses during the winter, in transporting merchandise from one fair to another, was engaged on the main road in the transport of artillery and tumbrils, which, by the wise arrangements of the Russian government, had to be dragged over a country covered to the depth of six or eight feet with snow, upon wheels; so that tumbrils which could have been drawn easily by four or six horses, if placed upon sledges, required twelve or fifteen to move them with their large wheels embedded in the snow. During a journey I was obliged to make in February, 1854, I met more than 500 tumbrils transported in this laborious manner. It made my heart bleed to see the treatment both horses and peasants received at the hands of the soldiery who were with them. When they came to a hill, they were frequently obliged to use double, and even treble the number of horses required on the level ground. Roads had to be cut in some places through the snow, to admit of the passage of the

heavy artillery. The peasants are seldom kept at this work for more than a fortnight together; but they are frequently a hundred miles from their homes; so that after an absence of a month they return only to find their home swept clean by the hungry warriors, whose fighting materials they have transported with so much difficulty. That many died of the artificial famine caused by these preparations for glorious war I have no doubt. The Russian soldier, too, is much imbued with a strong propensity for thieving, and there is nothing he will not steal if the opportunity of so doing should present itself. Finding all the houses where they were billeted without the master, of course many of the little articles of furniture were missing after their visit. These things were generally taken to the next halting-place and sold for brandy—only perhaps to be stolen again by the next party. It frequently happened that soldiers and recruits met in the same villages, and the number billeted in one house was so great that the master and his family were obliged to sleep out in the sheds with cattle, or upon the snow; for *shujba* (as the peasants call the soldier) must have his lodging. Nor were the sufferings of the troops themselves less acute, marching as they did at such an inclement season of the year. They strive, however, to enliven their dreary marches by songs and jests; for in every company there is always a certain number of singers, who march in front, led by a man with a tambourine or an old violin, who dances, sings military songs, of which the other singers take up the chorus, or else he cracks jokes at any one's expense. It is a curious sight to meet a party of soldiers in the midst of a snowy desert, where nothing is to be seen but snow below and snow above; for the very air is impregnated with it. These armed men are wending their way to destroy or be destroyed, as the case may be.

The immense amount of misery the present war is causing in Russia is little imagined; but that country cannot boast of its *Times*. Everything is hidden from view; and only those who actually take part in these scenes, or are involuntary spectators, can know what is the real state of affairs. Even at St. Petersburg nothing is known but what appears in official reports; so that in many instances far less is known in that magnificent capital of the state of the interior of the country than in England. Everybody is afraid to speak on these sub-

jects, except to laud all the measures of the paternal government. I remember an anecdote that was current in Russia in the spring of 1854. A Russian who had attained the rank of general in the civil service spoke in the theatre of the absurdity of the returns of the killed and wounded published in the Russian papers. The police master, who was present, overhearing what he said, observed that he should be obliged to report his words to the Count Orloff; for, if he did not, somebody else present might, and he would fall into disgrace. The next day the general received an intimation that it was the emperor's pleasure that he should join the army on the Danube immediately, in order to satisfy himself of the truth of the returns, by counting the killed and wounded after each battle, and that his military rank should be that of major. The same day there appeared in the official gazette—"Le conseiller d'état actuel"—was received, by his own wish, into the army with rank of major!" It is extremely probable that, had these remarks been made in private, and reported, the consequences might have been worse.

Among those who feel the pressure of the war in the towns are the working tradesmen, such as tailors and bootmakers. In all regiments there are a certain number of men who work for their comrades in time of peace, making for them their clothing, boots, &c.; but, as now all are called upon to bear arms, they have to quit the needle and awl for the rifle and bayonet. The duty of providing the troops with their gray great-coats falls upon the tailors, who are suffering enough from the depressed state of all trades. They are supplied with so much cloth or leather, as the case may be, and are required to return a certain number of articles ready for use; but the materials have already passed through the hands of the officials, who make their profit out of the affair by keeping back, for their own use, a good percentage of the materials, exacting, at the same time, the required number of articles. The poor tradesman has to make good the defalcations of this grasping rapacity out of his own pocket, besides the loss of the labour he is compelled to perform. Before I left the town where I was last May I could not get a pair of boots made, as all the bootmakers were working upon this government work, to the detriment of their own interests and that of their customers. For this work they

got a mere nominal price, the greater part of which goes into the pockets of the same men who robbed them of their cloth; but they can obtain no redress for this, and look upon it as a necessary evil.

The merchants are not subjected to such heavy losses as might be supposed, considering the perfect annihilation of all external commerce. It is true they are obliged to subscribe largely to the voluntary contributions for the expenses of the war; but, as nearly all business is carried on with ready money, they merely withdraw their capital, and wait patiently the course of events. It is among this class that the greatest number of patriots is to be found; for, as they understand no other language but their own, and are strongly attached to their country, not knowing any other, they get all their information of what passes from the highly-coloured misrepresentations that are published for them by the Russian government. They were enchanted with the patriotic verses that were to be found in all the Russian papers, describing the prowess and victories (future?) of the holy Muscovite armies. Lord Palmerston is represented to them as a monster and the author of the war. In one of these poetical effusions his lordship is caricatured as a great warrior, who fights his battles on a map with his forefinger. Since the battles of Alma and Inkermann these productions have become less frequent. There is one that appeared in the spring of 1854 that I must mention. It is an allegory, composed by an actor, I believe; and relates that a Russian *molodetz* (young man) was going quietly on his way, when he found his passage stopped by three men—a turbaned Turk, a bearded Frenchman, and a red-headed English merchant. With a few swings of his powerful arm he made the Turk and Frenchman bite the dust, while the Englishman was glad to escape the same fate by surrendering the contents of his pockets to this fine fellow. These may serve as specimens of what is allowed to poison the minds of those who can read; while those who cannot are excited by yet grosser fictions. The attack on the monastery of Solovetski, in the White Sea, last year, was spread with great rapidity through the country, with many comments, improvements, and additions by the priesthood. I heard one account of it from a peasant, who said that all the monks had been impaled by the English barbarians, who had no respect either for the holy place

or the holy men who inhabited it. I have frequently heard it asserted that there were no soldiers in the place, and, if I remember right, the report by the head of the monastery to the synod was to that effect, stating that there were only a few invalids, who were employed as servants about the place. It is for those who made this brutal (Russian account) attack upon a quiet religious retreat to prove that it was a fortified place, although no Russian will ever be convinced of it. Messrs. Bright and Co. are wonderfully popular with this party, for all their speeches are diligently translated and commented upon in the Russian papers. They are

generally represented as the only true expositors of the feelings of the majority of the people of England; so that the Russians are firmly convinced that the populace is ripe for a rising; and I have no doubt the disturbances which unfortunately took place recently in the metropolis were misrepresented as a serious revolution, caused by the burdens entailed on the people by the expenses of the war. Last March there was an absurd story spread about a similar occurrence, without any foundation whatever. Russia, like a drowning man, catches at straws! Every sinew is strained to bursting to carry on the war."

CHAPTER XI.

AFFAIRS IN THE CRIMEA; LETTERS OF THE SULTAN TO THE FRENCH AND ENGLISH GENERALS; SORTIES OF THE RUSSIANS; EXECUTION OF A FRENCH SOLDIER; LETHARGY OF THE TURKISH ARMY; DESERTERS BRING NEWS OF AN INTENDED ATTACK ON THE ALLIES; BATTLE OF THE TCHERNAYA OR OF TRAKTIR BRIDGE ON THE 16TH OF AUGUST, AND DEFEAT OF THE RUSSIANS; DESPATCHES CONCERNING IT; THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON'S LETTER TO GENERAL PELISSIER; REMARKS OF ADMIRAL BRUAT ON THE BATTLE OF THE TCHERNAYA; RENEWAL OF THE CANNONADE, AND PROGRESS OF THE FRENCH WORKS TOWARDS THE MALAKHOFF.

WE now resume our narrative of the grand struggle taking place in the Crimea. In Chapter VIII. we have recorded the repulse sustained by the allies in their joint attack on the Malakhoff and the Redan towers on the fatal 18th of June, the subsequent death of Lord Raglan, and appointment of General Simpson to the high post of commander-in-chief of the British army in that locality. From that point we will now continue our historical narrative, and press forward to the relation of warlike events unparalleled in the history of the world for magnitude of conduct and importance of result. The rise of ancient Rome, in all the grandeur of its martial power, was not more threatening to the freedom of the world than was the progress of modern Russia; but there was this vast difference, that while the former civilised the nations it conquered, the latter degraded them. Rome also was the representative of freedom, Russia of despotism—Rome of progress and enlightenment, Russia of toriyism and superstition. Let us trust that Russia as well as Rome may find, in no distant future, some gifted historian, whose luminous eloquence shall read to the world lessons

of political wisdom as he traces its *Decline and Fall*! We do not presume it will be so; but if the name of Russia disappeared altogether from the map of Europe, we question if any dangerous void would be felt in the great family of the nations. New states would arise on the vast tracts of land it has absorbed into itself, and its present neighbours would live in peace. Wild as this surmise may seem to some of our sober readers, yet many conjectures which in the past have seemed to be impossible, have in the present been converted into realities. The historical seer who, in the time of Napoleon the First, should have predicted the cordial alliance of France and England, and that too while a descendant of the great Corsican soldier occupied the imperial throne, would have been deemed lost in romantic dreams, if not pronounced insane. The reconstitution of dismembered Poland, the restoration of Finland to Sweden, of Bessarabia to Turkey, and the utter freedom of the Caucasian isthmus from Muscovite sway, are events we regard as of far greater probability than was the association of the British lion and French eagle at the time when the banished Napoleon was

pinning in captivity at St. Helena, and Windsor Castle had been converted into a royal lunatic asylum for the aged and doubly darkened George the Third. To those brave men or nations who ever strive nobly in the highest path of duty, the future brings rewards for which they had scarcely dared to hope, and even the distant probability of which had seemed incredible, if not impossible.

The check sustained by the allies on the 18th of June in no way abated their confidence in the ultimate result of their efforts. True soldiers can remain patiently beneath the lowering of the passing cloud, trusting in the return of sunshine when it has drifted away. Impatience is a manifestation of weakness; heroism can wait unrepiningly for action, calmly reserving its strength for the needful hour, not fretfully frittering it away. Both in the French and English camps there was a constancy of purpose, an adamantine resolution, that was not to be shaken even by many adversities, and which was rather strengthened than otherwise by a transient reverse. Something of gloom and disappointment necessarily prevailed; but it was not of a nature to dispirit the troops: fretful and desponding men were of course to be found in the allied camps, but they were exceptions. With the death of Lord Raglan, most of the generals who had the conduct of affairs when the allies landed in the Crimea were removed from the scene. Sir George Brown was compelled at this time, from failing health, to return to England; General Pennefather had departed a few days before him; while generals Estcourt, Sir John Campbell, and colonels Yea, Shadforth,* and other brave men were no

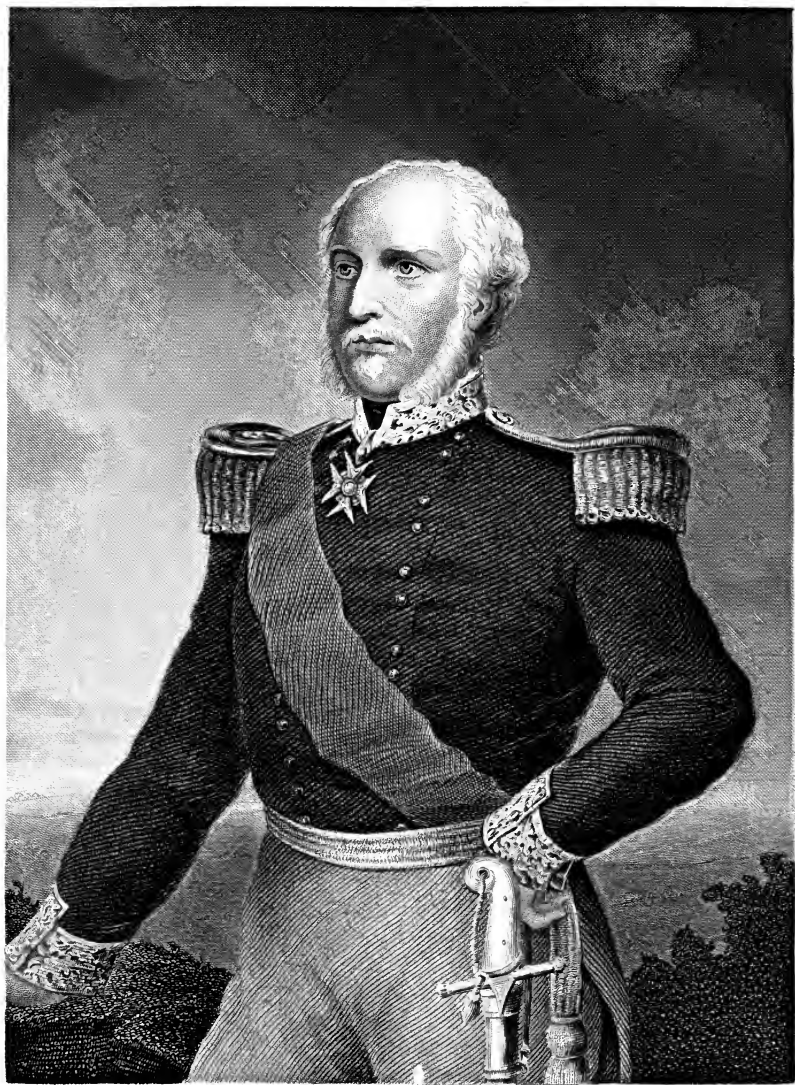
more. Even General Codrington, who had succeeded Sir George Brown in the command of the light division, was in such feeble health that he was compelled to lay up on board a man-of-war at Chersonese.

Shortly after the reverse to which we have just alluded, General Pelissier issued the following order of the day to the French army. It showed how little he or his troops were affected by a transient misfortune; that their high spirit was shared by the British troops is a fact we need scarcely insist on. "Soldiers!—In the battle of the 18th, our eagles were carried to the works which form the very precincts of Sebastopol; but it was necessary to abstain from carrying to the furthest a contest whose incidents I had not foreseen would be so bloody, and you returned to your lines in order, the enemy not daring to leave his intrenchments or disturb your return. Our actual situation is that of the day before the combat; my confidence in your ardour and our success is the same. The arrivals of every day suffice, and more than suffice, to replace those amongst you who have gloriously fallen, and whom in your hearts you have sworn to avenge. We have gained ground, and in compressing the enemy more and more, we strike him with more certainty. He cannot subsist, fill up the gaps in his ranks, or provide himself with munitions, but at the price of unheard-of efforts; while we, masters of the sea, incessantly and plentifully renew our means. Soldiers!—You will show yourselves more patient and energetic than ever in this obstinate contest, which will decide the peace of the world, and in which you have already given proofs of self-devotion,

* Our readers will remember that this distinguished officer was killed while gallantly leading his men to the unsuccessful attack on the Redan on the 18th of June. He seems to have entertained a presentiment of his approaching fate; for, the night before the assault, he addressed the following affectionate farewell to his wife and children:—"My own beloved wife and dearly beloved children,—At one o'clock to-morrow morning I head the 57th to storm the Redan. It is, I feel, an awfully perilous moment to me, but I place myself in the hands of our gracious God, without whose will a sparrow cannot fall to the ground. I place my whole trust in Him. Should I fall in the performance of my duty, I fully rely on the precious blood of my Saviour, shed for sinners, that I may be saved through him. Pardon and forgive me, my beloved ones, for anything I may have said or done to cause you one moment's unhappiness. Unto God I commend my body and soul, which are his; and should it be his will that I fall in the performance of my duty, in the defence of

my queen and country, I most humbly say, 'Thy will be done.' God bless you and protect you; and my last prayer will be that He of his infinite goodness may preserve me to you. God ever bless you my beloved Eliza, and my dearest children; and if we meet not again in this world, may we all meet in the mansion of our heavenly Father, through Jesus Christ. God bless and protect you; and ever believe me your affectionate husband and loving father—THOMAS SHADFORTH." It was truly observed, in reference to this letter, that a soldier need not be profane in order to be brave. Her majesty generously granted a pension of £200 a-year to Mrs. Shadforth, and intimated that she would take advantage of any future opportunity that might occur to manifest her appreciation of the services of the departed officer. Colonel Shadforth had an hereditary connection with the 57th, his father, who was severely wounded at Albuera, having served in it for thirty-two years; and two of his brothers being also officers in the same regiment.

CRIMEA



WILLIAM RAGLAN

bravery, and patriotism, adorning your flag with immortal glory. I need not cite here any one individual out of so many brave men who honoured their names in the heroic contest of June 18th." Shortly afterwards, on the 2nd of July, General Pelissier published another order of the day, in which he stated that the Sultan Abdul Medjid had addressed a letter to him expressing his high admiration, and his warm congratulations, for the indomitable firmness and courage which the French army had exhibited before Sebastopol. General Pelissier added, that this expression of his satisfaction and sympathy should be brought to the knowledge of the French army. This compliment was not paid to the French only. At the same time the sultan addressed an autograph letter, of a similar kind, to the late Lord Raglan. We append a translation, as our readers may wish to know with what feelings this great struggle was regarded by one of the potentates most concerned in it:—

"My Lord,—The queen, my august and intimate ally, has sent you to defend my cause, which, being a just and legitimate one, becomes the cause of the whole civilised world. You, and the brave army which you command, have responded to the expectations of your country and of mine. You have deserved general admiration by your glorious exploits in a trying climate. The new feats of arms you have just added to the many brilliant actions performed in the Crimea, together with my soldiers, whom I love as my own children, give me the hope of a definite and proximate result, which will be as glorious for these great allied nations as the commencement of the campaign. I experience a feeling of high satisfaction that a thing so terrible as war should have been the means of uniting my people with the great nations of the west by indissoluble bonds. As long as the noble thirst for glory shall make the human heart beat, those who have struggled with fraternal emulation, those who have mixed their blood together on a foreign soil, will remember companions whom they regard as brothers. What has hitherto been the scourge of mankind will have procured the satisfactory result of bringing nearer to each other the people whose governments were already allies: this war will bear the germs of a durable peace, rich in wholesome fruit, between nations who desire to appreciate one another. Being desirous to offer

to the brave combatants in the Crimea a proof of my lively satisfaction, a public testimony of my gratitude, I have charged my aide-de-camp, General Ethem Pasha, to bring you this letter. I flatter myself with the hope, my lord, that all the brave officers and soldiers under your orders will be convinced that we make no distinction between any of the soldiers fighting for the common cause, and that the affection I feel for them finds an echo in the heart of the whole population of Turkey, which rejoices to recognise in them the most ancient allies of my empire.

"I pray God to give you the most glorious success, and to have you in His holy keeping.

"Palace of Tchéragan, the 12th Schewal, 1271."

Both the Russians and the allies seemed determined for awhile to rest from very active operations, although the approaches of the latter towards the Malakhoff and the Redan were slowly but resolutely carried on. The enemy were also engaged in strengthening and adding to their defences. The mortality amongst them, both from war and from sickness, seems to have been very great. A writer from the English camp at this period observes:—"The increase in the size of the graveyard, just in rear of the 12-gun battery, on the verge of the opposite cliff, is becoming very remarkable. This cemetery is placed at no great distance from several of the large encampments of square tents, which have been supposed to be ambulance establishments. The part recently formed is readily discerned and distinguished from the older part of the cemetery. The former is composed of immense mounds of dark-coloured earth, at the eastern end of which can always be seen the opening of a large pit. The latter is made up of single graves, each bearing a small cross of black or white wood. The large mounds are without crosses. At one part of the recently formed cemetery is an enclosed grave of some pretension. Through the palings which bound it on each side can be seen two white objects, probably stone tablets, one at each end. The recent part of the cemetery occupies nearly half as much space as the older portion. Every morning a fatigue party of soldiers arrive at this grave-field; the men pile their arms, take off their coats, and set to work in forming one large pit or excavation. The same party appears to

remain all day. Burials are frequent, and occur at all hours."

The customary cannonade proceeded, but no collision of the contending troops occurred for nearly a month. At daybreak on the 10th of July, the Russians opened a heavy fire from the Redan upon the English works, and continued it for nearly four hours. The object of the Russians was to impede or prevent the construction of the heavy battery, with which the English hoped to reach the shipping in the harbour, and either to destroy it or at least to compel it to abandon the position it turned to such destructive account on the 18th of June. On the night of the 12th, also, the Russians kept up a tremendous fire, added to which a heavy storm blew for four-and-twenty hours, and did a great amount of mischief.

Soon after midnight of the 15th of July, a body of the Russian troops made a sortie, with the hope of stopping the left approaches of the French in front of the Malakhoff. Three times did the Russians, while uttering their discordant yells, dash themselves against the trenches of the French; and each time they were driven back by the steady fire and calm attitude of the latter, leaving many of their numbers behind them dead upon the ground. A similar sortie was, somewhat earlier on the same evening, made against the English lines, but without result. They made another sortie on the night of the 18th, about ten o'clock, against the batteries of Careening Bay, but they were again vigorously repulsed. Again, on the 23rd, the Russians made a sortie against the English lines, with the usual want of success. It would be a task of neither interest or value to record every trivial incident of this kind, or to chronicle that on such-and-such nights the Russian fire increased in intensity, and rose for an hour or two almost to the dignity of a bombardment. During the early part of the summer the French suffered considerably from cholera,—no less than 3,000, it is said, falling victims to this terrible disorder during the month of June. It had, however, passed its crisis, and during July comparatively few cases occurred. It was reported that, at this time, dissensions had appeared between the men or officers of the allied armies. This was untrue, further than that a little murmuring had taken place among the French soldiers because they fancied the English did not take a sufficiently active part in the laborious work of the trenches. To-

wards the close of July, the Duke of Newcastle (the late minister of war) arrived at Balaklava, probably with a view to satisfy himself, by personal observation, as to what was the state of the army.

At this time a soldier's life, in either of the allied camps, was far more laborious than romantic. Nothing of novelty occurred to enliven the work—constant and most wearying work—in the trenches. The French were making immense preparations for the assault of the Malakhoff Tower, and pushing forward their works; so that, on the day of the attack, their columns would be close to the enemy's ramparts. The batteries on Careening Bay, though finished, were being continually strengthened and protected against the fire poured upon them from the Russian guns. This point was highly important, as the French, when solidly established in it, would command with their artillery the whole harbour of Sebastopol, and keep off the Russian shipping in the next attack upon the Malakhoff. The allied generals, desirous of depriving the enemy of every chance, kept their men almost constantly in the trenches. This monotony, however, was relieved by the hope, or rather the conviction, that a very short time would bring about a renewal of the attacks on the Redan and the Malakhoff. This was a circumstance which it seems General Pelissier did not think it politic to hasten. It is said that, on being asked when offensive siege operations would be again resumed, he replied—"Well, I don't know; the Russians are losing, every day, three or four hundred men by sickness: if we wait a week, they will have lost a brigade; if we wait a month, they will have lost a *corps d'armée*." It ultimately appeared that this was the case; but the Russians had extraordinary means of supplying the ravages made in their army by sickness or by the casualties of war. Fortunately, the summer was a cool one, and consequently the camp was tolerably healthy; the ominous forebodings, therefore, that had been so generally entertained of what might be the result of the intense heat that usually prevailed during that period, were not fulfilled. The cholera, which for a time prevailed at Balaklava, was chiefly in the immediate neighbourhood of a spot where the mouldering bodies of many thousand Turks lay, with only a few inches of light mould between them and the air they were thus allowed to infect

The monotony of camp life was sometimes broken by other events than sorties or cannonades. On the 11th of July, a French soldier was executed on the plain of Balaklava. He had murdered the captain of his company, by stabbing him in a fit of passion. In such matters, French military law retaliates with remarkable rapidity. The unhappy criminal, attended by a priest, was taken in an artillery waggon to the spot where he was to pay the penalty for the act he had committed. The attendant troops formed three sides of a hollow square, the victim of military justice occupying the fourth. Kneeling down, his eyes were bandaged, and the priest, after a few words of exhortation or consolation, presented him a crucifix to kiss. As the soldier did so, the priest kissed him on the forehead, and left him. But a few moments, and the heart which then beat so heavily had for ever ceased to beat. A firing party of twelve men had been drawn up in front of the prisoner. Ten were to fire; the shots of the other two being reserved in case the execution should not be complete. The signal to fire was given in silence by the officer in command of the party. At the first wave of his sword the arms were "carried;" at the second, they were brought to "present;" at the third, there was the sharp rattle of the discharge, and the delinquent quivered and fell forwards. On examination, life was found to be not quite extinct; but the men left in reserve were ordered forward, and speedily finished the tragedy.

All this time the Turkish army, under the command of Omar Pasha, were encamped in a romantic and delightful spot near Kamara. While the British and French troops were performing the harassing labour of the trenches, the Turks were amusing themselves by collecting forage for their horses, or actually sitting idle for hours together, smoking with a seriousness and perseverance as if it constituted the whole business of existence, or grinning at the antics of some mountebank comrade. Omar Pasha frequently directed certain movements merely for the object of employing his troops. In explanation of this inactivity, it was said that an agreement had been made between the allied generals and the Porte, that the Turks were not to take part in the operations of the siege. If this was so, it was an unfortunate and unjust arrangement, and ought to have given way before the demands of

the general benefit. "Except now and then," said a writer from the Turkish camp, "in the dead silence of night, not even the distant report of the mighty siege guns can reach us, while the presence of the French cavalry in the vale of Baidar removes all apprehension of a possible attack of the Russians in our front. Thus we sit, safe as in Abraham's bosom, following lazily with half-opened eyes the silvery lines which the busy steamers leave behind them, or speculating on the chances of a breeze while contemplating the flapping sails of the vessels bound for the south. In the evening the melancholy notes of some Arnaut dirge, or the low sounds of some 'türky' (a kind of reed pipe of the most primitive construction) lull us into a peaceful slumber. This sleepy existence, which on the lovely shores of the Bosphorus, or in the blooming valleys of Damascus, may become positive enjoyment, takes, in a camp supposed to be before the enemy, and wanting in all the comforts which real Eastern repose presupposes, a negative character, and becomes more a want of excitement than an enjoyment of repose; a state of body and mind which recalls the description the German poet Heine gives of Aix-la-Chapelle, where he says the dogs seem to ask you to give them a kick that they may amuse themselves. The only beings in the Turkish camp who seem to be exempt from this state of inanition are the flies and the regimental bands. The humming and buzzing of the flies, and the squeaking clarionets of the Turks, have taken the place of the sweet voices of the nightingales of Baidar. They are for us the harbingers of 'rosy-fingered morn.' They sound the *reveille* for the Turkish camp, and dispel the sweet morning dream. Both are equally obstinate and merciless, and no thickness of your mosquito curtain, or of your tympanum, can save you from them. As for the flies, it seems as if the Crimea was smitten with the fourth plague of Egypt. The oldest inhabitant does not remember ever to have seen anything like it; and not only the camp, but even the neighbouring villages are infected with myriads of flies. The Turkish musicians, although neither so numerous or so far spread, are not less troublesome. However, both serve as a corrective against the drowsiness and heaviness which otherwise would overwhelm the Turkish army."

Such was the state of things when, towards the end of July, the French camp on

the river Tchernaya, as well as the Turkish and Piedmontese contingents, were thrown into a state of activity and expectation by some information brought by a Russian deserter. This man stated that his countrymen intended to attack the Tchernaya line in great force, and had prepared thirty brigades of infantry and four of artillery for that purpose. As the time wore on, and no attack was made, the statement of the deserter was discredited, or set down as one of those inventions by which men of this character seek to ingratiate themselves with their new protectors. An officer at the camp wrote—"These apprehensions about an impending attack of the Russians have one advantage connected with them; they impart a certain amount of life and activity to the armies occupying the Tchernaya line, which without some such stimulant would be overpowered by *ennui*, and they act as a

* The same writer gives the following animated sketch of the troops of our Italian ally:—Yet, with all its losses, the Sardinian contingent is still a fine body of men. I went the day before yesterday to see their church parade, which is held every Sunday, and at which all the troops not on duty are present. The ground chosen for it is a slope leading from Kamara towards the plain of Balaklava. The troops occupy three sides of a square, and on the fourth, the highest, a tent is erected where mass is celebrated. They have an excellent band, which plays during the service. The whole ceremony reminds one very much of the church parades of the Austrian army. After the service was over the troops defiled before General Marmora; first the infantry, and then the artillery. Each brigade was preceded by the picturesque-looking Bersaglieri, at double quick pace, nearly a run, with their officers on little mountain ponies; then the infantry, in their gray coats, which, if not the most brilliant, is certainly for wear the most convenient colour. The men, although perhaps not quite so tall as the old English regiments, are considerably more so than the average of French troops. After the infantry came the artillery in their short blue tunics, with yellow facings. When the defiling was over the cavalry went through some short evolutions. Although collected from several regiments, each of which furnished a squadron, as every regiment of infantry furnished a battalion, they went through their manoeuvres with beautiful precision. The horses, although inferior in size and breeding to the mass of English cavalry horses, are compact and useful-looking animals. They are mostly Italian horses, but improved by Arab blood. Piedmont, placed as it is between two great military powers—France and Austria—has evidently watched with attention all the progress and improvements which have been taking place in these two neighbouring empires, and adapted their experiments in military matters to her own advantage. In Lombardy every year, in autumn, a concentration of troops takes place, and before the war in 1848, numbers of Piedmontese officers used to come over for the purpose. The same was, and I think is still the case whenever a camp is

kind of corrective against sickness. In the winter the troops engaged in the trenches suffered much more from sickness than those in the rear on the heights beyond Balaklava; now the reverse is the case, and the troops in the trenches are in better health than those at the Tchernaya. Of course, inactivity is just as fatal to a body of troops as overwork. The Turks alone form an exception. I do not think they could be injured by any amount of *fainéantisme*. The loss in the Sardinian army, on the contrary, in some measure is to be attributed to the want of excitement, which has engendered a morbid, hypochondriac feeling, to the great disadvantage of their bodily condition.*

While speaking of camp life at this time, we must quote the following anecdote from a letter of Mr. Russell's, dated August the 10th:—"We are by this time pretty well accustomed to hear of deaths in the trenches;

collected in the south of France. Thus they had the opportunity of studying two, in many respects, nearly diametrically opposed systems. The result is a blending of the two systems in arms, accoutrements, administration, and movements. For instance, the infantry is dressed in French fashion, with leather gaiters under the trousers, the long coat reaching to the knees; the only exception is the shako, which resembles more the Austrian shako than the French kepi. The cavalry, on the contrary, and the artillery have the short tunic of the Austrian cavalry and artillery. For the movements of infantry as well as cavalry the French manual has been exclusively adopted, and at some distance you would scarcely distinguish French cavalry manoeuvring from Piedmontese, were it not for the difference in the seat of the riders. The *manège* is decidedly Austrian. The spirit of the Piedmontese army—I mean in the sense of the spirit animating the relations between soldiers and officers, and of these latter between themselves—is, however, more analogous to that of the English than to that of either the French or Austrian armies. It is neither the easy familiarity which exists between the French officer and soldier, nor that "beggar on horseback"-like tyranny of the officer and the unwilling slavishness of the soldier which characterises the Austrian army. The officers in the Piedmontese, as those in the English army, belong almost exclusively to the higher classes, and it is almost an unheard-of case that an officer rises from the ranks; so that the distance between officer and soldier is not one of mere discipline, but a social one; and, however the spirit of republicanism and the longing for equality may be developed in other states of Italy, the Piedmontese seem not to be impregnated with it, and the system adopted of choosing for officers men from the higher classes answers very well. On the other hand, the relation between officers resembles likewise more that existing in the English army than that in any other. As in the English army, so soon as official business is over and social intercourse begins, the difference between the higher and lower officer entirely ceases, and it becomes the relation of one gentleman to another.

but, until the other day, we had no example of a birth having taken place in that uncomfortable and dangerous locality—certainly not exactly that which a lady might be expected to prefer as the scene of her *accouchement*. The intrepidity and military ardour which so distinguish our gallant allies are shared, it appears, by the ladies of their nation. Three nights ago a buxom *cantinière* accompanied her battalion to the trenches, there to supply them with the restorative *petit verre*, and to brave, with masculine courage, the storm of shot and shell. There was possibly some miscalculation in the matter; but the fact is that, towards the small hours of the morning, she was taken with the pains of maternity, and gave birth to twins. Mother and children are doing well."

The report of the Russian deserter, that his countrymen meditated an attack on that portion of the allied army occupying the Tchernaya line, was confirmed by other deserters who came over to the camps of the allies. Every preparation was made by the latter for the expected attack; and General Pelissier held 40,000 men in readiness to operate in that direction. For several nights, part of the army on the Tchernaya was kept under arms and ready for any sudden emergency. On the 14th of August, General Simpson forwarded a despatch to Lord Panmure, containing the following passage:—"During the last few days, considerable activity has been exhibited in the movements of the enemy, both in the town and on the north side; and from the information we have received from the country, as well as the examination of deserters, I have reason to believe that the Russians may attempt to force us to raise the siege by a vigorous attack from without. Every precaution is taken on the part of the allies; and the ground occupied by the Sardinians above the village of Tchorgoun and in its front has been made very strong, through the energy and skill of General Della Marmora, who is unceasing in his precautions, and shows the utmost disposition to co-operate in the most agreeable manner with the allies."

The anticipated attack took place a little before daylight on the 16th of August. The object of the Russians appears to have been an attempt to accomplish that which they failed in doing on the 5th of November, 1854, the day—at once both mournful and illustrious in the military records of this country—on which the ever-memorable

and glorious battle of Inkermann was fought. The condition of the Russians within Sebastopol was getting desperate, and they hoped, even against all probability, that they might by one furious and overwhelming attack, yet drive back the allied armies in confusion, and compel them to raise the siege. Such efforts on the part of the Russians were suicidal in their results, for notwithstanding the undoubted bravery and high discipline of their troops, the latter were never able to cope with the soldiers of France and England in the open field without encountering tremendous and vastly disproportioned loss. The semi-Asiatic hordes of Russia, drawn chiefly from a race of superstitious serfs, were no match for the free and comparatively enlightened soldiers of Western Europe. The tradition to which the Russian peasant has listened from his infancy, that his nation is the destined conqueror of the world, though it inspires him with a fanatical enthusiasm, under the influence of which he will rush on the serried ranks of the foe with the furious energy of a beast of prey, or stand at his post and perish with heroic resignation, is not capable of raising his inferiority of race to the level of the high military qualities of the soldiers of France and England. The wild Mah-ratta hordes of Hindoostan possessed the same savage bravery and bitterness of fanaticism as animates the bosoms of the hosts of Russia, but yet before the English troops they melted away like morning mists before the radiance of a summer's sun, or were swept into irretrievable ruin and confusion by their calm and well-directed assaults. The Russians certainly were disciplined to an extent of which the Asiatics had no conception, and commanded by men who added military genius to personal bravery; but the raw material, the nature of the men of which the armies were composed, was much the same in either case. The Russians, therefore, committed an error in assuming the offensive, and indeed courted the defeat they met; but it appears to have been an error engendered in desperation, and undertaken in consequence of an imperial command.

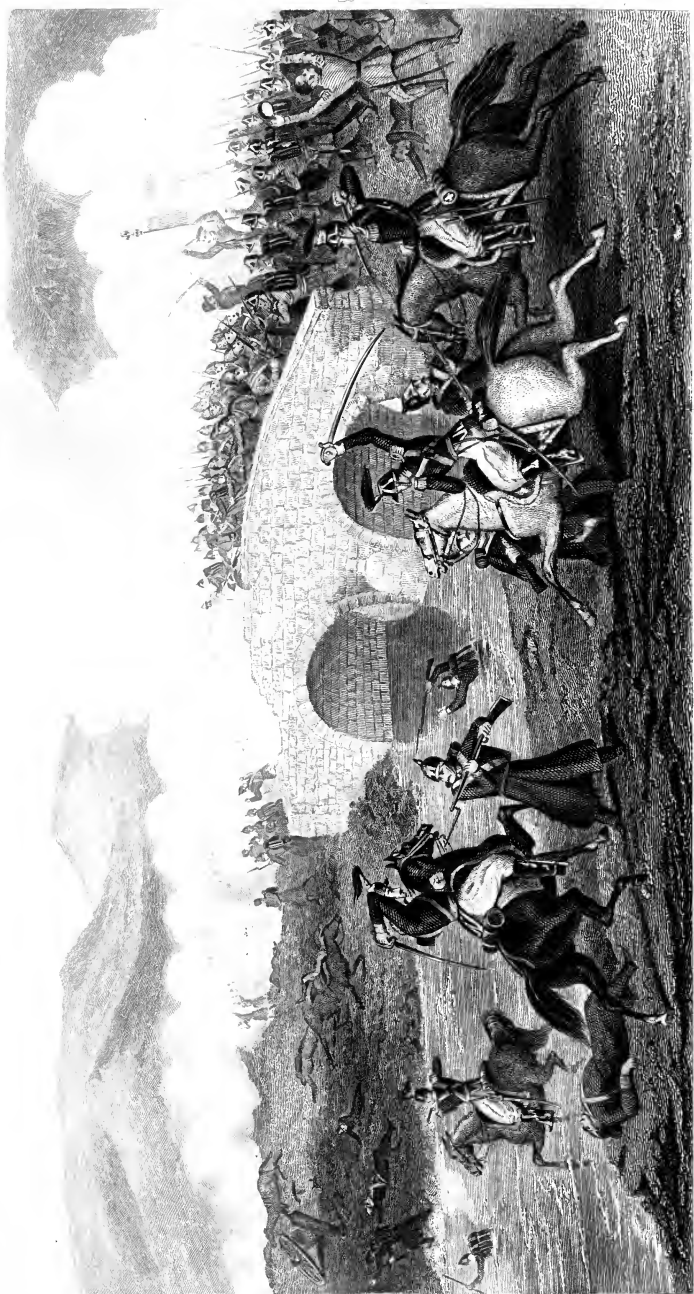
The Russian attack failed of being altogether a surprise, and the allies were tolerably prepared. Not so prepared certainly as under the circumstances it was natural to expect; but there had been so many rumours of intended attacks, that they had come to be disregarded. As the repeated

cry of "wolf" makes the once watchful shepherd callous, so did the reiterated warning of dangers that seemed never realised, make the soldier indifferent. During the night of the 16th, the Russians silently quitted their intrenched camp, under cover of a thick fog, and by five in the morning they had arrived before the advanced posts of the Sardinians and French. The force of the enemy was estimated at from fifty to sixty thousand men, including 6,000 cavalry, and attended by 160 pieces of artillery. It was commanded by Prince Gortschakoff in person, and the attack was reported to have been undertaken at the express order of the emperor. So large a force might be expected to have accomplished the object for which it was intended, if indeed the rush of any body of troops whatever could have done so. To render the chance of victory greater, the Russians led many recent reinforcements to the attack; men who had not been dispirited by frequent repulse and disappointment. The French seem scarcely to have shown their customary vigilance. During the night of the 15th a *peloton* of *chasseurs d'Afrique* went out to patrol, and were all made prisoners with the exception of two, who escaped and gave the alarm. The matter was, however, regarded as an ordinary incident of war, and though an attack had been anticipated for some time, the French were not aware of its nearness. About an hour before daybreak, the French sentinels in front of the bridge thought they could see shadows gliding past them in the darkness. They even discharged their pieces, but without eliciting any reply. The dim figures were no longer to be discerned, and all was silent as the grave.

Few things are more difficult of description than a battle; and perhaps no representation of this kind is to be clearly comprehended without a tolerable idea of the nature of the locality in which it was fought. For the sake of greater accuracy, we will transcribe this from the account given by a spectator.* "If you descend from the northern side of the plateau, on which the besieging armies are encamped, into the gorge through which the Tchernaya empties itself into the harbour, and follow the banks of the river for a short distance upwards, you find yourself in a narrow valley, with the heights of Mackenzie's Farm rising abruptly on your left, like tall

cliffs on the sea-shore, and on your right a row of small hills, extending, with greater or less intervals between them, on to Tchorgoun. Beyond them is the plain of Balaklava, which is broken in its centre by a somewhat similar line of eminences, but in this instance so small, as hardly to be entitled to any better appellation than that of mounds. It was on these last that the Turkish redoubts were thrown up, which were so precipitately abandoned by their defenders on the 25th of October, 1854. The highest of these hillocks does not rise more than two or three hundred feet above the level of the plain. Between Tchorgoun and Inkermann they are some of the remarkable features in the landscape; but on crossing the river on the road from Balaklava to the former of those places, they no longer stand apart, each from its neighbour, but become more and more closely crowded together, and are soon lost in the picturesque confusion of the great range of hills which extend, without interruption, along the whole range of the southern coast. On two or three of these, which lie in a cluster on the side of the plain next Inkermann, and directly facing the Mackenzie heights, the road from which passes between them, were encamped three divisions of French. On the side next the Tchernaya, the position was defended by a precipitous and *escarpé* descent, on which some stunted brushwood still remained, but which, in most places, stripped of the soil by the rain of ages, presents but the white masses of the chalk which plays so important a part in the geology of the whole district; on the side next Balaklava, the descent is comparatively easy. On the summit rested the right wing of Liprandi's army on the 25th of October, and on the southern side were planted the greater number of the batteries which mowed down the British light cavalry, as they charged along the slope which leads gently towards the ford on the road to Tchorgoun. This ford is reached through a tolerably wide opening, which separates the French position from that of the Piedmontese, who occupied the heights immediately under the village of Kamara, extending a short distance to the right. The valley still further to their right, which is traversed by the Woronzoff road, leading on to Baidar, was defended by the Turks. The three armies occupied a chain of eminences forming a semicircle drawn from Inkermann to the sea, and embracing

* By special correspondent of the *Daily News*.



Balaklava and the plain within its two wings. The French divisions were encamped on the top of the hills; between these two hills runs the road leading up to Mackenzie's Farm, and crossing the river in the valley by a stone bridge, for the protection of which a small redoubt had been thrown up in front. The Piedmontese had batteries regularly fortified on all the heights overlooking the ford on the road to Tchorgoun, and had the upper end of the valley completely within their range. On the other side of the river, on the top of a hill, they had an outpost composed of two companies of infantry, for whose greater security, considering their distance from their own lines, a small intrenchment had been thrown up."

With the first dim light of the morning, a sharp musketry fire was opened, and an attack made upon the Sardinian outposts on the opposite side of the river. These were composed of a company of infantry of the line and a battalion of Bersaglieri. General de la Marmora sent a reinforcement, to enable them to hold the ground till the troops were all under arms; but when it arrived, it found the picket already *hors de combat*, and the assailants up on the parapet of the little redoubt, firing down among the men. Finding their position untenable, the Sardinians retired in order across the river, where they withdrew behind an *épaulement*, and defended themselves with great bravery and steadiness, until the attack became general. The thunders of a cannonade then roared out from both sides, and three compact masses of Russian infantry advanced towards the plain opposite the French position. The sun had now risen from behind the hills, dissipating the fog and the twilight; and the advancing Russians came on in two columns, like glittering waves. Though raked in front by the artillery of the French, and in flank by that of the Sardinians, they pushed on in excellent order to the river's brink. There the first column detached itself from the second, and dividing into two parts, proceeded to cross the stream. Immense numbers crossed by means of the bridge, and upon pontoons and temporary passages hastily thrown over; but great bodies forded the river as best they could. Having passed the Tchernaya, the troops broke into loose order, and pushed on towards the canal or aqueduct which rises within an embankment at the very foot of the hill. This aqueduct formed the

chief defence of the French, as it not only offered considerable difficulties to an advancing force, but exposed it, when at the top, to the musketry fire on the heights. The charge of the Russians was brilliant, and they advanced with an *élan* seldom seen in the dogged troops of their nation. The first shock was gallantly withstood by the 20th *léger* and the 2nd battalion of Zouaves. The head of the Russian column had hardly come up, dripping from the canal, than the men found themselves in the midst of a storm of round shot, grape, and shell, which mowed them down like over-ripe wheat, and threw up blinding clouds of clay and gravel. Despite this fierce reception, the Russians bore up gallantly, and pushed some yards up the precipitous side of the hill, though all who were wounded there perished, as they rolled helplessly back into the aqueduct, and were drowned. At this point they were taken in flank by the Sardinian batteries, which fired with admirable precision, and they were unable to face the murderous storm which so unrelentingly assailed them. It was indeed an appalling position. They reeled, hesitated, turned, and then fled back, making for the shelter of some old willows on the bank of the stream. They were soon met by the second Russian column, which was advancing to support them, and both united and again dashed forward. This time they were more successful. Although they were shot down by dozens they never wavered, but, climbing on slowly and laboriously, reached the crest of the hill and came out on the level ground. The French, including their artillery, retired about a hundred yards before the advancing enemy. It was but that they might direct their efforts with a more fatal result. After falling back, they closed up into a small round mass, which immediately afterwards opened out like a fan, while two black lines shot out from it across the plateau. The centre closed up, divided itself, and the next moment a sheet of flame broke from the whole line, followed by a cloud of smoke, and the report of musketry roared forth in one long continuous crash, drowned every second by the mightier thunder of the artillery, which had made half a wheel to the right, and raked the crest of the hill with a tempest of grape. The embarrassed Russians had fought with remarkable obstinacy; but endurance has its limits, and they paused and hesitated. Then the air rang with the

shouts of the French, who levelled their bayonets and rushed forward to the charge. The Russians replied with another shout, as if they meant to meet the deadly onslaught of their adversaries. To have done so in their shaken and broken state would have been to court destruction. Wheeling about, they retreated in confusion down the hill-side, exposed to the continued fire of the Sardinian artillery. Some hundreds, however, threw down their arms and surrendered to the French, rather than face the horrors of a retreat across the aqueduct and the river. Rushing down the hill-side, the French drove their late assailants far across the plain. They were also pursued by the Sardinians, who made some prisoners. A charge of cavalry at this moment would have converted the Russian retreat into a confused and disgraceful rout; but the officers of the Sardinian horse objected to charge the whole body of Russian cavalry, unless they were supported by the French or English. Orders had been given to the latter not to risk a pursuit which might lead them within range of the Russian guns, and the enemy were permitted to retire without the slaughter which pursuit would most probably have inflicted upon them. General Pelissier contemplated a pursuit, but afterwards abandoned the idea as inexpedient, for reasons which will be found in his despatch.

Again the Russians concentrated their forces, and bringing up all their reserves, made a third attack upon the bridge. Again it was carried, the river crossed, and the heights above it gained. There they were again met and hurled back by the French; their perseverance only serving to augment their tremendous loss. They were soon retreating in all directions, with the bayonets of their adversaries almost in their loins. This last attack was decisive; the Russian batteries fired sullenly to protect the retreat of their infantry, and soon the ground was cleared of the enemy, with the exception of the dead and the numbers of poor creatures who, with shattered limbs, lay moaning on the scene of the recent struggle. At about half-past nine or ten nothing could be seen of the Russian host but clouds of dust on the Mackenzie-road, and black lines moving off in that direction, or disappearing amongst the hills. The battle of the Tchernaya, or of Traktir-bridge, as it is sometimes called, reflected the highest honour on both the French and the Sardi-

nians. To meet the immense attacking army of the Russians, amounting to about 60,000 men, the French had but 12,000 infantry; while of the 10,000 Sardinians who were in readiness, only 4,500 were actually engaged. An English battery took part in the battle, and did excellent service in preventing the advance of the Russian artillery. The English cavalry were also in readiness in the plain of Balaklava, but their active participation was not found to be necessary. The assistance of six Turkish battalions was offered, but their services were not required. The loss of the Russians was estimated at between four and five thousand in killed and wounded. General Pelissier considered that not less than 3,000 Russians perished, while their wounded amounted to at least 5,000 more. This seems to have been an exaggeration; but it was eventually ascertained that the Russian losses were greater than was at first supposed, and were subsequently estimated at between five and six thousand in killed and wounded. About 400 prisoners were taken by the French, besides a large number of wounded Russians whom they collected from the field. The loss of the French amounted to 180 killed and 810 wounded; amongst the latter were several officers of distinction: that of the Sardinians to 300 in killed and wounded. Our Italian allies retained one hundred prisoners in their hands, and about 150 more wounded Russians whom they picked up upon the field. Count de Montevecchio, a Sardinian general of distinction, was killed at the head of his brigade.

The following account of the battle-field immediately after the engagement, is from the pen of the correspondent of the *Daily News*:—"Nothing now remained but to visit the field of battle, on which the Zouaves had already descended like vultures, and were removing everything portable. The scene which presented itself on the banks of the river, below the canal, was something fearful beyond description, much more fearful than the ordinary horrors of a battle-field. The canal itself was choked with dead, most of whom had doubtless fallen into it living, after rolling down the hill-side, and found repose in its muddy waters; broken muskets, bags of bread, cartridges, one dark red stain on the white chalky gravel, often alone marked the spot where the men first fell—in a moment afterwards tumbled back to perdition. Many had fallen after scrambling up to the brink of

the aqueduct, and ere they had time to cross it, and if not caught in the bushes, rolled into the plain, breaking their bones in the descent, and lay there as we passed, shrieking in agony, and imploring us to kill them, and thus put an end to their suffering. Never did eye rest upon humanity in forms so mutilated, defaced, and disfigured as these unhappy wretches, who lay writhing there in their bloody rags, their faces so plastered over with gore and dust, that neither wife nor mother would possibly have recognised son or husband in those hideous masses of mortality. Some, but they were a small minority, sought to drag themselves to the shade of the few bushes that skirted the river; some sought to hide their heads from the fiery heat of the mid-day sun under their tattered garments; and others lay with faces upturned and ghastly, their limbs still trembling in the last quiver, and the flies already burrowing in their wounds. Men shot down by any sort of missile, and lying where they fall, gory and mutilated though they may be, is a sight to which one soon gets habituated; but wounded men who have been rolled over a rough soil, and their bones broken in their progress, is one of those sights that one rarely witnesses, and which he who has once seen it never wishes to see more. On towards the bridge the dead lay thicker and thicker. On the banks of the river about it, and in the river itself, they were 'heaped and piled,' mostly fine men, in the prime of life—many with a *vieux grognard* air, which bespoke long years of service. Nearly every one had a brandy bottle, either actually in his hand, or lying near him, or broken under him in his fall. I was riding with a Polish officer, who conversed with a great many of the wounded, and they informed us that large quantities of brandy had been served out to the soldiers before the action, except the artillerymen. There were a great many small platforms lying about, some resembling ladders with the rungs very close, and carried by ropeslings attached to each end, as bridges to be thrown across the aqueduct. The great majority, however, passed without them. The Zouaves had made a general collection of crosses, relics, and medals, and retailed them to the visitors; in addition to which pickings from the dead bodies, they made small collections of money from the persons of the wounded, managing dexterously to extract it from the inside of the trowsers close to the knee, where the Russian soldiers

generally carry their money, while pretending to examine into the nature of their wounds, thus avoiding giving any mental pain to the sufferers. Some very fine rifles, quite new, and now seen for the first time, were found on the field, but were instantly taken possession of by the military authorities, and the sale prohibited. Judging from what I saw myself, and from comparing notes with others, and without being able to say how many bodies may be in the aqueduct, I should say the number left on the field was 1,500; the usual calculation is that twice as many are wounded as are killed; and this, with between five and six hundred prisoners, not wounded, taken by the French and Piedmontese, would make the total loss of the Russians little short of 5,000 men *hors de combat*. The divisions engaged were the fifth, seventh, twelfth, and seventeenth, most of them belonging to different *corps d'armées*. One had never been under fire before, and had made a rapid march from Baktchi-Serai and rested eight hours before the attack. One man, who fell high upon the hill-side, assured us he was in the last battalion of the reserve, and that every single soldier had been sent down from the heights; so that had we pursued them we might have gained the Mackenzie plateau along with them, and held it. Prince Gortschakoff commanded in chief, and General Martinaloff the assaulting columns. The whole force, including cavalry and artillery, is calculated at 60,000 men. There were sixty guns in the field. There were only ten or twelve officers left on the ground, which proves that a great number must have been carried off in the retreat."

The following additional account of the aspect of the battle-field, we take from the letters of the *Times*' correspondent:—
 "Everybody now rushed to the battle-field, and one look was sufficient to convince them that the allies had won a real battle on the Tchernaya. Although not quite so obstinate and sanguinary as the battle of Inkermann, which this affair resembled in many points, it was a pitched battle. The Russians, as in the battle of Inkermann, gave up manœuvring, and confided entirely in the valour of their troops. The essential difference was in the manner of fighting. At the battle of Inkermann the great mass of the Russians fell under the file-firing and the bayonets of the infantry; while on the Tchernaya it was the guns which did the greatest execution. Most of the wounded

and dead showed frightful traces of round shot, grape, shell, and canister; so that as a battle-field one could scarcely imagine anything more terrible. Nearly all the wounds were on the legs and the head. On the banks of the aqueduct particularly the sight was appalling; the Russians when scaling the embankment of the aqueduct were taken in flank by the Sardinian batteries, and the dead and wounded rolled down the embankment, sometimes more than twenty feet in height. The French made every possible dispatch to collect the wounded. They were laid on the open space about the bridge until the ambulances arrived. While there, the Russians, who could see plainly that the French were engaged in bringing help to their own wretched countrymen, suddenly began to open with their guns upon them, repeating the barbarous practice which they had already often previously shown to the troops. A gentleman who was with me at the moment, and who speaks Russian, asked one of the poor fellows who was trying to trudge along with deep flesh wounds on both his thighs, what he thought of the behaviour of the Russians in firing among their own wounded? He answered, 'They are accustomed to beat us when we are with them, and there is no wonder that they should try to ill-treat us when we are on the point of escaping their power.' According to the account of the prisoners, and judging from the straps on the shoulders of the wounded and dead, three divisions were engaged in the actual attack—the fifth of the 2nd *corps d'armée* (of General Paniutin), lately arrived from Poland, under the command of General Wrangel; the twelfth division of the 4th *corps d'armée* (Osten-Sacken's), formerly under the command of General Liprandi, now under General Martinaloff; and the seventeenth division of the 6th *corps d'armée* (Liprandi's), under Major-general Wassielcosky. The prisoners say that even the reserves took part in the action. I saw a soldier who said he belonged to the last battalion of the reserves, who said that before the battle began, General Gortschakoff, who commanded in person, had a letter of the emperor's read before them, in which he expressed a hope that they would prove as valorous as last year when they took the heights of Balaklava; and then there was a large distribution of brandy. Not a soldier I saw who had not his bottle lying empty near him, and good-sized bottles they were

too. This brandy distribution was, however, only for the infantry, whom they wished to excite to madness. The artillery got only the usual rations."

It was stated by a Russian officer who was taken prisoner, that simultaneously with the attack against the allied position on the Tchernaya, an assault was to have been made by an overpowering force against the French and English works before the Karabelnaia. From some unexplained reason, this did not take place; it was supposed in consequence of the unwillingness of the Russian troops to act, who were presumed to be discouraged by repeated repulses. This, though highly probable, must only be received as conjecture. A Russian general officer was found amongst the dead with his head shot off; another general officer, who had been wounded, was carried to the French ambulances. He was much depressed, and said to a French officer, "This is a sad day of disgrace for Russia, not to have set free the passage of the Tchernaya, defended by one French division." Further details, particularly of a technical and statistical character (though by no means without interest), will be found in the despatches of generals Pelissier and Simpson, which we here append. The despatch of General Pelissier is remarkable for its cordial and generous appreciation of the services of all parties; not of the Sardinians alone, whose bravery merited every praise, but also of the English and Turks, who had not the good fortune to be actively engaged in this brilliant struggle. Nor indeed is the despatch of General Simpson at all deficient in such a spirit.

Head-quarters before Sebastopol,

August 18th.

Monsieur le Maréchal,—You will have learnt by my telegraphic despatches of yesterday and of the day before, the general results of the battle of the Tchernaya; to-day I send your excellency a detailed report of that battle so glorious for our arms. For some days, although the enemy abstained from any apparent movement, certain indications made us suppose he would attack our lines on the Tchernaya. You know those positions, which are excellent, and which are covered in their full extent by the Tchernaya itself, and by a canal which forms a second obstacle. The Sardinian army occupies the whole of the right opposite Tchorgoun; the French troops guard the centre and the left, which joins, after

a declivity, our plateaux of Inkermann. Independently of a few fords, which are bad enough, there are two bridges across the Tchernaya and the canal. One, a little above Tchorgoun, is under the guns of the Piedmontese; the other, called Traktir-bridge, is below and almost in the centre of the French positions. Looking straight before one towards the other bank of the Tchernaya, you behold to the right the heights of Tchouliou, which, after extending themselves in undulating plateaux, fall somewhat abruptly towards the Tchernaya, below Tchorgoun, opposite the Piedmontese. These heights diminish opposite our centre, and starting from that point to the rocky sides of the Mackenzie plateaux there is a plain about three or four kilometres in width. It is by that plain that the Mackenzie-road leads across the Tchernaya at Traktir-bridge, and after passing through our pontoons, leads into the Balaklava plain. A strict watch was kept all along our line. The Turks, who occupy the hilly ground of Balaklava, were on the alert, and watched Alsou; and General d'Allonville, also put on his guard, doubled his vigilance in the high valley of Baidar. My mind was quite at rest, moreover, as regards the whole extreme right; it is one of those mountainous regions where it is impossible to manœuvre large bodies of men; the enemy could only make false demonstrations there. In fact, that is what occurred. In the night between the 15th and 16th of August, General d'Allonville notified that he had troops opposite him, but his attitude imposed upon the enemy, who attempted nothing on that side, and dared not attack him.

During this time the main body of the Russian troops, which had descended from the Mackenzie heights, after debouching near Aï-Todor, advanced, favoured by night, on the Tchernaya; to the right the seventh, fifth, and twelfth divisions crossed the plain, and to the left the seventeenth division, a portion of the sixth, and the fourth followed the plateau of Tchouliou. A strong body of cavalry and 160 pieces of artillery supported all that infantry.

A little before daybreak, the advanced posts of the Sardinian army, placed as videttes as far as the heights of Tchouliou, fell back, and announced shortly afterwards that the enemy was advancing in considerable force; in fact, the Russians lined the heights of the right bank of the Tchernaya

with heavy guns (*pièces de position*), and opened fire on us. General Herbillon, who commanded the French troops on this point, had made his arrangements for battle; to the right of the Traktir-road Faucheur's division, with the third battery of the 12th artillery; in the centre his own division, with the sixth company of the 13th; to the left, Camou's division, with the fourth battery of the 13th. On his side, General de la Marmora had ranged his troops in order of battle. At the same time, General Morris's fine division of *chasseurs d'Afrique*, speedily joined by General Scarlett's numerous and valiant English cavalry, took up a position behind the hills of Kamara and Traktir. This cavalry was to take the enemy in flank in case he should succeed in forcing a passage by one of the three outlets of Tchorgoun or Traktir, or at the incline to the left of General Camou. Colonel Forgeot, in command of the artillery of the Tchernaya lines, kept ready, to act as a reserve, six batteries of horse artillery, two of which belonged to the imperial guard. Six Turkish battalions of Osman Pasha's* army, led by Sefer Pasha, came to lend us their assistance. Finally, I ordered forward Levallant's division of the 1st corps, Dulac's division of the 2nd corps, and the imperial guard, composing reserves capable of remedying the most serious *contretemps*.

The thick mist which covered the depths of the Tchernaya, and the smoke of the cannonade which had just commenced, prevented us distinguishing against which particular point the chief effort of the enemy would be directed, when on our extreme left the seventh Russian division came tilt against Camou's division. Received by the 50th of the line, the 3rd Zouaves, who charged them with the bayonet, and by the 82nd, which took them in flank, the enemy's columns were compelled to make a *demi-volte*, to recross the canal, and could only escape the fire of our artillery by getting out of range to rally. That division did not appear again during the day. In the centre the struggle was more long and desperate. The enemy had sent two divisions (the twelfth, supported by the fifth) against Traktir-bridge. Many of their columns threw themselves at once upon the bridge, and the temporary passages they

* Osman Pasha commanded the Turkish army in the Crimea during the temporary absence of Omar Pasha, who had gone on a visit to Constantinople.

constructed with ladders, pontoons, and madriers; they cross the Tchernaya, the trench of the lines, and advance bravely on our positions. But assailed by an offensive movement by General Fauchaux and De Failly, these columns are routed to recross the bridge occupied by the 95th, and are pursued beyond it by the 2nd Zouaves, the 97th of the line, and by a portion of the 19th battalion of the *chasseurs-à-pied*. However, while the artillery was roaring on both sides, the Russians re-formed their columns of attack; the mist had cleared, and their movements became distinctly visible. Their fifth division reinforced the 12th, which had just been engaged, and the 17th was preparing to descend the heights of Tchouliou to support these two first divisions. General Herbillon then ordered General Fauchaux to be reinforced by Cler's brigade, and gave the 73rd as a reserve to General de Failly. Colonel Forgeot, moreover, placed four batteries of horse artillery in position, which gave him on this front a total of seven batteries to be brought to bear upon the assailing masses. The result was, that the second effort of the Russians, energetic as it was, proved of no avail against us, and they were compelled to retreat with great loss. The seventeenth Russian division, which had come down throwing out large bodies of riflemen as skirmishers, had no better success. Received with great resolution by General Cler's brigade, and by a half-battery of the imperial guard, harassed on the left by the troops of Trotti's division, who pressed it closely, that division was compelled to recross the Tchernaya, and to fall back behind the batteries of position which lined the heights from which it had started. From this moment (nine, A.M.) the retreat of the enemy became plainly visible. Their long columns withdrew as fast as they could, under the protection of a considerable body of cavalry and artillery.

For a moment I felt inclined to order a portion of the cavalry to charge to cut down the remnant of the seventeenth Russian division between the Tchouliou and Traktir bridges. With this object in view I had prepared some squadrons of *chasseurs d'Afrique*, who were joined by some Sardinian squadrons and by one of General Scarlett's regiments, the 12th lancers (from India.) But the retreat of the Russians was so prompt, that we could only have made a small number of prisoners, and this fine

cavalry might have been reached by some of the enemy's batteries still in position. I deemed it preferable not to expose it for so small a result. General de la Marmora did not, moreover, stand in need of this support boldly to retake the advanced positions which his small posts occupied on the heights of Tchouliou. At three o'clock the whole of the enemy's army had disappeared. The division of the guard and Dulac's division relieved the divisions engaged, as they stood in need of some rest. I sent back the 1st corps of Levaillant's division, and the cavalry returned to its usual bivouac. This splendid action does the greatest honour to the infantry, to the horse artillery of the *garde*, to that of the reserve, and to the artillery of divisions. I will, shortly, ask your excellency to place before the emperor the names of those who have deserved rewards, and to submit to the approbation of his majesty those which I may have awarded in his name. Our losses are, doubtless, to be regretted; but they are not in proportion to the results obtained, or to those we have inflicted upon the enemy. We have eight superior officers wounded, nine subaltern officers killed and fifty-three wounded, 172 non-commissioned officers and soldiers killed, 146 missing, and 1,163 wounded. The Russians have left 400 prisoners in our hands. The number of their killed may be estimated at more than 3,000, and of their wounded at more than 5,000, of which number 1,626 men and thirty-eight officers have been taken to our ambulances. Among the slain found by us are the bodies of two generals, whose names I have not been able to ascertain.

The Sardinian army, which fought so valiantly at our side, has about 250 men *hors de combat*. It inflicted a much greater loss upon the enemy. One hundred prisoners, and about 150 wounded, remained in its hands. I am sorry to announce to your excellency, that General de la Marmora has informed me that General Count de Montevecchio, whose character and talents he greatly appreciated, was killed gloriously at the head of his brigade. I must point out to your excellency the rapidity with which General Scarlett's cavalry, placed at my disposal by General Simpson, came up. The martial appearance of those magnificent squadrons betrayed an impatience which the happy and prompt result of the battle did not allow me to gratify. The English and Sardinian position batteries,

and the Turkish battery which Osman Pasha had sent to Alsou, fired with great precision and success. I thanked Osman Pasha for the promptitude with which he sent me six Turkish battalions, under Sefer Pasha (General Koscielzki), four of which, during the day, occupied the passages near Tchorgoun. Nothing remarkable took place during the day on the Sebastopol side. Generals De Salles and Bosquet were, however, prepared to drive back with energy any attack of the besieged. I send your excellency, with this report, the copy of the plan for the battle of the 16th, found upon the body of a Russian general, supposed to be General Read, who commanded the enemy's right, and was especially entrusted with the attack on Traktir-bridge.

I am, &c.,

PELISSIER, Commander-in-chief.

Copy of a Document found upon a Russian General killed on the 16th of August.—The following is a disposition of the *corps d'armée* of the right flank (General Aide-de-camp Read:)—I. *Composition of Troops.*—Seventh division of infantry, twelve battalions. 8th *Artillery Brigade.*—Battery of position, No. 3, twelve guns; battery of light, No. 3, six guns; battery of light, No. 4, eight guns; battery of light, No. 5, eight guns: three regiments of the twelfth division of infantry, twelve battalions. 14th *Artillery Brigade.*—Battery of position, No. 3, twelve guns; light, No. 3, six guns; light, No. 4, six guns; 2nd battalion of rifles, one battalion; 1st company of 2nd battalion of sappers, quarter of a battalion; one regiment of lancers, eight squadrons; horse battery, No. 26, four guns; one regiment Don Cossacks, No. 37, six sotnias: total, twenty-five battalions and a quarter, eight squadrons, six sotnias, and sixty-two guns.

II. On the 3rd (15th) August, at night-fall, General Aide-de-camp Read will descend Mackenzie heights with all his troops, in the steps of Lieutenant-general Liprandi, and will form his two divisions into columns on the height of the new redoubt, near the high road, having to his left the seventeenth division, commanded by General Liprandi.

III. He will leave all his baggage at the camp, and form a waggon-stand, where the infantry will deposit their sacks. In this waggon camp large boilers for cooking, and brandy, are to be ready on the 4th (16th) of August; the men are to be provided with 'our days' rations, one pound of meat, their

canteens full of water, and with the requisite camp utensils. Each regiment to be provided with a case of ammunition and two ambulance carts. The other ambulance carts to remain under the orders of General of Brigade Zouroff, who is charged with the conveyance of the wounded. The cavalry and artillery are to take with them as much provender as possible—such provender to be placed on some suitable spot.

IV. The head-quarters for the day of the 3rd (15th) will be at Mackenzie heights. General Read having concentrated his troops on Mackenzie heights, will immediately send an officer to the commander-in-chief, to inform him of his arrival and of his arrangements. On the 4th (16th), during the attack, the commander-in-chief will take up a position on the slope of Mackenzie heights, near the new redoubt. At four, A.M., at the same moment as the movement of the seventeenth division takes place at Telegraph height, General Aide-de-camp Read will advance, form the seventh and twelfth divisions of infantry into order of battle beyond the enemy's range, and will place in the rear, as a reserve, the regiment of lancers, supported by Cossacks. He will combine his movement with that of General Liprandi, and will advance towards the Tchernaya in such manner as to be able to cannonade the enemy on the heights of Fediouchine, when orders shall have been issued to that effect. With this view, detachments of sappers are to be attached to the seventh and twelfth infantry divisions, and also detachments of regiments accustomed to handle flying bridges and to throw them promptly over the canal, so as to offer a road to the infantry and artillery.

V. When the order of the commander-in-chief to advance on the Fediouchine hills shall have been received, the troops are to cross the Tchernaya, to the right and left, by the means of passage prepared; the damage done by the artillery will be immediately repaired by the sappers. The bridges will be thrown over under the orders of superior officers commanding the detachments.

VI. Having occupied the hills to the left and centre, General Read will form in order of battle there, with his front turned partially towards Mount Sapoune, partially towards the enemy, covering himself in both directions by his guns in position. As regards the hills on the right, having driven back the enemy, he will occupy them with troops of the first line.

VII. One of the principal cares of General Read will be to see that the irrigations of the Tchernaya are let out by the sappers, and that the bridges are thrown over as speedily as possible, to carry over with every possible speed the artillery and cavalry to the other side.

VIII. After taking the heights of Fediouchine, General Read will remain there and await special orders from the commander-in-chief, in case an attack on the south side of Mount Gasforte should be thought absolutely necessary.

IX. After the battle General Read will take measures to fortify the Fediouchine heights.

(True copy.)

(Signed) Quartermaster-general,
Major-general GROTENFELD.

Before Sebastopol, Aug. 18th.

My Lord,—In my despatch of the 14th inst., I informed your lordship that I had reason to believe that the Russians would attempt, by a vigorous attack, to force us to raise the siege. This they endeavoured to do on the morning of the 16th, but the result was most glorious to those of the allied troops who had the good fortune to be engaged. The action commenced before daylight, by a heavy column of Russians, under the command of General Liprandi, and composed of the sixth and seventeenth divisions, with the fourth and seventh divisions in reserve, attacking the advanced posts of the Sardinians. The ground occupied by them is on commanding hills on the right of the position, on the left bank of the Souhaia river, where it forms its junction with the Tchernaya, with two advanced posts on the opposite side. These were held with very determined gallantry for a considerable time; but being separated from their supports by the river, and not having the protection of artillery, they were compelled to leave the most advanced one. About the same time the fifth and twelfth divisions, to which was added a portion of the seventeenth, advanced against the bridge of Traktir, held by one battalion of French infantry of the line, who were for a short time obliged to yield and fall back upon the main supports; with these, however, they quickly retook the bridge at the point of the bayonet. Again the Russians attacked with persevering courage, and were enabled to follow up their advantage by gaining the heights which rise precipitously

on each side of the road; their success was but momentary; they were driven back across the river, leaving the ground covered with dead and wounded. The Russian general, in no way daunted by the failure of his two attempts, ordered a second column, of equal force to the first, to attack; they advanced with such impetuosity, covered by the fire of their numerous artillery, that a third time the bridge was carried, and the heights above it crowned; but they were again repulsed, and retired in great confusion into the plain, followed by the bayonets of our gallant allies. The general officer who commanded the Russian column, and who is supposed to be General Read, was killed, and in his possession was found the orders for the battle, signed by Prince Gortschakoff, who commanded in person. From these it would appear that it was a most determined attempt to force us to raise the siege. Had they succeeded, Balaklava was to have been attacked by one portion of their army, while the heights on which we now are were to have been stormed with the other; at the same time a vigorous sortie was to have been made from the town on the French works, on our extreme left, from the Quarantine, and another on the works on our extreme right on Mount Sapouné. The action which I have endeavoured to describe is most glorious to the arms of the French and Sardinian troops. To meet the force of the Russians the former had but 12,000 infantry, and four batteries of artillery engaged; the latter had 10,000 men in position, 4,500 actually engaged, and twenty-four pieces of cannon. The Russian force consisted of from 50,000 to 60,000 men, with 160 pieces of artillery, and cavalry to the amount of 6,000. This disparity of numbers will readily explain to your lordship the difficulty that would have been experienced had an attempt been made to follow up the advantage by a pursuit. The Russian retreat, moreover, was protected by the fire from the heavy guns in position on the Mackenzie heights. The loss sustained by the Russians is estimated at between five and six thousand men, including 600 prisoners; while on the part of the allies it does not amount to more than 1,000 men. This brilliant affair has caused the greatest delight among the ranks of the allied army; and while it adds fresh lustre to the gallant achievements of the French arms, it is with the utmost pleasure that I have to record the intrepid conduct and

gallant bearing of the Sardinian troops, under General de la Marmora, who have for the first time met, conquered, and shed their blood against our common enemy who is now disturbing the peace of Europe. Captain Mowbray's battery of 32-pounder howitzers was placed in advance with the Sardinian troops, and did most excellent service in preventing the advance of the enemy's artillery. Our cavalry, under Lieutenant-general Sir J. Scarlett, K.C.B., was placed in the plain of Balaklava, prepared to take advantage of any circumstance that might present itself; but the opportunity did not arise for calling upon their services. I regret that I am unable to give a more detailed account of the part performed by the Sardinians, as up to this time I have not received General de la Marmora's report.

I have, &c.,

JAMES SIMPSON, General commanding.
The Lord Panmure, &c.

The report of the Sardinian general, by no means without interest, addressed to General Simpson, ran as follows:—

Sir,—The interest which you are so kind as to evince in everything relating to the Sardinian expeditionary army, makes it imperative upon me to inform your excellency of the share taken by the troops under my command in the engagement on the Tchernaya yesterday. Upon receiving the report of Colonel Dessaint, attached to the French head-quarters, which you were good enough to communicate to me on the evening of the day before yesterday, and by which we were led to expect very shortly an attack on the line of the Tchernaya, I at once gave orders that my troops should be under arms yesterday morning at an earlier hour than usual.

At break of day our outposts stationed on the mamelon which commands Tchorgoun, were enveloped in a well-sustained fire of artillery, which proceeded from three batteries posted opposite to the breastworks by which our outposts were covered, and on the two mamelons further to the right, which form the two banks of the Souliou. They were at the same time vigorously charged by three Russian columns, which came on with fixed bayonets, and attacked our breastworks in front and rear. The men composing these columns carried ladders with them, to scale the parapets. The preconcerted signal of alarm was immediately given, and the troops took up the positions which had been assigned to them in anticipation of this at-

tack. I begged his excellency Osman Pasha to bring up the Turkish troops which were stationed furthest off; and I ordered the 4th battalion of riflemen (Bersaglieri) to the support of our outposts, which only consisted of three companies, in order that these latter might be enabled to hold their ground as long as possible, and thus give us time to complete our arrangements. Attacked in the rear by the enemy's artillery, and charged by three columns of infantry, the outposts, after an hour's firing, fell back, the reinforcements I had sent to them greatly facilitating their retreat. At the same time, I made every effort to silence the enemy's guns. In this endeavour I was assisted by the Turkish field-pieces from Alsou, and by the English battery, with which you were good enough to reinforce us. Several of the enemy's ammunition waggons exploded between seven and eight o'clock.

In the meantime the Russians had stationed fresh batteries near the centre of their position, and had opened a most effective fire of artillery on the *tête-de-pont* at Traktir, and on the French positions on our left. A column of infantry, under cover of this fire, attacked the mamelon which formed the extreme right of General d'Herbillon's division. This first column had crossed the Tchernaya, and surmounted the steep ascent of the mamelon in spite of the fire of the tirailleurs, when it was vigorously attacked by the French troops in support, and hurled back, broken and disordered, into the Tchernaya. As I considered, from the subsequent dispositions of the enemy's forces, that he only intended to make a demonstration of artillery before our position, while he concentrated his infantry chiefly on the extreme right of the third division (Faucher's), on which point a second column was now advancing, I ordered a portion of my 5th brigade, under the command of General Mallard, to march to the support of the right wing of the French, and I posted two of our batteries in a position from whence they could maintain an oblique fire upon the Russians. At the same time I requested the English cavalry to move down into the plain to be in readiness to charge. I had given similar orders to my own cavalry. When the soldiers of my 5th brigade arrived at the mamelon they found that the enemy's attack had been already repulsed; but the fire of the two batteries of the second division (Troth's) appeared to do great execution on the second Russian column, which

checked in front by the French troops, and harassed in the rear by the fire of our batteries and the musketry of our battalions, fell back in the greatest disorder. I then ordered some of our battalions to advance under cover of the riflemen (*Bersaglieri*); but I was requested to countermand this movement.

The enemy, repulsed at all points, commenced his retreat. One column, which appeared to me to consist of a division, retreated by the valley of the Souliou. Another division, the one which had attacked our outposts and the French right in the morning, fell back upon the zigzag mamelon, while a third division followed the road which leads to Mackenzie's Farm. I took advantage of this state of things to reoccupy with my troops the zigzag mamelon; in which design I succeeded perfectly, in spite of the imposing force which the enemy still retained on that point. In the meantime, three battalions of Turkish troops advanced into the valley of Tchorgoun, to replace the battalion of Cialdini's brigade, which was occupying the heights of Karlooka. Later in the day, I crossed the Tchernaya with four squadrons, and marching in a parallel line with the zigzag mamelon, came upon the old Russian redoubt, whence I could easily discern, at a little distance before us, a very fine array of regular cavalry supported by horse artillery. It was distributed in twelve separate bodies, and must have been composed of at least fifty squadrons. This cavalry did not fall back on Mackenzie's road till the whole of the infantry and artillery had effected their retreat. The losses sustained by our troops, a portion only of whom was engaged, were very inconsiderable. They amount to about 200 men placed *hors de combat*; and I impute the fact of our not having lost more men mainly to the works with which we fortified our position, and to the batteries of heavy guns which you were so obliging as to lend us for their defence. It is, however, my painful duty to announce to your excellency that Count Montecchio, the general commanding the 4th brigade, is mortally wounded; a ball passed through his chest.

Pray accept, General, the assurance of my high consideration.

The General commanding-in-chief the
Sardinian expeditionary forces,

(Signed) LA MARMORA.

To his Excellency the General commanding-
in-chief the English army.

General Marmora addressed a similar ac-
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count to the Sardinian government, but it is little more than a repetition of the preceding. He also addressed an order of the day to his troops, in which he observed, "Your attitude was such as I expected, and entitled you to the praise of our brave allies. The king will be satisfied, and your success will fill the nation with joy."

General Pelissier also issued one of those stirring addresses to his troops which, in the glorious hour of victory, are so well calculated to excite those brave soldiers to an enthusiasm capable of effecting anything. It ran thus:—

Soldiers!—On the 16th of August you fought gallantly, and you chastised the Russian army for its adventurous attempt against our positions on the Tchernaya. Though won the day after the day of St. Napoleon, your victory does not the less celebrate the *fête* of our emperor. Nothing could be more agreeable to his great heart than the new laurel with which you have decorated our eagles. Five divisions of Russian infantry, supported by a numerous artillery and considerable masses of cavalry, forming a strength of 60,000 men, attempted to force your lines. The enemy meant to drive you back on the plateau of the Tchernaya. You have baffled these presumptuous hopes; he has failed along his whole front of attack, and the Sardinians on your right have proved themselves your worthy rivals. The bridge of Traktir has been the theatre of an heroic struggle which covers with glory the gallant men who have sustained it. Soldiers! This battle, in which the Russians lost upwards of 6,000 men and several generals, and left in our hands 2,200 wounded and prisoners, and the *matériel* they had prepared to effect the passage of the river, does the greatest honour to General Herbillon, who commanded the line of the Tchernaya, and to his division. The divisions of generals Camou and Faucheux maintained their former reputation. The generals of brigade, and in particular generals De Faily, Cler, and Wimpfen and colonels Douay, Polhes, Danner, and Castagny, are entitled to the gratitude of the army. I cannot here name all those who distinguished themselves for their valour, but I feel bound specially to notice the able direction imparted by Colonel Forgeot to our energetic artillerymen, and the brilliant conduct of the artillery of the imperial guard and of the divisions. An English battery, placed on a height commanding Tchorgoun, powerfully assisted

us in compelling the enemy to retreat before we could bring up our reserves. The Turks, upon whom a false attack was made, supported us with six battalions and a battery of artillery. The English cavalry was ready with the Sardinian squadrons to second the brave African chasseurs of General Morris, if the pursuit of the enemy could have been useful to success; but I have not lost sight of our grand enterprise, and I desired to economise your blood, after having obtained a result which once more confirms our superiority over that boasted Russian infantry, which is a presage of new victories, and which increases our right to the gratitude of the country.

A. PELISSIER, General-in-chief.
Head-quarters before Sebastopol,
Aug. 17th, 1855.

Napoleon also, at imperial Paris, stole an hour from the time he was devoting to the entertainment of the royalty of England, and sent his thanks and congratulations to his brave troops, in the following letter to General Pelissier:—

General,—The new victory gained on the Tchernaya proves, for the third time, since the commencement of the war, the superiority of the allied armies over the enemy in the open field; but if it does honour to the courage of our troops, it does not testify less to your excellent arrangements. Address my congratulations to the army, and receive them also for yourself. Tell those brave soldiers, who for more than a year have supported unheard-of fatigues, that the end of their trials is not far distant. Sebastopol, I hope, will soon fall under their blows; and, should that event be postponed, I know from sources which I believe to be sure, that the Russian army cannot maintain the struggle in the Crimea during the winter. This glory achieved in the Crimea has moved your companions-in-arms in France; they all eagerly desire to share your dangers. Thus, with the double wish of responding to their noble desire, and of procuring rest for those who have already done so much, I have given orders to the minister of war that all the regiments that have remained in France shall go out gradually to take the place of those that return. You know, general, how much it has grieved me to be kept away from that army which has added a new lustre to our eagles; but now my regret is lessened, as you hold out to me the prospect of a speedy and decisive

success which will crown so many heroic efforts.

General, I pray God to have you in his safe keeping.

Written at the palace of St. Cloud,
August 20th, 1855. NAPOLEON.

Amidst this general shower of well-deserved congratulations, those of General Simpson, towards his French and Sardinian allies, were not wanting. It was no exaggeration on his part to say, "Our gallant allies have added fresh lustre to their arms by their intrepidity and daring; and on this the first occasion of the Sardinian troops meeting the enemy, they have proved themselves in every way worthy of fighting side by side with the greatest military nations of Europe." The victory was indeed doubly glorious and cheering to the Sardinian officers and troops. They had arrived late on the scene. Their officers were surprised and somewhat mortified at the apathetic reception given them by the Turks. There appeared nothing for them to do; for, either in consequence of some agreement to that effect, or through the unwillingness of the French and British to have foreign troops in their lines, they were excluded from the trenches. Decimated by sickness, their anticipations of glory chilled and discouraged, murmurs began to arise in their ranks. A political party at home, which had opposed their being sent at all, began to exult in the accomplishment of its gloomy prophecies. The bravery of the Sardinians at the battle of the Tchernaya did away with these feelings; their spirits rose to enthusiasm; and they were regarded as brothers-in-arms to the allies, baptized with blood into that fraternity amidst the roar of artillery on the battle-field. But there was more than this: the conduct of the Sardinians reflected a lustre upon Italy; and by showing that the ancient Roman spirit was not utterly extinguished, excited hopes of political change and redemption to those Italian states yet chafing in ill-suppressed irritation against the bondage of despotism.

The Russians, in the account they gave of the battle of the Tchernaya, acknowledged that they had experienced a serious repulse, and admitted, "with grief," the losses they suffered on that occasion. With Muscovite artifice, however, they turned to account the circumstance that they were not pursued; and, as the reader will see,

declared that they halted in their retreat for four hours, in the hope that the allies would come and give them battle again. Such a poor equivocation is beneath the dignity of soldiers, and only becoming from the lips of schoolboys. The Russian account is as follows:—

“A report was received yesterday from Aide-de-camp General Prince Gortschakoff, dated August 5th (17th), containing the following details, which explain his short telegraphic despatch of the same day. Desirous of turning away the enemy from the siege-works of Sebastopol, and at the same time to ascertain the forces of the allies, Prince Gortschakoff undertook an offensive movement in the valley of the Tchernaya with a portion of the troops encamped on Mackenzie heights. On the 4th (16th) of August, at four, A.M., these troops divided themselves into two columns; the right, commanded by Aide-de-camp General Read, took a front direction against the so-called Fédoukhine heights; and the left, commanded by Lieutenant-general Liprandi, advanced on Tchorgoun. In a moment the two columns drove away the enemy from the right bank of the Tchernaya. Lieutenant-general Liprandi occupied the heights of Tchorgoun. On its side, the right column advanced with extraordinary rapidity towards the river, crossed it under the violent fire of the enemy's batteries, then crossed a large canal or aqueduct, and, carried on by the excitement of battle, advanced directly on the Fédoukhine heights. In the interval, the enemy had already had time to bring up considerable forces to the menaced point of their fortified position. The troops of the right column, who were scaling the escarpment, met a desperate resistance there. All the efforts of our brave infantry were fruitless. On this occasion we suffered a disastrous loss. General Read and the chief of his staff, Major-general de Weimern, were the first to fall. The commander-in-chief, however, hurried up in all haste to the right column, and, seeing that our troops were wasting their heroic efforts on that point, ordered a retreat beyond the Tchernaya.* Having retired to about half-cannon range, Prince Gortschakoff ordered his lines of battle to halt, in the hope that the enemy would pursue us and offer us the opportunity of fighting them in the open field. The

allies, however, did not stir from their positions; after remaining four hours in view of our adversaries, our troops quietly returned to Mackenzie heights. In announcing, with grief, the losses we have suffered, Prince Gortschakoff at the same time pays a tribute to the unexampled courage displayed by our troops in the sanguinary combat of the 4th (16th) of August, and he attributes the losses to the excess of ardour of the right column. The enemy having driven back our attack, did not dare to take the offensive, despite his numerical superiority.”

A second and much longer report from Prince Gortschakoff was afterwards published in the *Invalides Russe*. It is chiefly a more detailed repetition of the above, and thus concludes:—“Though it has not pleased God to give us the victory, the whole army performed its duty with that sentiment of honour which characterises the Russian soldier, and which I feel it my sacred duty to bring to the notice of his majesty the emperor.”

The observation about the numerical superiority of the allies is an impudent bravado and gross falsehood. Did they suppose the French would take up a position commanded by the guns of the enemy, and fight another battle under such disadvantages? Or, indeed, would the defeated Russians have dared to pause except on a spot reached by their artillery? We suppose the Russians would say, that the army with which they attacked the allies, great as it was, was yet inferior in number to the whole forces of the allies encamped in the neighbourhood of Sebastopol. Very true; but those troops were not available to repulse the advance of the Russians on the Tchernaya: they could not abandon their lines; and the troops actually opposed to the Russians, and brought into action, scarcely exceeded a fourth part of their number. It has been truly remarked, that a more extraordinary disparity, with a more glorious result, is scarcely to be found in the annals of warfare. It is surely not unfair to conclude, as we have done, that the soldiers of Russia are, in some important respects, inferior and unequal to the soldiers of Western Europe. A race of semi-slaves, commonly beaten and ill-fed, and, in the hour of battle, inspired by superstition and maddened by

* At this moment Aide-de-camp General Baron Wremsky, who was at the side of the commander-in-chief, was hit by a cannon-ball. A quarter of an

hour previously his horse had been shot under him, but, despite the contusion he had then received, he remained by the side of Prince Gortschakoff.

brandy, will, we believe, never be able to contend successfully against the free, better fed, and better educated warriors of the west. The latter have a moral superiority over the serf-soldiers of Russia, almost resembling that possessed by the skilful horseman over a wild and vicious steed. Our opinions on this subject are confirmed by the following highly interesting letter of the French admiral in the Black Sea. The views which will be found in it respecting the obstinate resistance of the Russians, and the slowness with which the allies were attaining their object, are remarkable and, in some respects, original.

On board the *Montebello*, August 18th.

Monsieur le Ministre,—I went yesterday morning to head-quarters, whence the general-in-chief conducted me to the field of battle of the Tchernaya. The exact number of the loss of the enemy could not be ascertained, but by the time we had returned to head-quarters it had been found that 1,700 wounded Russians had been taken up, and that 400 prisoners have fallen into our power. In order to clear our ambulances, the general-in-chief requested me to send to the Bosphorus all the wounded Russians whose condition would allow of their being carried to Kamiesch. In addition to the *Montezuma*, which carries 250 of our own sick, I dispatched to-day to Constantinople the *Wagram* and the *Charlemagne*, of the line, and the steam-frigate *Labrador*, which will together receive on board 1,200 wounded, 400 prisoners, and 600 *gendarmes* of the guard. On their return from the Bosphorus these vessels will bring to Kamiesch the brigade of General Sol, comprising about 3,200 men. I can now make known to your excellency the general impression which the victory of the Tchernaya appears to me to have produced in our army. No engagement had ever before proved in so striking a manner the superiority and moral ascendancy of our troops over those of the enemy. The arrangements made by the Russian army indicate a well-concerted and well-studied plan. No error similar to that of General Soimonoff at the battle of Inkermann was committed on this day. The Russian divisions attacked our positions at the prescribed hour, and with a perfect knowledge of the ground; they took possession of the bridge of Traktir, and forced the Sardinian advanced posts to fall back. When the brigade of General de Failly assumed the offensive, 1,500 or 2,000 Frenchmen drove back

8,000 Russians beyond the Tchernaya, and in an hour after, 45,000 Russians retreated before 10,000 or 12,000 of the allied troops. The affair of the 16th was much less a battle than an immense sortie, repulsed with incredible vigour. The enemy had not advanced out of reach of his heavy batteries, and he retired under the protection of the works which crown the plateau of Mackenzie, as soon as he perceived that our troops were not intimidated by the considerable masses which he had deployed on the plain. He had, perhaps, hoped to draw us under the fire of his heavy batteries, and to get our troops among the heights, whence his artillery could have played upon us with destructive effect. The general-in-chief did not allow himself to be led into this imprudent pursuit. By bringing forward his cavalry he might have made a few prisoners, but our squadrons must have passed over the bridge of Traktir, which was within reach of the enemy's guns, and they must have entered the plain under a cross-fire from artillery and musketry, and having behind them a fordable river, the banks of which are very steep. Thanks to the intelligence of the general-in-chief, our success remains intact and complete; the enemy has returned within his lines, and the army of relief having been paralysed, the siege may be carried on with security. The difficulties which it presents are doubtless but little lessened by our victory; it is still a work of perseverance and of method, but the issue of it can no longer be doubtful. Russia will not have to congratulate herself on the prolonged resistance of Sebastopol. Her finances and her armies are almost entirely exhausted in supporting, at the extremity of the empire, a struggle all the conditions of which are to our advantage. If Sebastopol had fallen after the battle of the Alma, it would only have been a surprise—Russia would have lost a fleet and a naval arsenal, but the *prestige* of her power would not have been seriously weakened. Now, on the contrary, her strength has been worn out in long and useless efforts: her old soldiers have disappeared; she now brings forward on the field of battle more young recruits than tried battalions, and the wounded and prisoners who fall into our power appear worn out by fatigue and insufficient nourishment. The Russian government, deprived of the resources of the Sea of Azoff, can no longer replenish its storehouses; its soldiers only receive for their rations bread, salt, and

water; brandy is only distributed on days of battle, and scarcely ever meat. When the rains of autumn overflow the roads, I know not how the enemy will be able to procure food for his numerous army. Its situation appears to me most critical; and I see in the attack of the 16th, so weakly followed up, a greater symptom of discouragement than of daring. The perspectives of the future call for a vigorous effort on the part of the Russians; with us, on the contrary, it counsels prudence. The general-in-chief yesterday morning opened a fire from our siege batteries. If we succeed in silencing the fire of the enemy, our advances will be pushed on with great activity; if it be found necessary to await the arrival of mortars to obtain that result, the delay, the consequences of which had been a cause of apprehension, will be now attended with less inconvenience than ever. We know by the avowals of the Russian generals themselves what losses they incur by our fire; these losses cannot but increase, and the means of the enemy for repairing them will every day diminish. In the meantime our army receives constant reinforcements, and lives in abundance. In spite of the daily fatigues to which it is subjected, its heroism supports it; and the facility with which the new loan has been subscribed for, proves that France will not abandon it. The victory of the Tchernaya appears to me, therefore, calculated to tranquillise the least confident minds. It is a grand affair, the first effect of which will be to restore confidence to all those who had been somewhat shaken by the check of the 18th of June. I have received the most satisfactory accounts from the Sea of Azoff. The allied flotillas continue to scour the coast, and spread terror and alarm in every direction. The *Descartes* left yesterday for the Strait of Kertch, having on board a reinforcement of 400 marines. The English also send 800. The general-in-chief, at my request, has ordered Colonel Osmond to concert measures with Commander Bouet, of the *Pomone*, for occupying Taman and Fanagoria long enough to completely destroy the buildings which the Russians have preserved in these two establishments. The materials will be made use of for building barracks on Cape St. Paul. With timely precautions the garrisons of the Strait of Kertch will pass the winter there without suffering.

I am, &c.,

BRUAT.

As mentioned in the preceding letter, the allies opened a fire from their siege batteries on the day after the battle. The fire of the English, extending along their whole line, commenced at four in the morning of the 17th. This was seconded about an hour and a-half later by the French; but the Russians, as ever, replied with spirit. The object of this cannonade, which continued with slight intermissions, was to enable the French to push forward their approaches to the Malakhoff. The English suffered several casualties on this day. Four guns were silenced, and two others of the naval brigade disabled. Captain Oldfield, of the royal artillery, was killed, and Major Henry, of the same corps, lost his arm at the shoulder joint. Lieutenant Dennis was seriously wounded, and Captain Hammett, of the *Albion*, killed in the trenches. The naval brigade had seven men killed and sixteen wounded. In the evening, one of the English mortar batteries fired six mortars simultaneously at a single spot in the Malakhoff. They blew up a magazine of shells, the bursting of which spread terror among the Russians, and elicited a cheer from our artillerymen. The value of the English cannonade in assisting the French to carry on their operations against the Malakhoff, was considerable and important. A French officer observed, that it enabled them to do, in four hours, what previously they could not have done in fifteen days. Shortly after the battle, a rumour prevailed that the Russians intended again to assume the offensive, and make another desperate effort to sweep back their assailants. We doubt that they had any such intention, or, if so, that it was other than the result of unreasoning desperation. The attack on the allies on the 16th, was made in consequence of the command of the emperor, and, it was presumed, in defiance of the better judgment of General Gortschakoff. The obedience of the Russian army was exhibited at the expense of the lives of many officers of high rank, and of several thousand men.

It may be supposed, however, that in the French and Sardinian camps on the Tchernaya there was much vigilance and preparation, in case the Russians should think fit to repeat their recent experiment. A correspondent from this spot wrote—"Since my last we have been kept in a state of continual suspense. Nearly every night there was an alarm, and for every morning

an attack was predicted. Now suspicious lights, construed into signals, were seen on the heights occupied by the Russians; now unusual and inexplicable movements and large concentrations of troops were observed; now a deserter gave most minute information about an attack to take place the next day; and now again a Tartar came in hot haste, warning the allies to be on their guard against the formidable preparations of the Russians. The consequence of all this was, that we had to sleep with one eye only shut, in order not to be taken napping." On the 25th of August General Simpson informed Lord Panmure that the Russians had nearly completed a bridge across the great harbour of Sebastopol, and

that they had large bodies of men employed in erecting earthworks on the north side. These movements had a great significance, not understood at the time. General Simpson added, that he learnt from various sources that the Russians on the right bank of the Tchernaya were held in perfect readiness for another offensive movement. This was probably the case, and done to deceive the allies and draw off their attention from the real object of the Russians. It was a work of a far different character that they had in hand. Prince Gortschakoff had too much wisdom to play the game of the allies, by pouring over his soldiers to encounter almost inevitable defeat and appalling slaughter.

CHAPTER XII.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE CRIMEA; EXPLOSION OF A FRENCH MAGAZINE; HAVOC IN THE TRENCHES; THE FINAL BOMBARDMENT OF SEBASTOPOL PROPER; BURNING OF VESSELS IN THE HARBOUR; FRENCH ASSAULT ON THE MALAKHOFF, AND ITS SUCCESS; THE ENGLISH ASSAULT ON THE GREAT REDAN, AND ITS FAILURE; CAUSES WHICH PRODUCED THAT RESULT; FAILURE OF THE FRENCH AT THE CENTRAL BASTION, AND AT THE LITTLE REDAN; WONDERFUL RETREAT OF THE RUSSIAN ARMY TO THE NORTH SIDE OF SEBASTOPOL; BURNING OF THE TOWN, AND BLOWING UP OF THE FORTS AND MAGAZINES; DESTRUCTION OF THE RUSSIAN SHIPPING; THE ALLIED GENERALS CONGRATULATE THEIR SOLDIERS; HORRORS OF THE RUINED CITY; DESPATCHES OF THE FRENCH AND ENGLISH GENERALS.

By command of her majesty, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe proceeded to the Crimea, where he arrived on the 25th of August, for the purpose of investing certain officers of the army and navy, by commission under the sign-manual, with the insignia of the order of the Bath. The officers on whom this distinction was conferred, were—Lieutenant-general Sir Colin Campbell, Rear-admiral Sir Edmund Lyons, Lieutenant-general Sir H. Bentinck, Rear-admiral Sir Houston Stewart, Lieutenant-general Sir W. Codrington, Major-general Sir Richard Airey, Lieutenant-general Sir J. Yorke Scarlett, Major-general Sir Harry Jones, and Major-general Sir William Eyre.

The ceremony took place on Monday, the 27th of August, on a square court in front of General Simpson's quarters. A canopy was constructed, decorated with the flags of England, France, Turkey, and Sardinia, with the standard of England surmounting them all. On each side of the point of attraction a guard of honour was drawn up,

consisting of detachments of guards, rifles, line, artillery, cavalry, and naval brigade. The centre of the square was occupied by a number of officers in full dress. General Pelissier, together with his staff and other French officers, were also present; and the corpulent person and dark complexion of the French commander,* contrasted strikingly with the tall, slender figure and white hair of General Simpson. Lord Stratford addressed the assembly, remarking on the unprecedented nature of the investiture, occurring almost under fire of the enemy's guns, and nearly upon the ground where the services had been rendered for which the honour was conferred. The ceremony over, the troops presented arms, the band played "God save the Queen," and the artillery fired a royal salute. The troops then filed off, and the company shortly after-

* A medical gentleman who saw General Pelissier on this occasion, describes him as "a little thick puffy man, with dark hair and moustache, putting one in mind very much of a wild boar."

wards left the ground. Lord Stratford de Redcliffe returned to his residence at Therapia on the 1st of September.

It is pleasing to see honours thus given to brave men; but we feel compelled to add that they should be *given*—utterly and freely, and not *sold* after an indirect fashion. It must have been grateful to the feelings of a brave officer to know that, as a reward for his services and sufferings, he had been admitted by his sovereign to the military order of the Bath; but the pleasure must have been considerably qualified on his learning that he had to pay to the officials of the order the extravagant sum of £164 13s. 4d. for fees. Out of this sum the dean of the order receives £22 6s. 8d. for his blessing—a price which we think we shall not be considered to be exhibiting a penurious temper, when we say that we fancy it to be extremely dear. We think our amiable friend E—, a working curate of average ability, with an income of something less than £100 a-year, would be glad to part with his blessing for a twentieth part of the sum. In the time of the famous reformer Luther, even so grand a personage as the pope himself (and popes were then powerful princes, and not, as now, empty pontifical pageants), would part with an indulgence for sin for the trifling consideration of 10s. Certainly, then, we must consider £22 6s. 8d., for the blessing of the dean of the order of the Bath, as unconscionably extravagant. But, to speak seriously, we reiterate the following remarks of a powerful organ of the press upon this subject:—"We feel that this is one of the abuses of a former age, and survives only through the unwillingness of those who attain distinction to object ungracefully to customary payments, or to expose the organisation of the order to which they have just been admitted. It is for the government, or, in its default, for the public at large, to interfere and put an end to exactions which dim the brightness of the honour conferred, if they do not even lessen the eagerness to obtain it. The only order which in this country is the recompense of merit awaits the worn and weary officers whom battle, disease, and hardship have spared to return to their country, or perhaps only to commence new exertions on fresh and equally fatal fields. Are such men to be called upon to fee genealogists and gentlemen ushers? Their deeds may well stand them instead of a pedigree; the fame they have

achieved is a sufficient introduction to their sovereign. Whatever may be the worldly resources of these brave men, it is equally unworthy of the nation and the statutes of the order to exact such payments."

Though time was found for ceremonies such as these, yet the cannonade was continued on both sides with great vigour. From dawn until dusk there was almost continual booming, scarce a minute passing in which one or more guns were not fired. The night was often disturbed by heavy bursts of ordnance from the Russians; while in the advanced trenches, the rattling of small arms scarcely ceased either night or day. On the night of the 29th of August, a 13-inch shell from the Russian batteries came crashing through the roof of a tumbril from which our allies, the French, were discharging powder into one of their magazines near the Mamelon or Brancion redoubt. The bursting of the shell ignited the cartridges, and the flames instantly extended to the powder in the magazine, which contained 14,000 rounds of gunpowder, weighing about seven tons. The explosion was terrific. The magazine, the tumbrils, and all the surrounding works were shattered to atoms. Splinters, stones, shot and shell were hurled into the air by the fiery eruption, and a column of smoke and dust rose an immense height into the air. Forty persons, among whom were four officers, were killed on the spot. Nearly thrice that number of others were wounded by fragments of stone, wood, or iron, which were scattered in every direction. A momentary silence followed the explosion; and as the sullen echoes died away, the Russians uttered a loud cheer; but their voices were soon drowned by the crash of the French and English batteries, which opened all along the right of the attack, to prevent the enemy from taking advantage of the accident.

On the night of the 30th of August, a body of Russian infantry advanced stealthily and leaped into our advanced trench. The resistance of the English guard was not very dashing, and the Russians began to pull down the gabions and to fill up the parallel. Inspired by this success, they advanced on another parallel, but there they were received by deadly and well-sustained volleys from the 97th regiment, and soon driven back in confusion, leaving many dead and wounded on the ground behind them. During this affair, Lieutenant Preston, a gallant officer, was killed while in the act of leading on his

men. Captain Brinkley and Lieutenant Ware were also wounded; and the 97th lost four men killed and twelve wounded. General Simpson, in his despatch, also mentioned Captain Pechell and Colonel Bumbury as having behaved with great gallantry. Poor Captain Pechell did not long survive this commendation; he was killed in a skirmish on the 3rd of the following month. At this period all accounts confirmed the reports received by the allies, that the enemy experienced great losses daily in Sebastopol, and that discontent prevailed amongst his soldiers. It was even stated that a revolt had taken place; and a deserter reported that a brisk firing of musketry, which was heard from within the town, accompanied by cries and disorderly shouting, was caused by the execution of an officer of rank and nearly one hundred men, who had disobeyed orders. Now that the approaches were so near to Sebastopol, the losses of the allies also were extremely heavy. The loss suffered by the French was frightful, amounting to about 150 *hors de combat* every night; and the English had about fifty men killed or disabled every four-and-twenty hours. One of the French trenches obtained the hideous name of the "slaughter-house," and half of all who nightly entered it never returned alive.

These terrible losses were not encountered for nothing. "From the French sap or from the Mamelon," wrote Mr. Russell, "one can now lay his hand on the abattis of the Malakhoff." It is a hazardous experiment sometimes. Major Graham lost his arm in trying it, *en amateur*, the other day, for he was hit as he was returning up the trench; indeed, it is a subject of remark that amateurs and officers just come into the trenches are more frequently hit than is consistent with the rules of proportion. Mr. Gambier, a midshipman of the *Curaçoa*, went as an amateur into the advanced parallel of the left attack, and took a shot at a Russian rifleman; he was rewarded by a volley from several of the enemy, and in another instant was going up on a stretcher with a ball through both his thighs. It is a very common thing to hear it said, 'Poor Smith is killed; just imagine his first night in the trenches.' 'Jones lost a leg last night; only joined up this week, and his second night on duty,' &c. The Russians, of course, must lose in the same way, but I doubt if they have many amateurs. They have quite enough of legitimate fighting, and

their losses are said to be prodigious beyond belief."

Early in September, many deserters or spies came into the allied camps, all bringing much the same tale—that is, that the Russians were about to repeat their late attack, and by an onslaught at four different points at once, and with a force of 90,000 men, attempt to sweep their assailants from the Crimea. These reports were probably disseminated by the Russian authorities to confuse the allies as to their real object; for the bridge to the north side of the harbour had been finished, loaded carts were to be constantly seen passing over, and enormous numbers of working parties were engaged there in throwing up earthworks.

The next attack was not to be made by the Russians, but by their persevering foes. In consequence of the defeat of the Russian army of relief at the Tchernaya, the engineers and artillery officers of the allied armies laid a report before the generals, recommending that a terrible bombardment should be commenced on the 5th of September, and continued for three days, after which an assault on the Malakhoff and Great Redan should take place. Notwithstanding the previous failures of our bombardments, generals Simpson and Pelissier regarded this recommendation with favour, and set to work to put it into execution, resolving also that nothing should be left undone to make it decisive. The approaches of the French had been carried to within five-and-twenty yards of the salient of the Malakhoff and the Little Careening Redan. Unhappily, the English, on account of their limited numbers and the difficulties of the ground, were unable to approach nearer to the Great Redan than 200 yards. The allied generals resolved to direct the terrible bombardment they contemplated upon all the principal points of the enemy's defences, that he might not be able to direct all his reserves towards a particular spot. It was arranged that on the conclusion of the bombardment, that on the left General Salles, with the assistance of a Sardinian brigade, was to attack the town; that in the centre the English were to assault the Great Redan; while, on the right, General Bosquet was to attack the Malakhoff and the Little Careening Redan. As the Great Redan could not be held, if taken, until the Malakhoff had fallen, it was arranged that it should not be attacked by the English

until a signal from General Pelissier informed them that the Malakhoff was in the possession of his troops. General de Salles was to defer his attack until he received a similar signal.

The bombardment, happily the final bombardment, opened at daylight on the 5th of September. The day was a beautiful one, and as the rising sun dispelled the mists of early morning, a gentle breeze from the south-east drifted over the steep and blew into the beleaguered town. Either from want of agreement, or from some unexplained design (but apparently from the former), the allies did not commence the bombardment simultaneously. The French were the first assailants. All was readiness and expectation in their lines; their trenches were crowded with men, and their batteries all manned. The signal given was the explosion of three fougasses, which also served the purpose of blowing in the counterscarp. The explosion threw up in the air three columns of earth and smoke. Before it had subsided a tremendous crash burst from the French lines; and an awful storm of iron tore over the Russian defences, carrying death and ruin with it in every direction. So terrific and tremendously powerful a volley was probably never fired before. The Russians seemed appalled, or to have lost heart, for they replied but slowly and feebly. The French artillery kept up a terrific fire from more than 200 pieces of cannon, of large calibre, with an astonishing energy and rapidity. "In a few moments a great veil of smoke—'a war-cloud rolling dun'—spread from the guns over on the left of Sebastopol; but the roar of the shot did not cease; and the cannonade now pealed forth in great irregular bursts,—now died away into hoarse murmurs,—again swelled up into tumult, or rattled from end to end of the line like the file fire of infantry. Stone walls went down before the guns at once, but the earthworks yawned to receive shot and shell alike."

During this period our artillery and naval brigade were working their guns only as usual. After the French had sustained a furious fire for two hours and a-half, their artillerymen ceased for awhile, to let the guns cool and to rest themselves. Immediately the Russians crept out to repair their damaged works, and shake sand-bags full of earth from the *parquette* over the outside of their parapets. Their respite was

but a brief one; for at ten o'clock the French reopened a fire fully as terrible as the first deadly storm. This was continued until twelve, when the Russians had only a few guns in the Flagstaff-road and Garden batteries in a position to reply. From twelve until five in the afternoon the firing was slack, when it was again renewed with the same fury as in the morning. When darkness set in, the English as well as the French opened a fire from all the mortars and heavy guns, with shell, against the whole line of Russian defences. Words can scarcely convey an idea of the appalling effect. A deafening, roaring, and frightful succession of crashes filled the air; thick clouds of smoke, revealed to the fascinated beholder by sheets of flame, issued from the cannon as from the mouths of hundreds of fiery dragons; while the sky seemed torn and illumined in every direction by the lurid trail of shells, as they screamed like furies through the gloom.

About eight o'clock a large Russian two-decker, lying moored off the dockyard shears, and which had been smoking for some time, suddenly burst into flames, and in less than half-an-hour her whole hull and rigging were one mass of waving fire. It was a grand sight, and one invested with a fearful interest, to witness the conflagration as it brightened and extended in relief against the pitchy darkness of the night, throwing up clouds of smoke, which hung in lurid masses over and around the burning ship, and imparting a strange red glare to all the adjacent buildings and shipping. The delight of the crowd of spectators assembled on Cathcart's-hill was intense. Expressions of congratulation broke from their lips, and many voices uttered words to this effect:—"Well, this is indeed a sight! to see one of those confounded ships touched at last!" For some time the masts stood towering aloft like great pillars of fire, their charred embers falling piecemeal; then, shortly before midnight, the decks fell in: still the side timbers continued to burn; but at last the wreck settled down, and at daybreak no trace of her remained visible above the water.

A steady fire was kept up along the front during the night of the 5th, to prevent the Russians from repairing the damages their works had sustained. With the first gray light of the 6th, the whole of the batteries of the allies reopened with a tremendous crash. The bombardment continued through-

out the whole day, with some intermitting periods. Its strength, as before, was chiefly confined to the French and to our own left, the batteries on the right doing little more than keep up a dropping fire on the Malakhoff and the Little Redan. As on the previous day, the Russian guns were comparatively silent. Again, as the darkness of night came on, every mortar along the whole line was brought into play, and the thunder of their discharges rolled through the air in almost unbroken peals; the sky seemed alive with shells; whilst showers of the still grander and more terrific rockets swept across the darkness like avenging angels. Within four minutes, as many as thirty-one shells were observed to fall within the Malakhoff alone; while a similarly terrible fire was at the same time kept up upon its neighbour the Redan. Two fires were visible behind the Redan, but they were both got under by the exertions of the Russians. During this day, any description of the results of the cannonade was rendered impossible, on account of a high wind from the north, which drifted right into the faces of those who gazed upon the place from the camps of the allies.

The cannonade, which had slackened during the night of the 6th, was resumed at daylight on the 7th with the usual fury. During this day it was observed that only two embrasures of the Malakhoff remained open; the rest had been literally bunged up, and their gabions shattered and knocked about in all directions, into and outside the ditch. The *abattis*, which had proved so formidable an obstacle to our allies on the 18th of June, was swept away in various places, and openings, varying from one to ten yards, were visible throughout the greater part of its length. The embrasures of the Redan had been damaged in a similar manner, but to a much smaller extent. In the town a great number of houses, which had hitherto escaped uninjured, were in ruins; their roofs being knocked in, and side walls shattered. This day (September the 7th, Friday), another Russian two-decker was set on fire. Being near the middle of the harbour, she was almost hidden from view by the crest of the Malakhoff hill. Shortly after the outbreak of the flames, it appeared that she was towed out from the south shore, where she continued to

burn steadily till near an hour before midnight, when the blaze gradually subsided to a smoulder, fanned into brightness by the breeze, and the charred ribs were all that remained visible to the distant observer. Between nine and ten, a shell from one of the English mortar batteries blew up a Russian magazine on the right of the Malakhoff, and the shock of the explosion was so great, that the earth shook to a distance of more than a mile and a-half. During this day there was a council of generals; and, in the afternoon, it was pretty well known throughout the allied camps that the assault would take place on the following morning, and every true soldier's heart beat high with expectation and with hope.

The preparations of the French were actually scientific in their rigorous attention to every matter calculated to lead to victory; nothing appeared to have been forgotten, nothing neglected. Even the watches of all the leading officers had been regulated, that there might not be the smallest error with regard to time. It is a painful reflection that this carefulness of preparation and prescience with respect to probabilities, was not shown by the English general and his associates in arranging the mode of attack. Truly has it been said, that throughout this long and terrible siege, the British soldiers have won additional honour invariably through additional misfortune. The courage of our men has too often redeemed a series of neglects and errors in those who commanded them. Unhappily, this firmness and valour of the soldier failed the nation in the great event we are about to describe. But it will soon be seen that this could scarcely be deemed the fault of the men, but the result of a want of judgment in the commander-in-chief. What class of soldiers should have been led to the assault of the terrible Redan? Even schoolboys, we fancy, would answer—"Seasoned and well-disciplined soldiers; men, not only brave by nature, but long accustomed to meet danger and glare defiance at death." It is well known that some of the greatest generals Europe ever produced have lost their self-possession when they found themselves for the first time in the roar and din of battle.* Was the assault of the Redan committed to hardy

* That eloquent and delightful writer, Macaulay, has the following passage respecting Frederick the Great, which happily illustrates the opinion we have

just expressed:—"Frederick's first battle was fought at Molwitz; and never did the career of a great commander open in a more inauspicious manner.

veterans as an honourable chance of gaining both glory and promotion? The answer that must be returned creates astonishment. It was partly given to raw recruits, who had recently failed in their duty, as a *punishment* for a pusillanimity arising from the barest inexperience. In a recent petty sortie of the Russians, some raw recruits of the 97th, when their officers bravely led them to repulse the enemy, hesitated and then turned, leaving only eight or ten men with the officers, one of whom paid for their desertion with his life, while two others were dangerously wounded. The matter was inquired into; a well-deserved rebuke was administered to the offenders; and the men of the 97th regiment, as a punishment for the recent misconduct of some of them in the trenches, were told-off to *lead* in the assault. We shall speedily see the result of this surprising and most painful error.

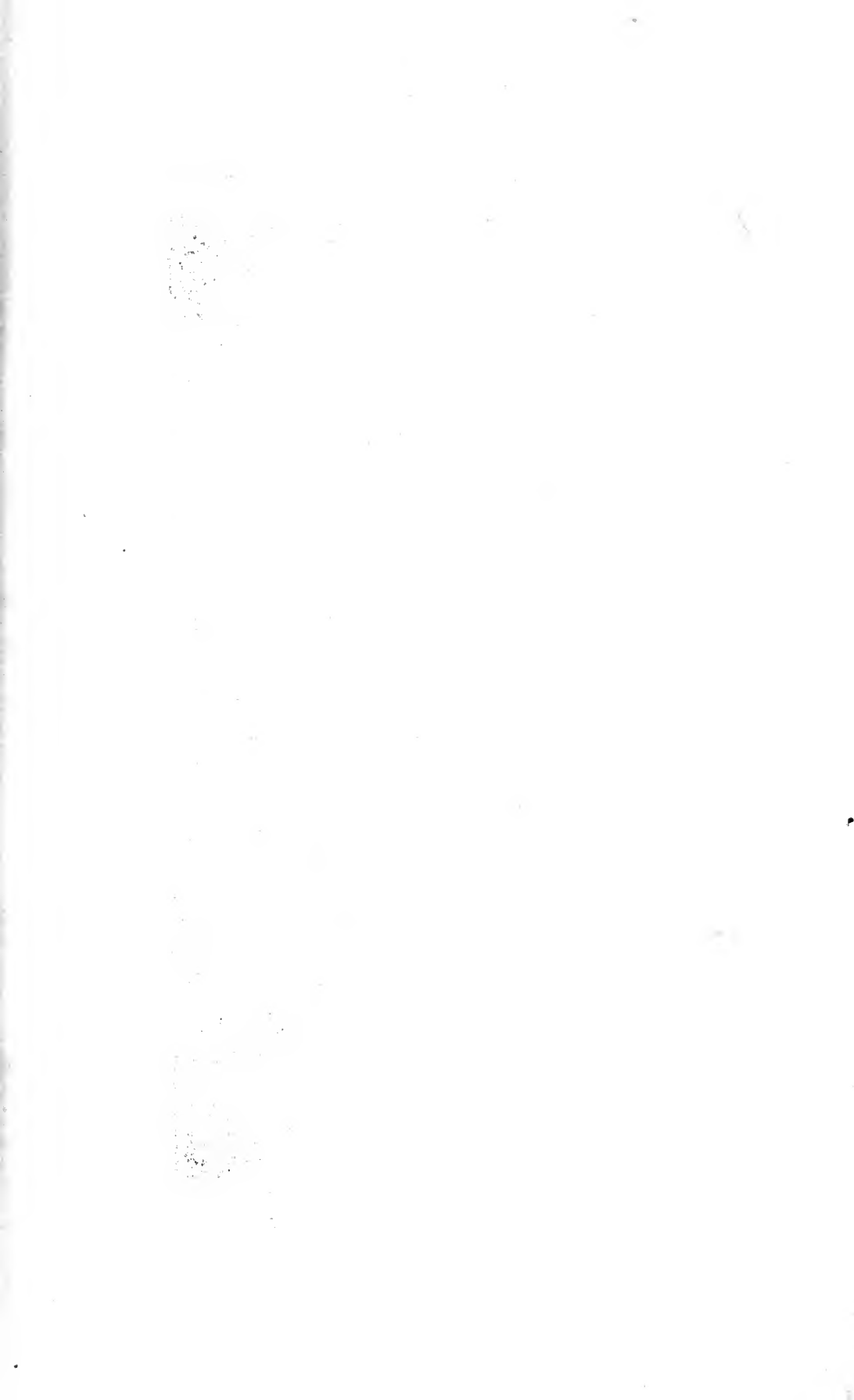
The English plan of attack was also extremely defective. When the orders were promulgated on the 7th, many officers shook their heads doubtfully, and observed, in regretful and deprecating tones, "This looks like another 18th of June." It was generally observed that the attacking columns were not strong enough, that they were too far behind, and that the trenches did not afford room for a sufficient number of men; the trenches of our neighbours had been purposely widened with the object of admitting into them large bodies of men. The light and second divisions were those selected for our share of the operations. The first storming party were paraded and marched down to the trenches at seven o'clock on Friday evening. They consisted of 100 men of the 97th regiment, under Major Welsford, and 100 men of the 2nd battalion of the rifle brigade, under Captain Fyers. The second body of stormers, composed of 200 of the 97th, under Colonel Handcock, and 300 of the 90th, under Captain Grove, followed shortly afterwards. These were followed by working parties of 100 men from each of the two divisions engaged,

succeeded, half-an-hour later, by supports of 750 men from the 19th and 88th regiments, with part of a brigade of the second division; and lastly came the reserves, consisting of the 1st brigade of the light division. The assaulting columns did not, we believe, number more than 3,000 men. This force was under the chief direction of Sir William Codrington; General Markham being second in command. General Simpson himself did not take any direct share in the management of the operations.

The morning of the memorable 8th of September was dull and bitterly cold. The sky had a gray wintry look, the sun was obscured, and a sharp wind, accompanied by clouds of dust, blew from the north side of Sebastopol. It was arranged that the French attack should commence at twelve o'clock in the day, and the cannon of the allies continued to fire vigorously upon the Malakhoff and Redan until within a few minutes of that hour. To be sure, every embrasure but one of the Malakhoff had been blocked up; but it was thought probable that, as before, the guns of that famous tower had been merely drawn in under cover, and were held ready to clear an opening for themselves, and receive an attacking force with grape and canister. The guns of our right, therefore, were, perhaps with more generosity than prudence, directed rather upon the Malakhoff than upon the Redan, which was to be stormed by our own men. The attitude of the British generals, as they viewed the assault, was neither picturesque nor romantic. Sir Harry Jones, who was unable to move hand or foot, on account of a severe attack of rheumatism, was carried on a litter, with a red nightcap on his head, to the parallel, to witness the assault. Sir Richard Airey, the quartermaster-general, had a white pocket-handkerchief tied over his cap and ears to protect him from the biting wind, a circumstance that did not add to his martial and belligerent aspect; while General Simpson, who also was suffering from

His army was victorious. Not only, however, did he not establish his title to the character of an able general, but he was so unfortunate as to make it doubtful whether he possessed the vulgar courage of a soldier. The cavalry, which he commanded in person, was put to flight. Unaccustomed to the tumult and carnage of a field of battle, he lost his self-possession, and listened too readily to those who urged him to save himself. His English gray carried him many miles from the field, while Schwerin, though wounded in two places, manfully upheld the

day. The skill of the old field-marshal and the steadiness of the Prussian battalions prevailed; and the Austrian army was driven from the field, with the loss of 8,000 men. The news was carried late at night to a mill in which the king had taken shelter. It gave him a bitter pang. He was successful; but he owed his success to dispositions which others had made, and to the valour of the men who had fought while he was flying. So unpromising was the first appearance of the greatest warrior of that age."





illness, "sat in the trench, with his nose and eyes just facing the cold and dust, and his cloak drawn up over his head to protect him against both."

Twelve at noon had been fixed as the hour for the assault, for reasons which will be found in the despatch of General Pelissier. During the morning's bombardment the French engineers exploded three mining-chambers on the face of the Malakhoff, with the object of destroying the lower galleries of the Russian miners. At noon the thunder of the cannonade ceased; the hearts of the French beat rapidly, their nostrils dilated, and the glare of expectation shot from their eyes. Thirty thousand brave men awaited the signal of assault with almost breathless impatience. For months they had longed for that trying hour of danger and of glory; had suffered the long weary hours of trench labour, and the still more weary hours of dull, comfortless inaction, in the hope of planting the tricolour on the battered summit of the fortress, whose adamantine walls and masterly defences had so long baffled all the skill of their engineers and the bravery of their troops, and which had proudly set at naught all the efforts of the two greatest nations in the world.

Suddenly the drums and trumpets sounded the charge; the air rang with shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" The French soldiers, headed by the Zouaves, issued rapidly from their trenches, dashed like waves of the sea against the defences of the Malakhoff, and swarmed up the steep embankment till the whole parapet was covered with them. "It was a solemn moment," were the words of the stern and usually impassible Pelissier. It was indeed; for the fortunes of that hour were to give victory to the allies, or proclaim to an already half-believing world that Sebastopol was impregnable, and that the sinister advances of Russian dominion were not likely to be checked by the powers of the West. Happily, the one gun that still fired on the proper right of the work was no snare. The others had all been silenced by the infernal fire hurled against them. This solitary piece received the assailants with a discharge, but before it could be reloaded the French were within the redoubt. The Russians upon the parapet were killed where they stood; and then, said a spectator, "commenced such a fire of musketry as never echoed round the ravines of Sebastopol before. I can compare its unbroken continuity to nothing but

the rattling tattoos of a thousand tenor drums. I have witnessed 70,000 men engaged in a general action; but the infantry fire delivered on that occasion, was but a child's play compared with the ceaseless roll that poured in upon the Malakhoff during Saturday's attack."

The Russians seemed as if taken by surprise, and made but a comparatively feeble resistance. The French dashed into the work; the foe fought retiring, and in a few minutes vacated the place, keeping up a running fire as they retreated. Some difficulty was experienced from a number of Russians who had concealed themselves in something like casemated and crenelated rifle-pits. These men would not surrender, and could not easily be got out. The French, however, soon hit upon an expedient for silencing the fire of these troublesome opponents. Throwing large quantities of powder into the holes, they set fire to it, and thus destroyed the Russians by suffocation. Immediately afterwards the tricolour floated proudly over the Malakhoff; and though the Russians speedily brought up reserves, they also were soon driven back by the irresistible fury of the French, who still continued to pour into the works at all points. Scarcely half-an-hour had elapsed since the first Zouave scaled the parapet, before the Malakhoff was won; though it afterwards required some hard fighting to retain it. From that hour until past seven in the evening, they had to meet and drive back the enemy, who, with despairing fury, again and again pressed forward, to recover the great stake they had lost. The struggle was fiendish, the carnage hideous. Men fought bayonet-to-bayonet, hand-to-hand; dashed out each other's brains with their muskets, and even seized each other with their teeth; while frantic curses and frightful yells of rage or anguish rose at times above the hellish uproar that prevailed. At last the Russian general, weary of the frightful slaughter of his men, sullenly withdrew them, and prepared to execute the movement he had contemplated, in the event of the key of Sebastopol being wrested from his bold and iron grasp.

It was now the turn of the English, and a small white flag waved from the parapet of the Mamelon; and four rockets, which shot up from Chapman's attack, were the signal for our assault on the Redan. Our men left the trenches, preceded by covering and ladder parties, and advanced across the

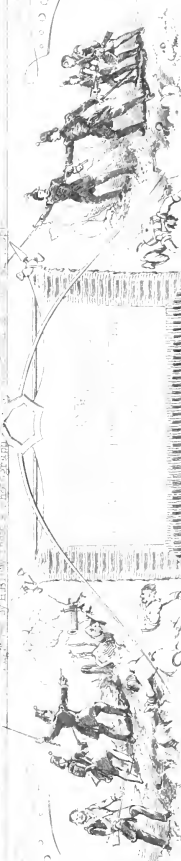
space that separated them from that powerful work. It should be remembered that the English trenches were 200 yards, or about six times the distance from the Redan, than were those of the French from the Malakhoff; a circumstance which had arisen from the French general having a very much larger body of troops to execute his commands.* The ground, also, which the English soldiers had to cross, was an open space under a direct flanking fire from nearly twenty guns. Though to the brave French must be awarded the greatest glory, it must be conceded that their equally brave allies (the English) encountered the greatest danger. In addition to the space to be crossed before reaching the Redan, the guns of that work were not silenced like those of the Malakhoff, but were still in working condition, and ready to receive our men with a galling fire of grape and canister.

Immediately the signal was given, our men bounded from their trenches, and were instantly saluted with a volley of grape from the Russian guns, which struck down nearly a third of them. Colonel Handcock, Captain Hammond, and Major Welsford, all fell dead. Colonel Unett and Captain Grove were dangerously wounded, together with many other officers more or less so. The rifles, under Captain Fyers, kept up a steady fire against the embrasures; but the thick-matted mantlets with which the latter were curtained, in a great measure counteracted it, and the grape continued to fly, thick and fast, over the death-space to be

crossed. The bravery and coolness of Captain Fyers elicited the admiration of both officers and men; but they were displayed almost in vain. The second body of stormers followed rapidly on the heels of the first, and as they approached closer to the Redan the fire of the enemy became less fatal. The *abattis* was crossed without difficulty; for it was torn into pieces by our shot. The ditch, which is here about fifteen feet deep, presented the next obstacle. Many of the ladders were left on the way in the hands of the dead, who had been shot down while carrying them, and the others were found to be too short. Led by their officers, the soldiers leaped into the ditch, and scrambled up the other side, from whence they got up the parapet almost without opposition; for the few Russians in front retreated behind their traverses and breast-works, and opened fire upon their assailants. The number of men in the Redan, at this moment, was but small; and, after a brief but murderous struggle, they were driven precipitately from it. That, at least, is the statement of some persons present at the camp, but it is not confirmed by all the reports. Something of indistinctness pervades this part of the narrative, and must almost of necessity do so; for of course those who, from some secure position, witnessed the attack, could not see what was going on *within* the Redan; that they were compelled to gather as best they could from fragmentary and sometimes contradictory statements. Indeed, the combatants within

* Other causes also had been partially productive of this untoward circumstance. These are thus related and commented on by a correspondent of the *Daily News*:—"You are already aware that the French, by incessant labour, and at great sacrifice of life, had succeeded not merely in constructing several new batteries directed against the Malakhoff and the shipping, but in pushing their sap against the former to the very edge of the ditch, so closely, in fact, that they were able to shovel clay into it. The English, to whom the same task was assigned with regard to the Redan, never made much progress, 'because,' said the engineers, 'if we go on a few yards further, we shall arrive at an angle which will expose us to the enfilading fire of the Flagstaff battery, and we should suffer great loss.' Without offering an opinion upon the matter myself, I can only say that the French, whose engineers are at least fully as good as ours, and many people think vastly better, replied to this by stating that it was true that we should lose a great many men in pushing on, but it was better to lose them thus in sapping than on the day of the assault, seeing that the greater the space of open ground the column would have to traverse in rushing to the attack, the longer it would be exposed to the enemy's fire and the

greater were its chances of coming to the scratch weakened and disheartened. Remonstrances were accordingly frequently made by our allies, which invariably produced the same effect—that is, none whatever. I suppose the contumacy of English officials has never been equalled since the days of Sodom and Gomorrah; the misfortune is, in this instance, that the fire was rained, not upon the guilty 'parties,' but upon their unoffending victims. Another point remarked by the French was, that whilst their trenches were wide and roomy, and capable not merely of containing, but, as the event proved, of masking, an enormous force, one corpulent Irishman more than usual could not be thrust into ours, without his presence being noted by the Russian staff. The state of things, then, when the great bombardment commenced, was this: our sap was 250 yards distant from the Redan, that of the French the breadth of the ditch, and scarce that, from the Malakhoff. We had to traverse in assaulting nearly a quarter of a mile, exposed to showers of every missile known in warfare, and then meet the garrison in full readiness for us: the French had simply to step in and 'lay on.'" These things should be remembered by those who have shown too great a readiness to censure our troops.



the Redan, engaged in a slaughterous struggle, their blood at fever heat, their sight dazzled by the glare of fire and steel, their lives not worth a minute's purchase, and themselves half drunk with the wild excitement of that stormy hour, were little more in a condition to give a clear account of what was passing around them, than were those who gazed on anxiously from without.

While one narrator of the assault affirms that the Russians who were in the Redan when the English entered were driven out, and that the work was won, another states that the Russians from behind the traverses poured a deadly fire upon their assailants, while our men began to return the fire without advancing or crossing behind the traverses—a mode of action which did but little execution, as the enemy were well protected by the breastwork. Whether the Redan was momentarily won or not, it is certain that as the alarm was spread, the Russians soon poured into the work in immense numbers, and opened a terrible fire upon our men, who had either neglected to spike the Russian guns, or, what is more probable, had not time to do so. The English general neglected to send reinforcements, and an unequal and bloody contest was sustained for nearly an hour. A scene of strange confusion followed. "In vain," wrote Mr. Russell, "the officers, by voice and act, by example and daring, tried to urge our soldiers on. They had an impression that the Redan was all mined, and that if they advanced they would all be blown up; but many of them acted as became the men of Alma and Inkermann, and rushing to the front, were swept down by the enemy's fire. The officers fell on all sides, singled out for the enemy by their courage. The men of the different regiments became mingled together in inextricable confusion. The 19th men did not care for the officers of the 88th, nor did the soldiers of the 23rd heed the command of an officer who did not belong to their regiment. The officers could not find their men—the men had lost sight of their own officers. All the brigadiers, save Colonel Windham, were wounded or rendered unfit for the guidance of the attack. That gallant officer did all that man could do to form his men, and to lead them against the enemy. Proceeding from traverse to traverse, he coaxed the men to come out, and succeeded several times in forming a few of them, but they melted away as fast as

he laid hold of them, and either fell in their little ranks, or retired to cover to keep up their fusillade. Many of them crowded to lower parts of the inner parapet, and kept up a smart fire on the enemy, but nothing could induce them to come out into the open space and charge the breastwork. This was all going on at the proper left face of the Redan, while nearly the same scene was being repeated at the salient. Every moment our men were diminishing in numbers, while the Russians came up in swarms from the town, and rushed down from the Malakhoff, which had now been occupied by the French."

Colonel Windham sent several officers to General Codrington, begging for supports, but it seems they were all wounded in the attempt to discharge their perilous errand. After an hour of confusion and slaughter rather than of fighting, a Russian officer stepped over the breastwork and tore down a gabion, thus clearing a space for a cannon to play with grape on the head of the salient, where our men were all crowded together. Colonel Windham resolved to go to General Codrington himself for reinforcements; and he observed to a brother officer, "I must go to the general for supports; let it be known, in case I am killed, why I went away." Crossing the parapet and ditch through a storm of bullets, he succeeded in gaining the fifth parallel in safety. Sir Edward Codrington desired him to take the royals, who were then in the parallel. He did so, with an assurance that if the men kept their formation the Redan would still be taken.

It was too late. The Russians not only swept down our confused regiments with grape, but charged them with the bayonet. A short, desperate, and bloody struggle followed. Taken at every disadvantage, our men met the enemy also with the bayonet, and isolated combats took place, in which our brave fellows who stood their ground had to defend themselves against three or four adversaries at once. Many a brave officer and soldier perished here sooner than retreat; but the solid weight of the advancing mass, swelled each moment from the rear by company after company and battalion after battalion, at length swept the English before them and hurled them down the parapet. In the ditch beneath, the dead, the wounded, and the unhurt were lying in promiscuous heaps together. The Russians at first came out at the embrasures, and fired and hurled stones at the

struggling soldiers in the ditch, but they were soon driven back by the fire of our batteries and riflemen, under cover of which numbers of our men returned to their trenches. The English attack had failed; the troops were withdrawn, and General Simpson did not feel inclined to renew it until the following day. The struggle had lasted about an hour and three-quarters, but the slaughter was as great as at the battle of Inkermann. The loss of the English, in this disastrous affair, was as follows:—29 officers, 36 sergeants, 6 drummers, 314 rank and file, killed; 124 officers, 142 sergeants, 12 drummers, 1,608 rank and file, wounded; 1 officer, 12 sergeants, 168 rank and file, missing: total killed, 385; wounded, 1,886; missing, 176 = 2,447.

The chief error consisted in not attacking with a sufficient force; the consequence of which was, that the assault was confined to the salient only, while it ought to have been made also simultaneously on each flank. In consequence of attacking the salient only, no front could be formed, on account of the small interior space on that point; the men were forced to advance by driblets, and at the same time they were fired on from traverses on either flank, where they could not see their assailants,—an evil which would have been obviated had the attack on the flank and salient been simultaneous. Our readers are probably aware that a redan is a triangular work, of which the salient is the apex, and, consequently, too narrow to admit of the formation of any body of troops; while the fire of the defendants, who occupied the base of the triangle, was necessarily concentrated upon our crowded soldiers at the apex.

We alluded to the circumstance of raw recruits, who had not behaved so well in the trenches as they should have done, being told-off to lead in the assault. Was not the result a sad lecture upon this unwise measure? The inexperience of some of these recruits seems almost incredible. One young fellow who came to the field hospital with a broken arm and a bullet in his shoulder, carried his firelock with him, but confessed that he had never fired it off, as he *was unable to do so!* The piece, upon being examined, was found to be in excellent order. Such poor undisciplined lads, fresh from the plough, ought never, on any occasion, to have been pitted against the well-

drilled soldiers of Russia; but it was something worse than blundering to lead them to the assault of such a formidable work as the Redan. Such generalship recalls to our mind the remark of the Russian officers with respect to the military force of England—that is, that it was an army of lions led by donkeys. Mr. Russell observed—"As one example of the sort of recruits we have received here recently, I may mention that there was a considerable number of men, in draughts, which came out last week (*i.e.*, a week previous to the assault) to regiments in the fourth division, who had only been enlisted a few days, and who had never fired a rifle in their lives! It must not be imagined that such rawness can be corrected and turned into military efficiency out here; for the fact is, that this siege has been about the worst possible school for developing the courage and manly self-reliance of a soldier; neither does it teach him the value of discipline and of united action. When he goes into the trenches, he learns to dodge behind gabions and to take pot shots from behind stones and parapets, and at the same time he has no opportunity of testing the value of his comrades, or of proving himself against the enemy on the open field. The natural result follows."

In the meantime the French, though so brilliantly successful at the Malakhoff, experienced a repulse in their attack on the Central Bastion. On learning from a signal rocket that the Malakhoff was taken, General de Salles shouted "*En avant!*" and the column rushed forward upon the work. Small wooden bridges were thrown over the ditch, and the French darting across, were soon upon the parapet. It had been greatly battered by the shot and shell discharged against it, which had produced in it small caves, heights, and hollows, of all possible dimensions, and in and on these the assailants stood or sat in all possible postures. In vain the officers shouted and commanded the men to push forward. They had had about a hundred yards or more to cross under a storm of fire, and had arrived breathless at the parapet. To find yourself in such a position on the outside of a parapet, behind which some thousands of fellows are waiting for you, and thirsting for your blood, it is no easy matter to make up your mind to dash into it, when you are aware that the first hundred men who go in are almost certain to be fallen upon and

massacred like wolves. During this time the Russians were hurling showers of hand-grenades amongst their foes, and General de Salles, seeing the hesitation of his men, raised himself above the parapet of the French trench, and taking off his *képi*, waved it over his head, and shouted "*Vive l'Empereur!*" Those around him took up the cry, and it was repeated by the men in reserve; the usual enthusiastic ardour of the soldiers on the parapet was rekindled, and yelling out the old war-cry, they sprang across, and disappeared in the interior of the work. For several minutes the wild uproar of desperate and confused fight was heard, and shouts and curses were mingled with the rapid and furious crashing of musketry. The French prevailed, and the Russians were driven out; but, as at the Redan, the latter came up again with their reserves, and immensely outnumbered their assailants. Still the French might have succeeded; but some one, giving way to a sense of fear, shouted out—"We are surrounded!" All was confusion in an instant; the whole force wheeled about, and hurling themselves over the parapet, fled back to their trenches under a shower of grape. General de Salles, on beholding this, became pale with passion, and rushing out, he threw himself in the way of the fugitives, shouting—"Canaille, you are dishonouring France! Stop! stop!" Addressing himself to the officers, he exclaimed—"Gentlemen! do you allow your soldiers to form up like this? Forward!—forward!" Then seizing some of the men, he whirled them round, at the same time pouring out against them some of that vituperation of which the French language is so well capable. One slender, beardless boy, evidently not long in the ranks, unhappily for himself, attracted the general's attention by his desperate efforts to reach some place of shelter. Rushing passionately towards the lad, the general tore one of the cotton epaulettes off his shoulder, and shouted in his ear—"How! you are not a Frenchman!" The reproach stung the poor lad to the quick; all his chivalrous French blood rose to repel it: he ran back in a frenzy of excitement, and constantly repeating the words "*Je ne suis pas Français!*" mounted the parapet, and whirling his musket about his head, soon fell dead into the ditch, riddled with bullets. Owing to the general's exertions the column rallied, and again went forward; but there was no

longer the usual enthusiastic dash of French troops. They fought gallantly for awhile under a fearful storm of shot, and fell in heaps. At last they were withdrawn, and the attack was not renewed.

The French were also unsuccessful in their assault on the Little Redan of Careening Bay, where they were compelled to give way before the enemy's artillery and powerful reserves. Out of the four points on which Sebastopol was assaulted—namely, the Malakhoff, the Great Redan, the Redan of Careening Bay, and the Central Bastion, the allies only succeeded in carrying one; but happily that was the key to the whole; and if the defence of the rest had been continued, it would have rendered their capture a matter of certainty. Those who have commented somewhat severely on the conduct of the British troops, will do well to remember that the French also failed in each attack where the sap had not previously been carried close up to the ditch of the Russian works. But our poor soldiers must not be blamed; they did all that such a mere handful could do in the frightful position in which sheer incapacity and want of foresight had placed them. Had the assaulting body been strong enough, and had reserves been poured in with sufficient rapidity, the flag of England would have floated over the Great Redan on the 8th of September. The assaulting columns of the French, which dashed against the Malakhoff, amounted to about 30,000 men; that of the English, who were dribbled out on the Redan, numbered about 3,000 only! It was said, and we can readily believe it, that the supreme direction of the attack elicited severe comments from both the French and Sardinians. At the same time, as we shall eventually show, our allies did justice to our poor misdirected soldiers. The total loss of the French, during this memorable day, amounted in killed, wounded, and missing, to no less than 7,551. The relative proportions will be found in the despatch of General Pelissier.

General Simpson, in consequence of the crowded state of the trenches, found himself unable to organise another attack upon the Redan at once, but he made arrangements for a second assault on the following morning. This was to be made by the highlanders under Sir Colin Campbell, supported by the third division, under General Eyre. The attack was never destined to take place; for the Russian general, well knowing that the

Malakhoff was the key of the south side of Sebastopol, and that the rest must inevitably fall, put into practice an intention he had for some time conceived, and abandoned to the enemy the famous fortress he had so long defended with such consummate skill and such persevering energy. The English officers would rather have wrested the Redan from the enemy at the point of the bayonet, than have had it thus surrendered: many were anxiously waiting the dawn of Sunday, when they trusted that the fate of our slaughtered soldiers would be avenged, and the tarnish cast upon our military honour wiped away. It was not to be; the slight sully our arms had sustained was to be effaced in other struggles in the coming time.

About eight o'clock on Saturday evening (the 8th of September) the Russians, under cover of the darkness, began to withdraw quietly from the town, which they intended treating as their countrymen had treated Moscow in 1812. To divert attention from the retreat of his troops, General Gortschakoff ordered a fire of musketry to be kept up from his advanced posts. About eleven many explosions took place, though it was not then known that the enemy was blowing up his magazines. Shortly after midnight, the men in our advanced trenches observed that there was an unusual silence within the Redan. Suspicions of the truth were excited, and some of the soldiers volunteered to creep up into it. The only sounds that met their ears were the painful breathing and moans of the wounded who lay there promiscuously amongst the dead. There were no living creatures beside the poor pierced and shattered wretches who lay there so sadly in their dark, mournful, and desolate helplessness. Many a brave fellow breathed out his life there in darkness and alone—a melancholy termination for a life of duty, and perhaps of heroism. Such is the chance of war; and the truly brave accept it without useless repinings. It is enough for them that they perish with a feeling that they have nobly discharged their duty, and that their countrymen will honour and cherish their memories as martyrs to the right—martyrs (in the case of the allies) to the cause of justice, freedom, and the enlightenment and advancement of the foremost nations in the world.

It soon became evident, that not only the Redan, but the town also was evacuated by the Russians. About two o'clock fires

broke out in various part of Sebastopol, and the flames soon spread to all the principal buildings. Then came terrific explosions, which shook the allied camps, and enveloped the doomed city in a burning pall, merging into dense and gigantic clouds of smoke. These were caused by the blowing up of the batteries and magazines. At half-past five in the morning two of the southern forts were hurled into the air, accompanied by the upward rush of a multitude of shells, which exploded in all directions. The lurid glare revealed the fact, that the baffled Russians were passing in dense masses over the bridge of boats which spanned the narrow arm of the sea dividing the south from the north side of Sebastopol. The steady tramp went on, and any attack would have plunged thousands of Russians into the deep, black-looking waters beneath them, there to find a grave, from the gaping jaws of which rescue would have been almost impossible. But the Russian general had acted with a calmness and wisdom worthy of the prolonged and terrible resistance he had made. He had secured his retreat by placing a burning town, from which immense magazines of gunpowder and shells constantly shot roaring into the air, and threatened inevitable destruction to those who might have been reckless enough to enter it, between his retreating army and their enemies. He had held Sebastopol as long as he considered it possible to do so, and then abandoned it sooner than swell the triumph of the allies by a surrender. Some slight efforts were made to break down the bridge with cannon-shot, and to shell the retreating Russians, but without effect. General Gortschakoff, on this eventful night, dispatched the following ominous information to St. Petersburg:—"The garrison of Sebastopol, after sustaining an infernal fire (*feu d'enfer*), repulsed six assaults, but could not drive the enemy from the Korniloff Bastion (the Malakhoff Tower.) Our brave troops, who resisted to the last extremity, are now crossing over to the northern part of Sebastopol. The enemy found nothing in the southern part but blood-stained ruins. The passage of the garrison, from the southern to the northern part, was accomplished with extraordinary success, our loss on that occasion being but one hundred men. We left, I regret to say, nearly 500 men, grievously wounded, on the southern side."

The allied fleets were to have shared in

the glory of the success, and it was the intention of the admirals to attack the forts from the sea. A strong gale from the north nullified this arrangement, by rendering it impossible for the fleet to get under weigh. The mortar vessels, however, were enabled to keep up a constant fire on the forts Alexander, the Quarantine, and the numerous bastions and outworks, besides throwing carcasses into the town—a circumstance to which the sailors attributed several of the fires that occurred.

Before seven in the morning of the 9th, all the Russian battalions had passed over to the north side of the harbour, and the frail raft bridge was disconnected and brought over also. Explosions still rent the air, and added to the diabolical grandeur of that awful scene. The town resembled one vast furnace; and the vast pillars of smoke rolled upward like opaque, substantial things, seeming to support the clouds. The Russian men-of-war in the harbour were all abandoned and sunk during this wild night of warlike horror; one frigate and two small steamers alone remaining. When the sun next rose upon Sebastopol, it shone upon a city of blackened and still-burning ruins; and the spectator might have imagined that the city, in the wretchedness of its desolation, had never been inhabited, or its splendid harbour covered with proud ships of war. From one of the many poems elicited by this great event (most of them ephemeral enough), we quote the following stanza, expressing, though but faintly, something of the grandeur of the event:—

“Now the allied banners float
Above each dreaded moat,
And victory's trumpet-note
Rings past the Mamelon.
Four nations' flags now sweep
The Malakhoff's high steep,
And mirrored in the deep,
Beneath which lie his ships,
Buried in a deep eclipse,
With all his glory gone!”

The French and English generals hastened, by general orders, to congratulate their troops upon the vast triumph that had been obtained. These addresses, which were read with joy by the excited and enthusiastic soldiers, we will here introduce:—

Soldiers!—Sebastopol has fallen! The taking of the Malakhoff decided its fate. With his own hand the enemy has blown up his formidable defences, set fire to the town, the storehouses and military establishments, and sunk the rest of his vessels in

the port. The *boulevard* of Russian power in the Black Sea exists no longer. You owe these results, not alone to your brilliant courage, but to your indomitable energy and perseverance during a long siege of eleven months' duration. Never before did land or marine artillery, engineers, or infantry, have to overcome such obstacles as in this siege; and never did the three services display more valour, more science, or more resolution. The taking of Sebastopol will be your eternal honour. This immense success, while it augments the importance of our position in the Crimea, makes the maintenance of it less onerous. It will now be permissible to send home to their hearths and families such of you as, having served their full time, have yet remained with us from necessity. I thank those soldiers in the emperor's name for the devotedness of which they have never ceased to give proofs, and I will take care that they shall very soon return to their native land. Soldiers! The 8th of September, the day on which the English, Piedmontese, and French flags were unfurled together, will ever be a memorable day. You have invested your eagles with a new and imperishable glory! Soldiers! You have well deserved of France and the emperor.

The General-in-chief,

Head-quarters, A. PELISSIER.
Malakhoff Redoubt, Sept. 9th, 1855.

Head-quarters, September 9th.

The commander of the forces congratulates the army on the result of the attack of yesterday. The brilliant assault and occupation of the Malakhoff by our gallant allies obliged the enemy to abandon the works they have so long held with such bravery and determination. The commander of the forces returns his thanks to the general officers and officers and men of the second and light divisions, who advanced and attacked with such gallantry the works of the Redan. He regrets, from the formidable nature of the flanking defences, that their devotion did not meet with that immediate success which it so well merited. He condoles and deeply sympathises with the many brave officers, non-commissioned officers, and men, who are now suffering from the wounds they received in the course of their noble exertions of yesterday. He deeply deplores the death of the many gallant officers and men who have fallen in the final struggle of this

long and memorable siege. Their loss will be severely felt, and their names long remembered in this army and by the British nation.

General Simpson avails himself of this opportunity to congratulate and convey his warmest thanks to the general officers, officers, and soldiers of the several divisions, to the royal engineers and artillery, for their cheerful endurance of almost unparalleled hardships and sufferings, and for the unflinching courage and determination which on so many trying occasions they have evinced. It is with equal satisfaction that the commander of the forces thanks the officers and men of the naval brigade for the long and uniform course of valuable service rendered by them from the commencement of the siege.

By order,

H. W. BARNARD, Chief of the Staff.

The thoughts of every one were turned towards the blazing and abandoned city, the terrible defences of which had so long baffled the gigantic efforts of the allies. The siege that had dragged on its ponderous and awful course during eleven months was at an end, as far as Sebastopol proper was concerned. It was a natural curiosity that impelled the assailants to desire to behold the theatre of so wondrous a contest, which will ever be pointed to as one of the most remarkable and glorious incidents of modern history. Shall we, with feeble pen, attempt to carry the reader, on the pinions of imagination, through those seathed and blood-bedabbled ruins? No; it is for none but spectators to describe the harrowing scenes that there met the startled gaze. Related by any one else, they would be suspected of exaggeration, and of a painfully gratuitous darkness of colouring. We will, then, resort again to the descriptions given by some of the gentlemen representing the London press at the Crimea. The following is a somewhat compressed account, from the picturesque and vivid pen of Mr. Russell:—

“As soon as it was dawn, the French began to steal from their trenches into the burning town, undismayed by the flames, by the terrors of these explosions, by the fire of a lurking enemy, or by the fire of their own guns, which kept on slowly discharging cannon-shot and grape into the suburbs at regular intervals, possibly with the very object of deterring stragglers from risking

their lives. But red breeches and blue breeches, *képi* and Zouave fez, could soon be distinguished amid the flames, moving from house to house. Before five o'clock there were numbers of men coming back with plunder, such as it was, and Russian relics were offered for sale in camp before the Russian battalions had marched out of the city. The sailors, too, were not behind-hand in looking for ‘loot,’ and Jack could be seen staggering under chairs, tables, and lumbering old pictures, through every street, and making his way back to the trenches with vast accumulations of worthlessness. Several men lost their lives by explosions on this and the following day. As the rush from the camp now became very great, and every one sought to visit the Malakhoff and the Redan, which were filled with dead and dying men, a line of English cavalry was posted across the front from our extreme left to the French right. They were stationed in all the ravines and roads to the town and trenches, with orders to keep back all persons except the generals and staff, and officers and men on duty, and to stop all our men returning with plunder from the town, and to take it from them. As they did not stop the French, or Turks, or Sardinians, this order gave rise to a good deal of grumbling, particularly when a man, after lugging up a heavy chair several miles, or a table, or some such article, was deprived of it by our sentries. The French, in one instance, complained that our dragoons let English soldiers pass with Russian muskets, and would not permit the French to carry off these trophies; but there was not any foundation for the complaint. There was assuredly no jealousy on one side or the other. It so happened that as the remnants of the French regiments, engaged on the left against the Malakhoff and the Little Redan, marched to their tents this morning, our second division was drawn up on the parade-ground in front of their camp, and the French had to pass their lines. The instant the leading regiment of Zouaves came up to the spot where our first regiment was placed, the men with one spontaneous burst rent the air with an English cheer. The French officers drew their swords, their men dressed up and marched past as if at a review, while regiment after regiment of the second division caught up the cry, and at last our men presented arms to their brave comrades of France, the officers on both sides saluted

with their swords, and this continued till the last man had marched by. Mingled with the plunderers from the front were many wounded men. The ambulances never ceased, now moving heavily and slowly with their burdens, again rattling at a trot to the front for a fresh cargo, and the ground between the trenches and the camp was studded with carolets or mule litters. Already the funeral parties had commenced their labours. The Russians all this time were swarming on the north side, and took the liveliest interest in the progress of the explosions and conflagrations. They took up ground in their old camps, and swarmed all over the face of the hills behind the northern forts. Their steamers cast anchor, or were moored close to the shore among the creeks, on the north side, near Fort Catherine. By degrees the generals, French and English, and the staff officers, edged down upon the town, but Fort Paul had not yet gone up, and Fort Nicholas was burning, and our engineers declared the place would be unsafe for forty-eight hours. Moving down, however, on the right flank of our cavalry pickets, a small party of us managed to turn them cleverly, and to get out among the French works between the Mamelon and Malakhoff. The ground is here literally paved with shot and shell, and the surface is deeply honeycombed by the explosions of the bombs at every square yard. The road was crowded with Frenchmen, returning with paltry plunder from Sebastopol, and with files of Russian prisoners, many of them wounded, and all dejected, with the exception of a fine little boy, in a Cossack's cap and a tiny uniform great-coat, who seemed rather pleased with his kind captors. There was also one stout Russian soldier, who had evidently been indulging in the popularly credited sources of Dutch courage, and who danced all the way into the camp with a Zouave and an *indigène*. There were ghastly sights on the way, too—Russians who had died, or were dying as they lay, brought so far towards the hospitals from the fatal Malakhoff. Passing through a maze of trenches, of gabionnades, and of zigzags and parallels, by which the French had worked their sure and deadly way close to the heart of the Russian defence, and treading gently among the heaps of dead, where the ground bears full tokens of the bloody fray, we come at last to the head of the French sap. It is barely ten yards from

that to the base of the huge sloping mound of earth which rises full twenty feet in height above the level, and shows in every direction the grinning muzzles of its guns. The tricolour waves placidly from its highest point, and already the French are busy constructing a semaphore on the top. Step briskly out of the sap—avoid those poor mangled braves who are lying all round, and come on. There is a deep ditch at your feet, some twenty or twenty-two feet deep, and ten feet broad. See, here is the place where the French crossed—here is their bridge of planks, and here they swarmed in upon the unsuspecting defenders of the Malakhoff. They had not ten yards to go. We had 200, and were then out of breath. Were not planks better than scaling ladders? See how easily the French crossed. You observe on your right hand, as you issue from the head of the French trench, a line of gabions on the ground running up to this bridge. That is a flying sap, which the French made the instant they got out of the trench into the Malakhoff, so that they were enabled to pour a continuous stream of men into the works, with comparative safety from the flank fire of the enemy. In the same way they at once dug a trench across the work inside, to see if there were any galvanic wires to fire mines. Mount the parapet and descend—of what amazing thickness are these embrasures! From the level of the ground inside to the top of the parapet cannot be less than eighteen feet. There are eight rows of gabions piled one above the other, and as each row recedes towards the top, it leaves in the ledge below an excellent *banquette* for the defenders. Inside the sight is too terrible to dwell upon. The French are carrying away their own and the Russian wounded, and there are four distinct piles of dead formed to clear the way. The ground is marked by pools of blood, and the smell is already noisome; swarms of flies settle on dead and dying; broken muskets, torn clothes, caps, shakos, swords, bayonets, bags of bread, canteens, and havresacks are lying in indescribable wreck all over the place, mingled with heaps of shot, of grape, bits of shell, cartridges, case and canister, loose powder, official papers, and cooking tins. The traverses are so high and deep, that it is impossible almost to get a view of the whole of the Malakhoff from any one spot; and there is a high mound of earth in the middle of the

work, either intended as a kind of shell proof, or the remains of the old White Tower. The guns, which to the number of sixty were found in the work, are all ships' guns, and mounted on ships' carriages, and worked in the same way as ships' guns. There are a few old-fashioned, oddly-shaped mortars. Look around the work, and you will see that the strength of the Russian was his weakness—he fell into his own bomb-proofs. In the parapet of the work may be observed several entrances—very narrow outside, but descending and enlarging downwards, and opening into rooms some four or five feet high, and eight or ten square. These are only lighted from the outside by day, and must have been pitch dark at night, unless the men were allowed lanterns. Here the garrison retired when exposed to a heavy bombardment. The odour of these narrow chambers is villanous, and the air reeks with blood and abominations unutterable. There are several of these places, and they might bid defiance to the heaviest mortars in the world: over the roof is a layer of *ships' masts*, cut into junks and deposited carefully; then there is over them a solid layer of earth, and above that a layer of gabions, and above that a pile of earth again. In one of these dungeons, which is excavated in the solid rock, and was probably underneath the old White Tower, the officer commanding seems to have lived. It must have been a dreary residence. The floor and the entrance were littered a foot deep with reports, returns, and perhaps despatches assuring the czar that the place had sustained no damage. The garrison were in these narrow chambers enjoying their siesta, which they invariably take at twelve o'clock, when the French burst in on them like a torrent, and, as it were, drowned them in their holes. The Malakhoff is a closed work; it is only open at the rear to the town, and the French, having once got in, threw open a passage to their own rear, and closed up the front and the lateral communications with the curtains leading to the Great Redan and to the Little Redan. Thus they were enabled to pour in their supports, in order and without loss, in a continued stream, and to resist the efforts of the Russians, which were desperate and repeated, to retake the place. They brought up their field guns at once, and swept the Russian reserves and supports, while Strange's battery from the Quarries carried

death through their ranks in every quarter of the Karabelnaia. With the Malakhoff the enemy lost Sebastopol. The ditch outside towards the north was yet full of French and Russians piled over each other in horrid confusion. On the right, towards the Little Redan, the ground was literally strewn with bodies as thick as they could lie, and in the ditch they were piled over each other. Here the French, victorious in the Malakhoff, met with a heavy loss and a series of severe repulses. The Russians lay inside the work in heaps like carcasses in a butcher's cart, and the wounds, the blood—the sight, exceeded all I had hitherto witnessed. Descending from the Malakhoff we come upon a suburb of ruined houses open to the sea; it is filled with dead. The Russians have crept away into holes and corners in every house, to die like poisoned rats; artillery horses with their entrails torn open by shot, are stretched all over the space at the back of the Malakhoff, marking the place where the Russians moved up their last column to retake it under the cover of a heavy field battery. Every house, the church, some public buildings, sentry-boxes, all alike are broken and riddled by cannon and mortar. Turning to the left we proceed by a very tall snow-white wall of great length to the dockyard gateway. This wall is pierced and broken through and through with cannon. Inside are the docks, which, naval men say, are unequalled in the world. The steamer is blazing merrily in one of them. Gates and store sides are splintered and pierced by shot. There are the stately dockyard buildings on the right, which used to look so clean and white and spruce. Parts of them are knocked to atoms, and hang together in such shreds and patches that it is only wonderful they cohere. The soft white stone of which they and the walls are made is readily knocked to pieces by a cannon-shot. Fort Paul is untouched. There it stands, as if frowning defiance at its impending fate, right before us, and warning voices bid all people to retire, and even the most benevolent retreat from the hospital, which is in one of these buildings, where they are tending the miserable wounded. I visited it next day.

"Of all the pictures of the horrors of war which have ever been presented to the world, the hospital of Sebastopol presents the most horrible, heartrending, and revolting. It cannot be described, and the im-

agination of a Fuseli could not conceive anything at all like unto it. How the poor human body can be mutilated and yet hold its soul within, when every limb is shattered, and every vein and artery is pouring out the life-stream, one might study here at every step, and at the same time wonder how little will kill! The building used as an hospital is one of the noble piles inside the dockyard wall, and is situate in the centre of the row at right angles to the line of the Redan. The whole row was peculiarly exposed to the action of shot and shell bounding over the Redan, and to the missiles directed at the Barrack battery; and it bears in sides, roof, windows, and doors, frequent and distinctive proofs of the severity of the cannonade. Entering one of these doors I beheld such a sight as few men, thank God, have ever witnessed! In a long low room, supported by square pillars, arched at the top, and dimly lighted through shattered and unglazed window-frames, lay the wounded Russians, who had been abandoned to our mercies by their general. The wounded, did I say? No; but the dead, the rotten and festering corpses of the soldiers, who were left to die in their extreme agony, untended, uncared for, packed as close as they could be stowed, some on the floor, others on wretched trestles and bedsteads, or pallets of straw, sopped and saturated with blood, which oozed and trickled through upon the floor, mingled with the droppings of corruption. With the roar of exploding fortresses in their ears, with shells and shot pouring through the roof and sides of the rooms in which they lay, with the crackling and hissing of fire around them, these poor fellows, who had served their loving friend and master the czar but too well, were consigned to their terrible fate. Many might have been saved by ordinary care. Many lay, yet alive, with maggots crawling about in their wounds. Many, nearly mad by the scene around them, or seeking escape from it in their extremest agony, had rolled away under the beds, and glared out on the heartstricken spectator, oh! with such looks! Many with legs and arms broken and twisted, the jagged splinters sticking through the raw flesh, implored aid, water, food, or pity; or, deprived of speech by the approach of death, or by dreadful injuries in the head or trunk, pointed to the lethal spot. Many seemed bent alone on making their peace with heaven. The attitudes of some were so hideously

fantastic as to appal and root one to the ground by a sort of dreadful fascination. Could that bloody mass of clothing and white bones ever have been a human being, or that burnt black mass of flesh have ever had a human soul? It was fearful to think what the answer must be. The bodies of numbers of men were swollen and bloated to an incredible degree, and the features distended to a gigantic size, with eyes protruding from the sockets, and the blackened tongue lolling out of the mouth, compressed tightly by the teeth, which had set upon it in the death-rattle, made one shudder and reel round. In the midst of one of these 'chambers of horrors'—for there were many of them—were found some dead and some living English soldiers, and among them poor Captain Vaughan, of the 90th, who has since succumbed to his wounds. I confess it was impossible for me to stand the sight, which horrified our most experienced surgeons; the deadly, clammy stench, the smell of gangrened wounds, of corrupted blood, of rotting flesh, were intolerable and odious beyond endurance. But what must have the wounded felt who were obliged to endure all this, and who passed away without a hand to give them a cup of water, or a voice to say one kindly word to them? Most of these men were wounded on Saturday—many perhaps on the Friday before; indeed, it is impossible to say how long they might have been there. In the hurry of their retreat the Muscovites seem to have carried in dead men to get them out of the way, and to have put them upon pallets in horrid mockery. So that their retreat was secured, the enemy cared but little for their wounded. On Monday only did they receive those whom we sent out to them during a brief armistice for the purpose, which was, I believe, sought by ourselves, as our overcrowded hospitals could not contain, and our overworked surgeons could not attend to any more.

"The Great Redan was next visited. Such a scene of wreck and ruin!—all the houses behind it a mass of broken stones—a clock turret, with a shot right through the clock—a pagoda in ruins—another clock tower with all the clock destroyed save the dial, with the words 'Barwise, London,' thereon—cookhouses, where human blood was running among the utensils; in one place a shell had lodged in the boiler, and blown it and its contents, and probably its attendants, to pieces. Everywhere wreck

and destruction. This evidently was a *beau quartier* once. The oldest inhabitant could not recognise it now. Climbing up to the Redan, which was fearfully cumbered with the dead, we witnessed the scene of the desperate attack and defence, which cost both sides so much blood. The ditch outside made one sick—it was piled up with English dead, some of them scorched and blackened by the explosion, and others lacerated beyond recognition. The quantity of broken gabions and gun carriages here was extraordinary; the ground was covered with them. The bomb-proofs were the same as in the Malakhoff, and in one of them a music-book was found, with a woman's name in it, and a canary bird and vase of flowers were outside the entrance."

The following is an extract from an account by the correspondent of the *Daily News* :—

"By early daylight, as soon as it was evident that the enemy had indeed cleared out of the town, the French crowded in, like crows to a carrion, to gorge their plundering appetites with what spoil had been left behind. As on the whole of the previous day during the progress of the attack, double lines of cavalry sentries were posted along the whole front of our camp; and through this impassable barrier no one not on duty, or not belonging to the omnipotent staff, was allowed to go. About noon, however, armed with a pass, courteously given me by General Simpson, I crossed the line, and proceeded down to the scene of the preceding day's carnage. By the time I reached the fatal opening in front of our fifth parallel, however, the dead had been gathered off the ground—the officers having been taken to the camp, and the men thrown into the deep and broad ditch of the Redan. And there was a sight harrowing enough to affect nerves of iron and a heart of stone: piled up, row upon row, lay the bodies of the brave fellows whose blood had gained our triumph, nearly filling the huge dike—a ghastly and mangled multitude. Those who had died within the Redan had also been gathered into the ditch; so that I looked upon nearly all the British who had fallen in this last scene of an eleven months' tragedy. The first fact which struck an observer was, that nearly all who lay there were *old soldiers*, men who had borne the heat and burthen of the day—hardly a beardless face was to be seen; the second, the calmness which appeared on almost every

countenance, even where the death-wounds had been the most severe. Some, whose death must have been instantaneous, lay with unclosed eyes 'gazing on the sky,' and but for the glazed pupils and ghastly countenance, might have been supposed basking for pleasure in the sun; whilst others again were stretched out in all the seeming composure of a calm sleep. Amongst them lay a few Russians, hideous in their rags and dirt, but displaying likewise but few of the harrowing traces of acute or prolonged death-throes. As I passed over this bridge of corpses into the interior of the Redan, a fatigue party was already beginning to shovel in the parapet upon the bodies, many of whom thus found a grave on the spot where they fell. The enemy had carried off nearly all their dead and wounded, which accounted for the fewness of the former found inside the redoubt. Terrible were the traces of our fire which here met the eye: to say nothing of dismounted guns, shattered platforms, and broken carriages, nearly every square yard of the place was torn up by round shot and exploded shell. How any human beings could have existed in such a pandemonium of explosive horrors it puzzled every one who looked on the spot to conceive. The place had formerly been a vineyard, and was consequently honeycombed originally; but these small hollows had been knocked into every possible shape, and scarcely a foot of space was left which had not been ploughed up by the fire of our own and the French guns. I pass on to the portion of the town at the base of the slope which it crowns; and here, for the first time, I got a glimpse of the utterly unknown extent of the injury which had been done to the town itself by our fire. As viewed even with the aid of a good glass from our most advanced parallel, not a tithe of the mischief was visible, except amongst the houses opposite the French left attack. But even here, in a portion of the place which everybody supposed to be comparatively uninjured, nothing but ruins met the eye. Shot and shell had smashed in roofs, penetrated and knocked down walls; and, in fact, left nearly every building one came to crumbling and shapeless masses of battered masonry. My exploration in this direction, however, was soon brought to a dead halt, for as I was crossing what had been a small vineyard behind one of the main buildings which led down

to the Admiralty and Fort Nicholas, a rascally French sentry ordered me to stop, and before I had time to ask why, the scoundrel deliberately levelled his piece and fired, sending a bullet within a few inches of my head. As there was no replying to such arguments as this, I thought it best to prosecute my researches elsewhere, and so turned away to explore the main body of the town on the opposite side of the Admiralty Creek. But at every step I found Frenchmen poking into every nook and cranny, overhauling everything and appropriating whatever appeared worth carrying away. A few of our own men had managed to dodge the sentries, and were similarly employed; but, besides being numerically only as one to a hundred of the Gauls, they went about the business with a clumsiness and evident inexperience which contrasted strikingly with the practised tact and professional ability of the red-breeched *enfants* around. In descending the slope which leads down to the head of the creek, I came in sight of piles of new cannon and shot, ranged as one may see them along the river front of Woolwich arsenal—on both sides of the creek. Certainly this was a contradiction of the generally believed reports of the enemy's shortness of guns and ammunition: and similar evidence met my eye at every battery I passed—shot, shell, grape, canister, powder, and musket cartridges seemed everywhere abundant. On gaining the summit of the opposite slope, on and beyond which the main body of the town is situated, French, nothing but French, were to be met with, the majority of them drunk, and all laden with every conceivable kind of plunder. Chairs, tables, looking-glasses, church ornaments, poultry, kegs of brandy, mattresses, bedclothes, cooking utensils—every domestic movable, in fact, that ever figured in a catalogue at the city auction-mart, was being carried or dragged along by our light-fingered allies, whilst only at long intervals was an Englishman to be seen with a single article, and in three instances I found Frenchmen disputing their right even to these. More than one lament on our failure before the Redan was also uttered, and in one case in which reproach was thrown into the teeth of a brawny Irish grenadier by a diminutive chasseur, with more impudence than discretion, I take to myself the credit of having saved a subject of the emperor from summary annihilation. Pat had laid hands on a bundle of crockery-

ware, and was proceeding comfortably along under the influence of a double allowance of rum, when the Frenchman, still worse off for liquor, came reeling by with a looking-glass under one arm and a couple of ducks under the other. 'Ha! Redan no, Malakhoff yes; Ingelese no bono!' spirted out the son of France, tapping the Irishman with impudent familiarity on the elbow. The 'whirroo' that followed was worthy of Donnybrook, and in an instant, dashing his crockery to the ground, Paddy grasped the Frenchman by the most capacious portion of his pantaloons, sent the looking-glass to shivers, and would have made work for the doctor out of its owner if I had not at that moment come up to the rescue. Seeing Frenchmen hurrying to the scene of this tragi-comedy from all points, I deemed it best, for my countryman's own sake, to prevent his administering a chastisement which, however amply deserved, might have endangered the safety of its bestower, and so liberated the frightened impudent, and endeavoured to calm down the wrath of the infuriated Kerryman. This, however, was no easy task; but by endorsing his declaration of being able to beat ten Frenchmen any day, I finally reduced the storm, and sent him on his way to the outskirts of the town."

Although it is mentally painful to reflect on the fact, that our unsupported troops were repulsed in their assault upon the Redan, it is some considerable consolation to know that they escaped a terrible fate which probably awaited them in the event of success. The work, as was suspected, proved to be deeply mined. When a few highlanders volunteered to enter the Redan and found it abandoned, they very prudently returned again to their own camp. It was fortunate for them that they did so; for scarcely had they retired than a mine was sprung and a tremendous explosion followed. It is supposed that the watchful enemy had very probably perceived their entrance, and then fired the mine by means of electric wires. Much about the same time a mine was sprung in the Little Redan, which produced a frightful havoc amongst our allies. Numbers were hurled into the air, and others severely scorched and otherwise injured. A similar catastrophe might have occurred at the Malakhoff, but for the attention of the French engineers. They set on foot an examination for mines and galleries, and in the course of it came across

a large pipe charged with gunpowder. This they cut asunder, and subsequently discovered it to be a channel of communication between the mine in the Little Redan and one in the Malakhoff. Had not the continuity of this tube been destroyed, an explosion would have taken place in the Malakhoff almost simultaneously with that in the Little Redan, and great numbers must inevitably have perished.

Explosions occurred from time to time during the Sunday (September 9th), and the conflagration still continued with much power. From the camp the noise of the fire could not be heard, and after the many months of constant roaring of artillery, the silence became oppressive and almost painful. The dreadful trench work was past, and the horrors that had been endured in them formed the chief topic of conversation among the men. The idea that these harassing labours were at an end, seemed to take away all dread of the coming winter. Men were warned, by general orders, against wandering about the burning town—a recklessness which caused many officers and men to be injured by explosions. Soon after midnight of the 10th a violent storm swept over the devoted city, and stirred the fires into fury; it was followed by a deluge of rain, accompanied by vivid flashes of lightning, and such gusts of wind as made the buildings rock to their foundations. So heavy was the rain that it pretty well extinguished the numerous fires.

Some of the Russian steamers still remained in the harbour, and had taken refuge on the opposite side of the roadstead. They lay to the eastward of Fort Catherine, where the deep creeks in the high cliffs sheltered them, to some extent, against the fire of the French. To effect their destruction, a battery for two 95 cwt. guns was erected on the right of St. Paul's battery. The Russians, anticipating these efforts, and perfectly aware that they could not resist them, set fire to the vessels during the night, and in the morning but one remained, the rest were all charred and blackened skeleton wrecks. That vessel the Russians had the courage to put off in a boat and scuttle: they did their work in about ten minutes; and soon after they left her and rowed back, she seemed to stagger, then dipped, and finally went down. Truly enough was it observed that Sinope was avenged; of the Russian fleet engaged on that atrocious expedition scarce a trace

remained. "The bottom of the splendid harbour," said Sir Edmund Lyons, "is now encumbered with more than fifty sunken vessels, including eighteen sail of the line and several frigates and steamers; the menacing attitude of which, but a short time ago, materially contributed to bring on the war in which we are engaged."

"Low down the billows under
Lies now his vaunted thunder,
Every plank is split asunder—
Honour our heroes brave!
No more his cannons frown
Above his boasted town;
Bastion and fort are down;
And his proud array of ships,
And his guns with fiery lips,
Lie cooling 'neath the wave."

Still the Russian spirit was unbroken; the national obstinacy remained unsubdued. It was evident that the northern despotism would not yield until it was smitten home to the heart, and felt its very existence to be endangered. Two days after the fall of Sebastopol a brief armistice was granted to the Russians, to enable them to remove their wounded to the north side of the harbour. During this melancholy work, an English officer, addressing a Russian one, exclaimed—"Well, I hope now we may look forward to a cessation of hostilities between us!" The Muscovite pointed gloomily to the burning city, and responded, "With that before us, peace is further off than ever." Such, it is believed, was the general spirit of his countrymen. Evidently the hour of peace was not yet, and other blows were to be struck before the rugged strength of semi-barbarism was terrified into a conviction that its domination in Europe was an impossibility, and that the genius of civilisation had placed a boundary to its aggressive progress, which it *must* respect.

We close this chapter with the despatches of the commanders who conducted at this memorable and glorious incident of the war. We give the place of honour in this matter to our brave allies, and first insert copies of the two despatches of General Pelissier. The generous tone towards the English which pervades them, will be understood and appreciated in this country.

Head-quarters at Sebastopol, Sept. 11th.

M. le Maréchal,—I shall have the honour to send you by the next courier a detailed report on the attack which has placed Sebastopol in our power. To-day I can only give you a rapid sketch of the principal achievement of this great event of the war. Since

the 16th of August, the day of the battle of the Tchernaya, and notwithstanding repeated warnings of a new and more formidable attack by the enemy against the positions which we occupy on this river, every preparation was made to deliver a decisive assault against Sebastopol itself. The artillery of the right attack commenced on the 17th of August a well-sustained fire against the Malakhoff, the Little Redan, the neighbouring defences, and the roads, in order to permit our engineers to establish defences close to the place, from which the troops might be able instantly to throw themselves upon the *enceinte*. Our engineers besides prepared materials for escalade, and on the 5th of September all our batteries of the left opened a very violent fire against the town. The English on their side kept up a hot cannonade against the Great Redan and its redoubt, which they were to attack.

All being ready, I resolved, in concert with General Simpson, to give the assault on the 8th of September, at the hour of noon. General M'Mahon's division was to carry the works of the Malakhoff; General Dulac's division was to attack the Little Redan; and in the centre the division of General La Motterouge was to march against the curtain connecting these two extreme points. Besides these troops, I had given to General Bosquet General Mellinet's division of the guards, to support the first three divisions. Thus far for the right. In the centre the English were to attack the Great Redan, escalading it at its salient. On the left the 1st corps, to which General de la Marmora had wished to join a Sardinian brigade, having at its head General Levaillant's division, was to penetrate into the interior of the town by the Central Bastion, and afterwards turn the Flagstaff Bastion in order to establish a lodgment there likewise. General de Salles had instructions not to pursue his attack further than circumstances might render it advisable.

Further, the fleets of admirals Lyons and Bruat were to operate a powerful diversion by firing against the Quarantine, the Roadstead, and the sea front of the fortress; but the state of the sea, agitated by a violent north-west wind, was such that neither the line-of-battle ships nor the frigates were able to quit their anchorage. The English and French mortar boats, however, were able to go into action. Their fire was of

remarkable excellence, and they rendered us great assistance. At noon exactly the divisions of generals M'Mahon, La Motterouge, and Dulac, electrified by their chiefs, sprang to the Malakhoff, the Curtain, and the Little Redan of the Careenage. After unexampled difficulties, and a most exciting foot-to-foot combat, General M'Mahon's division succeeded in effecting a lodgment in the anterior part of the Malakhoff. The enemy showered down a storm of projectiles of all kinds upon our brave troops. The Redan of the Careenage, especially battered by the *maison en croix* and the steamers, it was necessary to evacuate after its occupation: but the division of General La Motterouge made its ground good on one part of the Curtain, and that of General M'Mahon gained ground in the Malakhoff, where General Bosquet sent continually the reserves which I sent forward to him. The other attacks were subordinated to that of the Malakhoff, that being the capital point of the defences of the whole place.

Standing in the Brancion redoubt (on the Mamelon), I considered the Malakhoff was safely in our power, and I gave the signal which had been agreed upon with General Simpson. The English immediately advanced bravely against the salient of the Great Redan. They were able to effect a lodgment in it, and struggled a considerable time to maintain their position, but, crushed by the Russian reserves, which advanced incessantly, and by a violent fire of artillery, they were forced to return into their parallel.

At the same moment General de Salles had directed an attack against the Central Bastion. The Levaillant division had begun to establish itself in it, as well as in the right lunette; a tremendous fire of grape was succeeded by the arrival of Russian reinforcements so considerable in number, that our troops, already decimated by the fire of the enemy, and whose chiefs had been disabled, were compelled to fall back on the place whence they had sallied. Convinced that the taking of the Malakhoff would be decisive of success, I prevented the renewal of any attacks on other points, which, by compelling the hostile army to remain on all its points, had already attained their main object. I then directed my sole attention to the retaining possession of the Malakhoff, which General M'Mahon had been previously enabled completely to

obtain. Besides, a great and critical moment was impending. General Bosquet had just been struck by the bursting of a shell, and his command I gave to General Dulac. A powder magazine near the Malakhoff exploded at this moment, from which contingency I anticipated the most serious results. The Russians, hoping to profit by this accident, immediately advanced in dense masses, and, disposed in three columns, simultaneously attacked the centre, the left, and the right of the Malakhoff. But measures of defence had already been taken in the interior of the fortress; for which purpose General M'Mahon opposed to the enemy bodies of undaunted troops, whom nothing could intimidate; and after the most desperate efforts, the Russians were compelled to make a precipitate retreat. From that moment the discomfited enemy appears to have renounced all idea of further attack. The Malakhoff was ours, and no effort of the enemy could wrest it from us. It was half-past four o'clock. Measures were immediately taken for enabling us to repulse the enemy, in case he should attempt against us a nocturnal attack. But we were soon released from our uncertainty. As soon as it became night, fires burst forth on every side, mines exploded, magazines of gunpowder exploded in the air. The sight of Sebastopol in flames, which the whole army contemplated, was one of the most awe-inspiring and sinister pictures that the history of wars can have presented. The enemy was making a complete evacuation; it was effected during the night by means of a bridge constructed between the two shores of the roadstead, and under cover of the successive explosions that prevented me from approaching and harassing him. On the morning of the 9th the whole southern side of the town was freed, and in our power.

I have no need of enhancing in the eyes of your excellency the importance of so great a success. Neither will it be necessary for me to speak of this brave army, whose warlike virtues and devotion are so thoroughly appreciated by our emperor; and I shall have, great as the number is, to name to you those who have distinguished themselves among so many valiant soldiers. I cannot yet do so, but I shall fulfil this duty in one of my next despatches.

Deign to accept, Monsieur le Maréchal, the expression of my respectful devotion.—
The general-in-chief,

PELISSIER.

Head-quarters, Sebastopol, Sept. 14th.
Monsieur le Maréchal,—I have the honour to address to your excellency, as I promised in my despatch of the 11th, my report on the capture of Sebastopol by assault. The moment for that assault seemed to have arrived. On the left our engineers had some time before carried their works within from thirty to forty yards of the Mast Bastion (No. 4 of the Russians), and the Central (No. 5 of the Russians.) On the right our approaches, pushed forward very actively under the protection of the sustained artillery fire which had been opened since the 17th, were but twenty-five yards distant from the salient of the Malakhoff and the Little Careenage Redan. The artillery had finished nearly one hundred batteries, in a perfect state, completely provided, and having in all 350 cannon in our left attacks, and 250 in our right. The English on their side, although stopped by the difficulties of the ground, had arrived at about 200 yards from the Great Redan (bastion No. 3 of the Russians), which they were to attack, and had about 200 guns in their batteries. The Russians, making use of the time, raised on the Malakhoff side a second *enceinte*, which it was important not to allow them to finish. Finally, the army of relief had just been completely defeated on the 16th, on the Tchernaya. It had experienced considerable losses, and it was not probable that it would return to relieve the place and attack our positions, which we had rendered stronger, and in which we were prepared to repulse all the efforts of the enemy.

It was agreed between General Simpson and myself that we should make a decisive attack. The generals commanding the artillery and the engineers of both armies were unanimously of the same opinion. The 8th of September was the day fixed for the attack. As I have already had the honour to point out to your excellency, the enemy was to be assailed on all the principal points of his vast *enceinte*, so as to prevent him from directing all his reserves against one single attack; and to make him uneasy respecting the town, from which the bridge led by which he was to retreat. On the left, General de Salles, with the first corps, reinforced by a Sardinian brigade, the assistance of which had been offered to me by General de la Marmora, was to attack the town. In the centre the English were to seize the Great Redan; and lastly,

on our right, General Bosquet was to attack the Malakhoff and the Little Carenage Redan (bastion No. 2 of the Russians), salient points of the *enceinte* of Karabelnaia. The following arrangements had been made for each of these attacks. On the left, Levallant's division (second of the 1st corps, Coustou's brigade—9th battalion of the *chasseurs-à-pied*, Commandant Rogie; 21st of the line, Lieutenant-colonel Villeret; 42nd of the line, Lieutenant-colonel de Mallet: Trochu's brigade; 46th of the line, Lieutenant-colonel Le Banneur; 80th of the line, Colonel Laterrade), charged with the duty of attacking the Central Bastion and its lunettes, was placed in the most advanced parallels. On its right was D'Autemarre's division (Niel's brigade—5th battalion of *chasseurs-à-pied*, Commandant Garnier; 19th of the line, Colonel Guignard; 26th of the line, Colonel de Sorbiers: Breton's brigade—39th of the line, Colonel Comignan; 74th of the line, Colonel Guyot de Lespart), which was to penetrate in the track of Levallant's division and seize the gorge of the Mast Bastion, and the batteries that had been raised there. The Sardinian brigade of General Cialdini, stationed at the side of D'Autemarre's division, was to attack the right flank of the same bastion. Finally, Bouat's division (fourth of the 1st corps, General Lefevre—10th *chasseurs-à-pied*, Commandant Guimard; 18th of the line, Colonel Dantin; 79th of the line, Colonel Grenier; 2nd brigade, General de la Roquette—14th of the line, Colonel de Négrier; 43rd of the line, Colonel Broutta), and Paté's division (third of the 1st corps, Beuret's brigade—6th battalion of *chasseurs-à-pied*, Commandant Fermier de la Prévotais; 28th of the line, Colonel Lartigues; 98th of the line, Colonel Conseil-Dumesnil: Bazaine's brigade—1st regiment of the foreign legion, Lieutenant-colonel Martenot de Cordoue; 2nd regiment of the foreign legion, Colonel de Chabrieres), formed the reserve of Levallant's division. Besides these, and in order to be prepared on this side for any eventualities that might arise, I had ordered the 30th and 35th regiments of the line from Kamiesch, and placed them under the orders of General de Salles, who posted them on the extreme left, thus strongly securing the possession of our lines on this side.

In front of Karabelnaia, as I have already said, our attack was to be made in three

directions—on the left, on the Malakhoff and its redoubt; on the right, on the Little Carenage Redan; and in the centre, on the curtain that unites these two works. The Malakhoff system of works was evidently the most important point of the *enceinte*. Its capture would necessarily entail the successive ruin of the defences of the place; and I had added to the troops already at the disposal of General Bosquet all the infantry of the imperial guard. The left attack on the Malakhoff was confided to General de M'Mahon (first division of the 2nd corps), 1st brigade, Colonel Decaen; 1st Zouaves, Colonel Colinau; and 7th of the line, Colonel Decaen: 2nd brigade, General Vinoy—1st battalion of *chasseurs-à-pied*, Commandant Gambier; 20th of the line, Colonel Orianne; 27th of the line, Colonel Adam, who had in reserve Wimpfen's brigade (3rd Zouaves, Colonel Polhès; 50th of the line, Lieutenant-colonel Nicolas; and the Tirailleurs Algériens, Colonel Rose), detached from Camou's division; and the two battalions of the Zouaves of the guard (Colonel Jannin.) The attack of the right on the Redan was confided to General Dulac (Saint-Pol's brigade—17th *chasseurs-à-pied*, Commandant de Ferussac; 57th of the line, Colonel Dupuis; 85th, Colonel Javel: 2nd brigade, General Bisson—10th of the line, Commandant de Lacontrie; 61st of the line, Colonel de Taxis), having in reserve Marolles' brigade (15th of the line, Colonel Guerin; 96th of the line, Colonel Malherbe) of D'Aurelle's division, and the battalion of *chasseurs-à-pied* of the guard, Commandant Cornulier de Luciniere. Finally General de la Motterouge (General Bourbaki's brigade—4th *chasseurs-à-pied*, Commandant Clinchant; 86th of the line, Colonel de Berthier; 100th of the line, Colonel Mathieu: 2nd brigade, Colonel Picard—91st of the line, Colonel Picard; 49th of the line, Colonel Kerguern), commanded the second attack on the middle of the Curtain, having in reserve the Voltigeurs (colonels Montera and Douay), and the grenadiers of the guard (colonels Blanchard and Dalton), under the direct orders of general of division of the guard Mellinet, having under him generals of brigade Pontevès and De Failly.

With reference to the stations of these troops, our trenches had been divided into three portions, each of which was to contain in its advanced part nearly the whole of the attacking division; and the reserves were to

be placed some in the old trenches, which were well adapted to hold them, and others in the Karabelnaia and Careenage ravines. It was of the first importance, in order to deceive the enemy, that the assembling of all these troops should take place without observation. For this purpose all the lines of communication leading to our advanced *places d'armes* had been examined with great care, and wherever they permitted the enemy to see our men, the protecting crests were raised so as to give sufficient covering. On the left attacks, as well as on the right, detachments of engineers and artillery, furnished with tools, had been appointed to proceed at the head of each column of attack. The sappers were to be ready with the auxiliaries of the advanced guard of each attack to throw bridges, in the use of which they had been exercised, and the materials for which had been placed at hand in the first line. The gunners were to be furnished with all that was necessary—hammers, and all kinds of tools proper to spike or unspike guns, as the case might be, and if possible to turn against the enemy those we might take. Moreover, in the first battalions of each attack a certain number of men were to be furnished with handy tools, such as they could carry in their waist-belts, fit to open passages, fill up ditches, turn traverses, and, in a word, to accomplish those important works which require to be executed on the instant. Moreover, reserves of field artillery had been prepared, so as to be able to come up rapidly and take part in the action. On the left attacks a field battery was to be placed in a quarry, near the *enceinte*, with its horses attached. Two other batteries, of the first division, were to be held ready at the Clocheton. Finally, a fourth battery was to be in waiting at the left extremity of the Lazaret. On the right attack a reserve of twenty-four field guns was to be placed—twelve in the old Lancaster battery, and twelve at the Victoria redoubt. Working parties were posted at points indicated, ready at the opportune moment to clear the road for this artillery. In order to be ready for every event, the 1st brigade of D'Aurelle's division was posted so as to be able, with the aid of the batteries and redoubts existing in that direction, to repulse any attempt the enemy might make on the counter-forts of Inkermann. On the side of our lines, General Herbillon had orders to line the positions on the Tchernaya, and to have his infantry

under arms, his cavalry in the saddle, and his artillery harnessed, at the hour of attack. I had, besides, ordered General de Forton's brigade of cuirassiers to be near him. General de la Marmora was informed of these arrangements. General d'Allonville had orders to retire in the night between the 7th and 8th, from the valley of Baidar, and take a position of concentration, near the bridge of Kreutzen, which would be advantageous in case of any attempt made by the army of relief.

General Simpson and I had, by common consent, fixed the hour of attack at twelve o'clock. The hour chosen had several advantages. It gave us a better chance of suddenly surprising the enemy, and in case the Russian army of relief had been inclined to make a desperate attempt to succour the place, it would have been impossible for it to make a vigorous movement against our lines before the end of the day. Whatever might be the result of our attack, we should have had until the next morning to consider upon it. On the morning of the 8th the artillery of our left attacks, which from day-break on the 5th had kept up a violent fire, continued to crush the enemy with its projectiles. On the right attacks our batteries also fired, but carefully keeping up the system they had adopted several days before, in expectation of what was to take place. Towards eight o'clock the engineers threw upon the Central Bastion two mines of projection, each charged with one hundred kilogrammes of powder; and at the same time they exploded in front of our approaches, on the face of the Malakhoff, three mining-chambers, charged in all with 1,500 kilogrammes of powder, in order to destroy the lower galleries of the Russian miners. As the possession of the Malakhoff works was to decide the day, the other attacks were subordinated to it, and it was agreed with General Simpson that the English should not attack the Great Redan until I had given the signal that we were sure of the Malakhoff. In the same way, General de Salles was not to attack with his troops until the moment I should indicate to him by another signal. A little before noon all the troops were in perfect order at the points indicated, and the other arrangements had been punctually executed. General de Salles was ready; General Bosquet was at the post he had chosen in the sixth parallel; and I, with generals Thiry of the artillery, Niel of the engineers, and

De Martimprey, the chief of my staff, was at the Brancion redoubt, which I had chosen for my head-quarters.

All our watches had been regulated. At noon precisely all our batteries ceased to thunder, in order that they might be adjusted to a longer range, so as to reach the reserves of the enemy. At the word of their chiefs, M'Mahon's, Dulac's and De la Motterouge's division left the trenches. The drums and trumpets beat and sounded the charge, and to the cry of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" a thousand times repeated along the line, our intrepid soldiers precipitated themselves upon the enemy's defences. It was a solemn moment. The first brigade of M'Mahon's division, the 1st regiment of Zouaves leading, followed by the 7th of the line, and having the 4th *chasseurs-à-pied* on its left, sprang to the left face and the salient of the Malakhoff work. The breadth and depth of the ditch, the height and steepness of the slope, rendered the ascent extremely difficult to our men; but they finally gained the parapet, manned with Russians, who were killed where they stood, and who, in default of muskets, were armed with mattocks, stones, or rammers, and whatever came to hand. There was a hand-to-hand struggle—one of those exciting combats in which nothing but the intrepidity of our soldiers and their chiefs could give them the victory. They immediately sprang into the work, drove back the Russians, who continued to resist, and in a few seconds afterwards the flag of France was planted on the Malakhoff, no more to be severed from it.

On the right and centre, with the same dash that had overthrown all obstacles and driven back the enemy to a distance, the divisions Dulac and De la Motterouge, led by their chiefs, carried the Little Caréenage Redan and also the Curtain, forcing their way even as far as the second *enceinte* that was being constructed. We were in possession everywhere of the works attacked. But this first and brilliant success had nearly cost us very dear. Struck by a large splinter from a shell in his right side, General Bosquet was compelled to quit the field of battle. I confided the command to General Dulac, who was admirably seconded by General de Liniers, chief of the staff of the 2nd corps. The engineers who accompanied the columns of assault were already at work, filling up the ditches, opening passages, and throwing across bridges. The 2nd brigade

of General de M'Mahon advanced rapidly to reinforce the troops in the Malakhoff. I gave the signal agreed upon with General Simpson for the attack on the Great Redan, and shortly after for the attack on the town.

The English had 200 yards to cross under a terrible fire of grape. This space was soon strewn with dead; nevertheless, this did not stop the march of the storming column, which advanced towards the capital of the work. It descended into the ditch, which is nearly five yards deep, and, despite all the efforts of the Russians, it scaled the scarp, and carried the salient of the Redan. There, after the first brunt of the engagement, which cost the Russians dear, the English soldiers found in front of them only a vast open space, crossed by the balls of the enemy, who kept himself sheltered behind some distant traverses. Those who came up hardly replaced those who had been disabled. It was not till they had sustained this unequal contest for nearly two hours that the English decided on evacuating the Redan. They did this with so firm a front that the enemy did not dare follow.

In the meantime, on the left, at the appointed signal, the columns of Levailant's division, commanded by generals Couston and Trochu dashed headlong against the left flank of the Central Bastion and the left lunette. In spite of a shower of balls and projectiles, and after a very sharp contest, the spirit and vigour of these brave troops triumphed at first over the enemy's resistance, and, notwithstanding the accumulated difficulties in their front, they forced their way into both works. But the enemy, having fallen back on his successive traverses, kept his ground everywhere. A murderous fire of musketry was opened from every ridge. Guns unmasked for the first time, and field-pieces brought up to several points, vomited grape, and decimated our men. Generals Couston and Trochu, who had just been wounded, were obliged to give up their command. Generals Rivet and Breton were killed. Several mine-chambers, fired by the enemy, produced a moment of hesitation. At length an attack in their turn by numerous Russian columns compelled our troops to abandon the works they had carried, and to retire into our advanced *places d'armes*. Our batteries on this part of the attacks, skilfully directed by General Lebœuf, to whom Rear-admiral Rigault de Genouilly lent his always zealous

and well-informed assistance, changed the direction of their fire while increasing its intensity, and compelled the enemy to take shelter behind its parapets. General de Salles causing D'Autemarre's division to advance, was preparing during this time a second and formidable attack; but as we had secured the possession of the Malakhoff, I sent word to him not to move forward. Our possession of this work, however, was energetically disputed. By means of the batteries from the *maison en croix*, of the guns of his steamers, of field guns brought to favourable points, and of the batteries on the north side of the harbour, the enemy deluged us with grape, and with projectiles of every kind, and committed ravages in our ranks. The powder magazine of the Russian postern battery had just exploded, increasing our loss and causing the eagle of the 91st to disappear for a moment. A great many superior officers and others were either wounded or killed. The generals De Saint-Pol and De Marolles had died gloriously, and generals Mellinet, De Pontevès, and Bourbaki, had been wounded at the head of their troops. Three times Dulac's and De la Motterouge's division carried the Redan and the Curtain, and three times they were obliged to fall back before a terrible fire of artillery and the dense masses arrayed in front of them. Nevertheless the two field batteries in reserve from the Lancaster battery, descending at a trot, crossing the trenches, and boldly stationing themselves within half-range, succeeded in driving away the enemy's columns and the steamers. A part of these two divisions, supported in this heroic struggle by the troops of the guard, who on this day covered themselves with glory, made good their footing in the entire left of the Curtain, from which the enemy could not drive them. During the renewed combats on the right and centre, the Russians redoubled their efforts to reconquer the Malakhoff. This work, which is a sort of citadel in the earthwork, of 350 yards in length and 150 yards in width, armed with sixty-two guns of different calibre, crowns a mamelon that commands the whole interior of the Karabelnaia quarter, takes in reverse the Redan which was attacked by the English, is only 1,200 yards from the south harbour, and threatens not merely the only anchorage now remaining for the ships, but the only means of retreat open to the Russians—namely, the

bridge thrown across the harbour from one shore to the other.

Thus during the first hours of this struggle between the two armies, the Russians constantly renewed their attempts. But General de M'Mahon, in resisting these incessant attacks, assisted successively by Vinoy's brigade of his division, by the Zouaves of the guard, General de Wimpfen's reserve, and a part of the Voltigeurs of the guard, made head against the enemy, who was everywhere repulsed. The Russians, however, made a last and desperate attempt. Formed in deep column, they thrice assailed the breast of the work, and thrice they were compelled to retire with enormous loss before the solidity of our troops. After this last struggle, which ended about five in the evening, the enemy appeared resolved to abandon the spot, and his batteries alone continued until night to send us some projectiles, which did us much harm no longer. The detachments of the engineers and artillery, who during the combat were gallantly fighting or actively engaged in their special work, quickly set about carrying out the works that were pressing in the interior of the fort, under the direction of their officers. According to my orders, generals Thiry and Niel instructed generals Beuret and Frossard, commanding the artillery and engineers of the 2nd corps, to take all the necessary steps for establishing ourselves firmly in the Malakhoff and on the part of the Curtain which remained in our power, so that we might, in case of need, resist a night attack of the enemy, and be in a position to drive him the next day from the Little Carcenage Redan, the *maison en croix*, and all that portion of his defences. These arrangements became unnecessary. The enemy, hopeless of retaking the Malakhoff, took a decided step—he evacuated the town.

Towards the close of the day I had a suspicion of this, for I had seen long lines of troops and baggage defile along the bridge and reach the north bank, and the conflagrations which arose in every direction soon removed all doubt. I should have liked to have pushed forward, gained the bridge, and cut off the enemy's retreat; but the besieged was every moment blowing up his defences, his powder magazines, his buildings, and his establishments. These explosions would have destroyed us in detail, and so they rendered the idea impracticable. We remained in position until the day should rise upon the scene of desolation.

The sun, in rising, lighted up this work of destruction, which was very much greater than we had been able to imagine. The last Russian vessels anchored the evening before in the harbour, were sunk; the bridge was disconnected; the enemy had only reserved his steamers, which carried off the last fugitives and some infatuated Russians who were still endeavouring to spread conflagration in this unhappy city. But presently these men, as well as the steamers, were driven to seek refuge in the indentations of the north bank of the harbour. Thus terminated this memorable siege, during which the army of relief has been twice defeated in a pitched battle, and the offensive and defensive means of which attained to colossal proportions. The besieging army had 800 guns in battery in their various attacks, which fired more than 1,600,000 times; and our approaches, excavated in the course of 336 days, in rocky ground, and presenting an extent of more than eighty kilometres (twenty leagues), have been executed under the constant fire of the place, and disturbed by incessant combats day and night. The day of the 8th September, on which the allied armies proved themselves superior to an army almost equal in number, not invested, intrenched behind formidable defences, provided with more than 1,100 guns, protected by the guns of the fleet and of the batteries north of the harbour, and still disposing of immense resources, will remain an example of what may be expected from an army brave, disciplined, and inured to war.

Our losses this day were—five generals killed, four wounded, and six hurt; twenty-four superior officers killed, twenty wounded, and two missing; 116 subaltern officers killed, 224 wounded, and eight missing; 1,489 sub-officers and soldiers killed, 4,259 wounded, and 1,400 missing: total, 7,551.

As you see, Monsieur le Maréchal, these losses are numerous; many of them are deeply to be regretted, but yet they are less than I had reason to fear. Every one, Monsieur le Maréchal, from the general to the soldier, has gloriously done his duty; and the army, of which the emperor may be proud, has deserved well of the country. I shall have many rewards to claim, and many names to make known to your excellency. That will be a task that would be out of place here.

It had been arranged that the fleets of admirals Lyons and Bruat should bring

their broadsides to bear at the entrance of the harbour of Sebastopol, so as to effect a powerful diversion. But it blew a heavy gale from the north-east, which, while it annoyed us very much on land, rendered the sea exceedingly rough, and prevented the ships from leaving their moorings. The English and French mortar boats were nevertheless able to act, and fired with great success upon the harbour, the town, and the various maritime forts. As at all times, the sailors on shore and the marine artillery were the worthy rivals of the land artillery, and distinguished themselves by the vigour and precision of their fire.

The English army conducted itself with its habitual intrepidity. It prepared a second attack, which, doubtless, would have triumphed over the unexpected obstacles encountered by the first: but the assured possession of the Malakhoff very properly led to the countermanding of this second attack. The Sardinian brigade of General Cialdini, which General de la Marmora had placed at my disposal to reinforce the 1st corps, bore the terrible fire which cut up our trenches with the firmness of veteran troops. The Piedmontese burned with desire to get closer to the enemy; but the attack on the Mast Bastion not having taken place, it was impossible to satisfy the ardour of these brave troops. As at all times, Monsieur le Maréchal, our wounded, and even those of the enemy, have been the objects of most zealous, intelligent, and complete care. We owe to the good organisation of all our hospital services, and to the devotedness of those to whom they are committed, the satisfaction of being able to save a great number of them. I cannot terminate this report without bringing to the knowledge of your excellency how much, upon this occasion as upon all others, I have had to praise the conduct of Major-general Hugh Rose and Lieutenant-colonel George Foley, commissioners of her Britannic majesty to the commander-in-chief of the French army, in the numerous communications which I had to make during the action to general-in-chief James Simpson.

A. PELISSIER,
Marshal Commanding-in-Chief.

The despatch of General Simpson, though less ornate and elaborate than that of his brave colleague, will not be perused without interest. He did not write so immediately under the excitement of recent victory, and

had less temptation to express himself with eloquence; for his joy must have been tempered by disappointment.*

Before Sebastopol, September 9th.

My Lord,—I had the honour to apprise your lordship, in my despatch of the 4th inst., that the engineer and artillery officers of the allied armies had laid before General Pelissier and myself a report recommending that the assault should be given on the 8th inst., after a heavy fire had been kept up for three days. This arrangement I agreed to, and I have to congratulate your lordship on the glorious results of the attack of yesterday, which has ended in the possession of the town, dockyards, and public buildings, and destruction of the last ships of the Russian fleet in the Black Sea. Three steamers alone remain, and the speedy capture or sinking of these must speedily follow. It was arranged that at twelve o'clock in the day the French columns of assault were to leave their trenches, and take possession of the Malakhoff and adjacent works. After their success had been assured and they were fairly established, the Redan was to be assaulted by the English; the Bastion, Central, and Quarantine forts, on the left, were simultaneously to be attacked by the French. At the hour appointed our allies quitted their trenches, entered and carried the apparently impregnable defences of the Malakhoff with that impetuous valour which characterises the French attack; and, having once obtained possession, they were never dislodged.

The tricolour planted on the parapet was the signal for our troops to advance. The arrangements for the attack I entrusted to Lieutenant-general Sir William Codrington, who carried out the details in concert with Lieutenant-general Markham. I determined that the second and light divisions

should have the honour of the assault, from the circumstance of their having defended the batteries and approaches against the Redan for so many months, and from the intimate knowledge they possessed of the ground. The fire of our artillery having made as much of a breach as possible in the salient of the Redan, I decided that the columns of assault should be directed against that part, as being less exposed to the heavy flanking fire by which this work is protected.

It was arranged between Sir W. Codrington and Lieutenant-general Markham that the assaulting column of 1,000 men should be formed by equal numbers of these two divisions, the column of the light division to lead, that of the second to follow. They left the trenches at the preconcerted signal, and moved across the ground preceded by a covering party of 200 men, and a ladder party of 320. On arriving at the crest of the ditch, and the ladders placed, the men immediately stormed the parapet of the Redan, and penetrated into the salient angle. A most determined and bloody contest was here maintained for nearly an hour, and, although supported to the utmost, and the greatest bravery displayed, it was found impossible to maintain the position.

Your lordship will perceive, by the long and sad list of casualties, with what gallantry and self-devotion the officers so nobly placed themselves at the head of their men during this sanguinary conflict. I feel myself unable to express, in adequate terms, the sense I entertain of the conduct and gallantry exhibited by the troops, though their devotion was not rewarded by the success which they so well merited; but to no one are my thanks more justly due than to Colonel Windham, who gallantly headed his column of attack, and was fortunate in entering and remaining with the troops during the contest. The

* Gen. Simpson incurred some censure for the bald style of his despatch, and the rather niggardly amount of information contained in it. Certainly on such a glorious occasion a little diffuseness would not have been blamed, and a rather florid narrative would have been enjoyed. An eager people turned with disappointment from so frigid a despatch. A writer in the *Spectator* observed:—"We might have expected, at least, that the English commanders would have given us the most complete and intelligible account of the English movements, the French of the French. But although the despatches of our commander reached this country first, it was not until we had those admirable reports by the French commanders that we were able really to understand how and why affairs took the turn they did. The French govern-

ment and people were able to understand the course of events throughout, and at all points; we need not dwell on the contrast afforded by our own despatches. It seldom happens that men who perfectly understand what they intend to do, and what they are doing, are unable to tell their purpose, their proceeding, and the results. Thorough mastery overrules any defect of literary education. We could not have a better instance than is afforded by the history of generalship itself. Setting aside Xenophon, our great examples of despatch writing are Cæsar, Frederick, Wellington; and even the monarch Napoleon, with all his reserves, wrote what he intended. Why is it that the responsible English ministers have men in the place of generals who cannot, or do not, write despatches?"

trenches were, subsequently to this attack, so crowded with troops that I was unable to organise a second assault, which I intended to make with the highlanders, under Lieutenant-general Sir Colin Campbell, who had hitherto formed the reserve, to be supported by the third division, under Major-general Sir William Eyre. I therefore sent for these officers, and arranged with them to renew the attack the following morning. The highland brigade occupied the advanced trenches during the night. About eleven o'clock the enemy commenced exploding their magazines, and Sir Colin Campbell, having ordered a small party to advance cautiously to examine the Redan, found the work abandoned; he did not, however, deem it necessary to occupy it until daylight. The evacuation of the town by the enemy was made manifest during the night. Great fires appeared in every part, accompanied by large explosions, under the cover of which the enemy succeeded in withdrawing their troops to the north side by means of the raft bridge recently constructed, and which they afterwards disconnected and conveyed to the other side. Their men-of-war were all sunk during the night.

The boisterous weather rendered it altogether impossible for the admirals to fulfil their intention of bringing the broadsides of the allied fleets to bear upon the Quarantine batteries; but an excellent effect was produced by the animated and well-directed fire of their mortar vessels, those of her majesty being under the direction of Captain Wilcox, of the *Odin*, and Captain Digby, of the royal marine artillery. It now becomes my pleasing duty, my lord, to place on record the high sense I entertain of the conduct of this army since I have had the honour to command it. The hardships and privations endured by many of the regiments, during a long winter campaign, are too well known for me to comment upon. They were borne, both by officers and men, with a patience and un-murmuring endurance worthy of the highest praise, and which gained them the deserved applause and sympathy of their country. The naval brigade, under the command of Captain the Hon. Henry Keppel, aided by Captain Moorsom and many gallant officers and seamen who have served the guns from the commencement of the siege, merit my warmest thanks.

The prompt, hearty, and efficacious co-

operation of her majesty's navy, commanded by Rear-admiral Sir Edmund Lyons, and ably seconded by Sir Houston Stewart, has contributed most materially to the success of our undertaking; and here, perhaps, I may be permitted to say that, if it had pleased God that the successful result of the memorable siege should have been reported by my ever-to-be-lamented predecessor in this command, I am sure that it would have been one of his most pleasing duties to express the deep sense which I know he entertained of the invaluable assistance and counsel he received on all occasions from Sir Edmund Lyons. When at times affairs looked gloomy and success doubtful, he was at hand to cheer and encourage; and every assistance that could tend to advance the operations was given with the hearty good-will which characterises the British sailor. Nothing has contributed more to the present undertaking than the cordial co-operation which has so happily existed from the first between the two services.

I cannot sufficiently express my approbation of the conduct of the royal engineers, under Lieutenant-general Sir Harry Jones, who has conducted the siege operations from the beginning of this year. For some time past he has been suffering on a bed of sickness, but the eventful hour of the assault would not permit him to remain absent; he was conveyed on a litter into the trenches to witness the completion of his arduous undertakings. My warmest thanks are due to the officers and soldiers of the royal artillery, under the command of Major-general Sir R. Dacres, who, during the arduous operations of this protracted siege, have so mainly contributed to its ultimate success. I must beg further to record my thanks for the cordial co-operation and assistance I have received in carrying out the details of the service from the chief of the staff, the adjutant and quartermaster-generals, and general staff, as well as generals commanding divisions and brigades of this army. I must reserve to myself, for the subject of a future despatch, bringing before your lordship the particular mention of officers of the various branches of this army, whom I shall beg to recommend to your favourable notice. I entrust this despatch to the care of Brevet-major the Hon. Leicester Curzon, who has been assistant military secretary to my noble predecessor and myself since the commencement of this

war, and who will be able to give your lordship more minute details than the limits of a despatch will allow.

I have, &c.,

JAMES SIMPSON,
General Commanding.

The struggle was as much one of engineering skill as of martial discipline and personal bravery; and thus regarded, the report of General Niel, who commanded the French engineers, possesses, apart from the clearness and interest of its narrative, no inconsiderable value to those who desire to make themselves familiar with all the essential particulars of this memorable event. It gives a clear idea of the formidable nature of the Russian works, and contains some remarkable statements with respect to the magnitude of the operations; statements which must have been regarded as incredible unless sanctioned by such an authority. The French approaches, he tells us, measured fifty miles in length; while, during the various attacks, no less than 1,600,000 shots were fired:—

Sebastopol, Sept. 11th.

Monsieur le Maréchal,—The assault was made on the fortifications of Sebastopol on the 8th, and placed us in possession of the Malakhoff, the occupation of which renders the defence of the *faubourg* almost impossible, and allows us to cut off the communications of the town with the north of the harbour. The enemy have shown that they knew that conquest to be decisive. After having made several attacks on us with a courage which we are bound to pay homage to, finding that these last efforts remained without result, they commenced in the course of the evening evacuating the town. During the night they set fire to it, and employed gunpowder to destroy the works of defence and the great establishments which Russia has been so many years accumulating in this fortress. They sank all their ships of the line, frigates, and other sailing vessels, and only preserved their steamers; finally, they carried off the bridge of boats by which they communicated with the northern side, thus abandoning to us the town, the *faubourg*, and all that lies on the southern side of the harbour.

The defence was energetic; on several points our attacks were repulsed, but the principal—that which insured to us eventual success—never remained a moment doubtful. The first division of the 1st corps, at

present commanded by General M'Mahon, carried the Malakhoff at the very first rush, and maintained themselves there, comprehending clearly that it held in its possession the keys of the place.

I now proceed to give you an account of the arrangements which had been adopted to diminish as much as possible the numerous difficulties which this terrible assault presented, made, as it was, not on a place regularly invested and with a limited garrison, but on a vast fortress, defended by an army probably as numerous as that which attacked it. Near the fortifications of the town our trenches had arrived within forty metres of the Central Bastion (No. 5 of the Russians), and within thirty of the Flagstaff Bastion (No. 4.) Near the *faubourg* of Karabelnaia the English, arrested by the difficulties of the ground and by the fire of the enemy's artillery, could not approach closer than within 200 metres of the Great Redan (No. 3), on which their approaches were directed. In front of the Malakhoff we had arrived within twenty-five metres of the fortification which surrounds the town, and our approaches had placed us at about the same distance from the small Redan of Careening Bay (No. 2.) That great result was due incontestably to the superiority which our artillery had assumed over that of the enemy.

The generals-in-chief of the allied armies had decided on the following arrangements:—The general attack on the place was fixed for the 8th of September, at noon. On the 5th, early in the morning, the artillery of the attacks on the town and that of the English attacks, who had hitherto been sparing of their fire, were to resume it with the greatest activity. Never was such a cannonade heard, for we had in battery, along the two attacks, upwards of 500 pieces of cannon, the English 200 more, and the Russians more than we. The enemy's fire damaged our trenches, but did us but little harm. Ours, notwithstanding the great extent of the place, converged on it, and must have caused great loss to the Russian army. During the few days immediately preceding the assault the workmen of the infantry were principally employed in enlarging the several *places d'armes* most in advance, in widening the passages, and in transporting to the required spots the means of crossing the ditches. The great object of all our efforts was to obtain possession of the work constructed behind the Malakhoff

Tower. This work (the Korniloff redoubt of the Russians), which is an immense redoubt (a sort of citadel in earth), occupies a height which commands the whole interior of the Karabelnaia *faubourg*. It takes in the flank of the Redan, attacked by the English, and is only 1,200 metres from the southern port, on which the Russians had constructed a bridge of boats, become their only communication between the *faubourg* and the town. The fort of the Malakhoff is 350 metres in length, and 150 metres in width. Its parapets are eighteen feet above the ground, and in front of them is a ditch which, at the points of our attack, is six metres deep and seven wide. The first was armed with sixty-two pieces of cannon, of various calibre. In the front part, surrounded by the parapet, is the Malakhoff Tower, of which the Russians only kept the ground floor, which is loopholed. In the interior of the works the Russians have raised a multitude of traverses, beneath which are excellent blinds, where the garrison found shelter, and bed-places arranged in two tiers on each side. A Russian engineer officer, who has been made prisoner, estimates at 2,500 men the garrison of the fort of the Malakhoff, of which I have thought it my duty to give you a description, in order that you may judge of the difficulties which our soldiers have had to surmount. The front of the Malakhoff, which is 1,000 yards in length, terminates on our left by the Malakhoff Fort, and on our right by the Redan of the Careening Port. This latter work, which at the commencement of the siege was only a simple redan, has been by degrees transformed into a strongly-armed redoubt. The outer fronts of the two redoubts of the Malakhoff and the Careening Port were united by a curtain armed with sixteen guns, and in the rear of that enclosure the Russians had raised a second, which was united to the two redoubts. This second enclosure, already partly armed, had not any ditch which could present any serious obstacle. As to the ditch of the first curtain and of the Redan of the Careening Port, the rocky nature of the ground had prevented the Russians from digging it everywhere of an equal depth, and on several points it could be crossed without any serious difficulty. In order to cross these ditches, which were very deep, we had invented a kind of bridge, which could be thrown across in less than a minute by an ingenious manœuvre, in which

our men had been exercised; and these bridges were very useful to us.

The French artillery had acquired such a decided superiority over that of the Russians that it had silenced almost all the fire that bore directly on our attacks, and their embrasures were so damaged that our columns had no longer any fear of being assailed by grape on leaving their trenches. The parapets had also been knocked down, and a part of the materials of which they had been formed had fallen into the ditches; in short, the fort of the Malakhoff had received such a number of shells from our batteries and from those of the English, that the guns which were not directly seen also had their embrasures filled up, and the earthworks had entirely lost their original form. In the rear, however, of the first line of defences the Russians had placed several guns, and the columns of attack on the Malakhoff were exposed to the fire of numerous batteries which the enemy had constructed on the north side of the roadstead, and the shot from which, although fired from a very long range, were able to inflict injury. You are aware, Monsieur le Maréchal, that from the moment of my arrival before Sebastopol I did not hesitate to declare that the true point of attack was the tower or the mamelon of the Malakhoff, and that this opinion having been adopted by General Canrobert, the right attacks were undertaken and executed by the 2nd corps. On the side of the town he contented himself with extending towards the left the approaches executed by the 1st corps. Taking things at the point at which they were at the time the assault was decided on, there was no doubt but that the possession of the Malakhoff Fort would lead to a decisive result; and, on the other hand, it was to be presumed that if the attack on that point failed, the success obtained elsewhere would be without any material consequences. A place, however, of such an extent could not be attacked at only one point; it was necessary to cause a division of the enemy's forces, and also to inspire them with uneasiness as to the security of the bridge by which they would have to make their retreat. It was in order to satisfy these different considerations, and to secure success, at the same time that the blood of our soldiers should be spared as much as possible in the terrible struggle which was being prepared, that the general-in-chief decided on first making the assault

in the front of the Malakhoff, and that if that attack, which was made under his eyes, should succeed, the English, at his signal, should attack the Redan, and the 1st corps the town, in order to prevent the enemy from concentrating all their efforts against the troops which should have taken possession of the fort of the Malakhoff. The front of the Malakhoff was to be attacked by three columns; that of the left, commanded by General M'Mahon, marching directly on the fort by the front opposite to us, was to take possession of it, and hold it at any cost; that of the right, under General Dulac, was to march on the Redan of the Careening Port, to occupy it, and to detach a brigade on its left, in order to turn the second enclosure; and that of the centre, under General la Motterouge, leaving the sixth parallel, having more ground to go over, was to carry the curtain, afterwards advance on the second enclosure, and send one of its brigades to the assistance of the first column, if it should not have yet obtained possession of the Malakhoff Fort.

The importance of these positions was such that no doubt was felt but that the enemy would, in the event of their being taken, make every effort to recover them, and, in consequence, the troops of the imperial guard were given as a reserve to the 2nd corps. Chef de Bataillon Radon, of the engineers, having under his orders several brigades and sappers, marching with the first column, was to throw the bridges over the ditches, seek for the mines, and everywhere open a passage to the columns, and as soon as they should be masters of the fort, open large passages in the rear for the arrival of other troops and artillery. Chef de Bataillon Renoux, of the engineers, attached to the right column, and Captain Schonnagel, attached to that of the centre, having also brigades of sappers under their orders, had to fulfil similar missions. All these arrangements for the service of the engineers had been made by General Frossard, who commands the engineers of the 2nd corps. In the attack on the town, in order to avoid the obstacles accumulated by the enemy at the salient of the Flagstaff battery, it had been decided that the principal assault should be made on the Central Bastion, between its salient and the lunette on the left; that the column of assault, as soon as it had established itself in the Central Bastion, should detach a part of its force towards the gorge

of the Flagstaff Bastion, the right front of which would be then assailed by a Sardinian brigade, which had come to take part in the operations of the 1st corps. General Dalesme, commanding the engineers of the 1st corps, had made arrangements for the attacks on the town, similar to those which I have just indicated for the attacks on the *faubourg* of the Karabelnaia.

At eight o'clock in the morning of the 8th, two mines, each containing one hundred kilogrammes of powder, were sprung near the Central Bastion. The explosion took place in the middle of the bastion, and appeared to cause considerable disorder. At the same hour we fired in advance of our approaches on the Malakhoff Fort three chambers, charged, together, with 1,500 kilogrammes of powder, in order to break the lower galleries of the Russian miners, and to tranquillise our soldiers, who were massed in the trenches, under which, according to the accounts of deserters, all the ground was mined. At noon precisely our soldiers rushed forward on the Malakhoff from our advanced *places d'armes*. They crossed the ditches with surprising agility, and, climbing on the parapets, attacked the enemy to the cry of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" At the fort of the Malakhoff, the slopes on the inside being very high, the first who arrived stopped for a moment in order to form, and then mounted on the parapet, and leaped into the work. The contest, which had commenced by musket shots, was continued with the bayonet, with the butt-ends, and stones; the Russian artillerymen made use of their rammers as weapons, but they were everywhere killed, taken prisoners, or driven off, and in a quarter of an hour the French flag was floating on the conquered redoubt.

The Redan of the Careening Port had also been carried after a very severe struggle, and the centre column had arrived as far as the second enclosure. We had everywhere taken possession of the works attacked. The general-in-chief then made the signal agreed upon for the attack of the Great Redan, and in a short time after for that on the town. The English had 200 yards of ground to cross, under a very heavy fire of grape, and this space was soon covered with the slain. These losses, however, did not arrest the march of the column of attack, which reached the work, descended into the ditch, which was about five yards deep, and, notwithstanding all the efforts

of the Russians, scaled and carried the salient of the Redan. After a first struggle, however, which cost the Russians very dear, the English soldiers were exposed to a very heavy fire; and, after supporting for nearly two hours a most unequal combat, they were compelled to evacuate the Redan. The attack on the Central Bastion was attended with a similar result. Our soldiers of the 1st corps surmounted every obstacle, and bravely attacked the enemy, on whom they inflicted severe losses; but soon after, being completely exposed to a fire coming from several directions at the same time, they renounced an attack in which the general-in-chief had ordered them not to persist. At the front of the Malakhoff the Russians made great efforts to reconquer the works which had been taken from them. Returning on the Redan with numerous columns, supported by field artillery, they succeeded in retaking it and in forcing us to abandon the second line of fortifications; but the first columns of attack, supported by the imperial guard, remained immovable behind the exterior slope of the first line. Several attacks were also attempted against the Malakhoff. The dead bodies of the enemy became heaped up in front of the gorge, but the first division remained perfectly firm, and at the close of the day we were masters of this citadel, without which the Russians could not continue their defence for more than a few days, and even then only by sacrificing a part of the army, who, after the rupture of the great bridge of boats, would have remained without any communication with the northern side. In consequence, they determined on a grand step; they had everything prepared to destroy the place with their own hands, in case they should be forced to abandon it. During the night of the 8th, loud explosions announced that this immense struggle had arrived at its termination; the enemy were abandoning Sebastopol, but they had resolved to leave only a heap of ruins.

Our losses are great, but the army, of which the emperor may well be proud, has deserved well of the country. The long and arduous labours of the siege never exhausted its patience. Whenever they engaged hand-to-hand with the enemy our soldiers displayed the greatest bravery, and the assault of the 8th of September is a feat of arms of which France has reason to be proud. In this last trial the corps of engineers suffered further losses, but not so

numerous as might have been expected. Captain Schonnagel, an excellent officer, has been killed; Chef de Bataillon Fournier, Captain Ansous (aide-de-camp to General Dalesme), Captain Laruelle, and Lieutenants Joyeux and Pradelle have been wounded. Among the non-commissioned officers and soldiers there have been twenty-four killed and 122 wounded. The *chefs de bataillon* Renoux and Ragon, who gave an example of great bravery, were bravely seconded by the officers and sappers placed under their orders. In this last assault, as well as during the whole of the siege, every one nobly did his duty. I cannot here quote the names of all those who have deserved to be mentioned to you, and for whom I shall have to solicit rewards; that will be the subject of a special report, which I am about to commence.

Thus has ended this memorable siege, in which the means of defence and those of attack assumed colossal proportions. The Russians had more than 800 guns mounted, and a garrison the force and composition of which they could vary at pleasure. After the immense quantity of projectiles they expended upon us, it is surprising to see that they were still abundantly provisioned, and I have reason to believe that they have left more than 1,500 guns in the place. The besieging army had about 700 guns in battery during the various attacks, and upwards of 1,600,000 shots were fired. Our approaches, which were in many cases cut through the rock by means of gunpowder, had an extent of upwards of eighty kilometres (fifty miles English.) We employed 80,000 gabions, 60,000 fascines, and nearly 1,000,000 sand-bags.

Never had the corps of engineers such arduous and numerous duties to perform, and in no previous siege did it experience such great losses; thirty-one officers have been killed, thirty-three wounded. Among the killed are General Bizot, whose name cannot be passed over in silence on the day of triumph; the worthy Lieutenant-colonel Guerin, six *chefs de bataillon*, twenty captains, and three lieutenants. This severe trial never shook the constancy of our officers, and the troops of the corps followed their noble example. Two companies of sappers have only their fourth captain now, the three former having been killed while leading them on; and yet their ardour never flagged. In sapping and mining the non-commissioned officers and soldiers never

flinched, and in actions of emergency they displayed the greatest intrepidity.

In concluding this report, Monsieur le Maréchal, I must state that the greatest harmony has never ceased to exist between the artillery and the engineers. Whenever one of these two branches of the service could aid the other, it gladly did so; and this unity of plan and action has enabled us to conquer many difficulties. The best understanding has always subsisted between General Harry Jones, the commandant of the engineers of the British army, and me. Our object was the same, and we have never differed in opinion as to the means to be employed to attain it. I had already had an opportunity, at the siege of Bomarsund, of appreciating the frankness and noble spirit of that general officer. It has been very gratifying to me to meet him again at the siege of Sebastopol.

Accept, Monsieur le Maréchal, the homage of my respectful devotedness.

NIEL, Commandant of the Engineers
of the Army of the East.

The Russian general bore his heavy reverse with a dignity that elicits admiration. If, in the gloomy hour of retreat, and with the roaring in his ears of the flames that were consuming Sebastopol, he felt any despondency, he never revealed it. Still stolid and coldly dignified, he showed he understood the virtue of endurance. In the following order of the day addressed to his troops, dated the 30th of August (September 12th), he gave a Russian version of the taking of Sebastopol; and with a proud dignity, and a not unnatural ostentation when he recounted the endurance of his troops, admitted his defeat. According to his own statement, the calamities of the Russians were even greater than the allies had anticipated; during the last thirty days of the siege the fire of the enemy cost him from 100 to 1,000 men a-day. Under such awful circumstances, even defeat must have come rather as a relief than as a calamity. The account is written with that power which the solemnity of the occasion demanded, and a perfect knowledge and command of the terrible events recorded inspired:—

“Valiant Comrades!—On the 12th of September last year a strong enemy’s army appeared before the walls of Sebastopol. Despite its numerical superiority, despite the absence of obstacles which military

science might have opposed to it in the town, that army did not dare attack it openly (literally, ‘with an open force’), and undertook a regular siege. Since then, despite the formidable means at the disposal of our enemies, who by their numerous ships constantly received reinforcements, artillery, and ammunition for eleven months and a-half, all their efforts failed before your bravery and firmness. It is a fact unexampled in military annals that a town hastily fortified, in presence of the enemy, should have been able to hold out so long against a force, the means of attack of which have exceeded everything that hitherto could have been foreseen in calculations of this nature. And with means so enormous and of such a description, after the ruinous effects of an artillery of colossal dimensions, continued for nine months, the enemy having frequently had recourse to prolonged bombardments of the town, firing on each occasion many hundred thousand rounds, they became convinced of the inadequacy of their efforts, and resolved to take Sebastopol by a combat.

“On the 6th (18th) of June they made the assault on different sides, entering courageously into the town, but you received them with intrepidity, and they were driven back on all points in the most brilliant manner.

“This check forced them to return to a continuation of their first plan of siege, multiplying their batteries, and increasing the activity of their trench works and mining operations. Since the memorable day upon which you repulsed the assault two months and a-half have elapsed, during which, animated by sentiments of duty and of love to the throne and to your country, you have heroically disputed each inch of ground, forcing the assailants to advance only foot by foot, and paying with torrents of blood and an incredible loss of ammunition for each yard of ground they gained. In this obstinate defence your courage did not flag; on the contrary, it rose to the highest degree of self-denial. But, if your intrepidity and your patience were without bounds, there are such in the nature of the possibility of defence. As the approaches of the enemy gradually advanced, their batteries were erected nearer the walls. The circle of fire which surrounded Sebastopol grew daily narrower, and sent death and destruction upon the courageous defenders still further into the town.

"Taking advantage of the superiority of their fire at short range, the enemy, after the concentrated action of their artillery for thirty days (which cost our garrison from 100 to 1,000 men per day),* commenced that terrible bombardment (*bombardement d'enfer*) from their innumerable engines of war, and of a calibre hitherto unknown, which destroyed our defences, which had been repaired at night with great labour and at great loss, under the incessant fire of the enemy—the principal work, the Korniloff redoubt, on the Malakhoff-hill (the key of Sebastopol, as a point dominating the whole town), having experienced considerable and irreparable damage. To continue under these circumstances the defence of the south side would have been to expose our troops daily to a useless butchery, and their preservation is to-day, more than ever, necessary to the Emperor of Russia. For these reasons, with sorrow in my heart, but with a full conviction, I resolved to evacuate Sebastopol, and take over the troops to the north side by the bridge, constructed beforehand over the bay, and by boats.

"Meantime the enemy, beholding, on the 27th of August (8th of September), at half-past ten, the half-ruined works before them, and the Korniloff redoubt, with its ditches filled up, resolved upon a desperate assault, first on bastions No. 2 (Korniloff) and No. 3 (Redan), and after about three hours upon bastion No. 5, and the Belkin and Schwartz redoubts. Of these six attacks, five were gloriously repulsed. Some of the points of attack, like that on bastion No. 2, on which the enemy had succeeded in bringing guns by flying bridges, having at various times been taken and retaken, remained finally ours. But the Korniloff redoubt, more damaged than the others by the bombardment, was taken by the French, who brought more than 30,000 men against it, and could not be retaken, after the great losses we had suffered at the commencement of this combat; for it would have been necessary to ascend in the midst of the ruins a very steep

incline, and then cross a narrow ridge above a deep ditch on the rear face occupied by the French. Such an undertaking might have prevented us achieving the proposed object, and would have cost us, without the slightest doubt, incalculable losses. The attempt was the more needless, as, for reasons already mentioned, I had resolved to evacuate the place. Therefore, as the success of the enemy was confined to the sole capture of the Korniloff redoubt, I ordered that no attack should be made on that redoubt, and to remain in front of it, to oppose any continuation of the enemy's attack on the town itself—an order which was executed despite all the efforts of the French to get beyond the gorge of the redoubt.

"At dusk the troops were ordered to retire according to the arrangements previously made. The examples of bravery you gave during that day, valiant comrades, aroused such a feeling of respect in the enemy, that, despite the knowledge they must have had of our retreat by the explosion of our mines, which our troops exploded one after the other as they gradually retreated, they not only did not pursue us in columns, but even ceased firing with their artillery, which they might have continued with impunity.

"Valiant comrades! It is painful, it is hard to leave Sebastopol in the enemy's hands. But remember the sacrifice we made upon the altar of our country in 1812. Moscow was surely as valuable as Sebastopol—we abandoned it after the immortal battle of Borodino. The defence of Sebastopol during 349 days is superior to Borodino, and when the enemy entered Moscow in that great year of 1812 they only found heaps of stones and ashes. Likewise it is not Sebastopol which we have left to them, but the burning ruins of the town, which we ourselves set fire to, having maintained the honour of the defence in such a manner that our great-grandchildren may recall the remembrance thereof with pride to all posterity. Sebastopol kept us chained to its walls; with its fall we acquire freedom of

* It was supposed that the Russian loss within Sebastopol was much heavier than that here admitted. It was stated in the camps of the allied armies, that during the last three weeks of the siege no less than 30,000 Russians perished. Even if we accept this statement with some considerable deduction, what an assemblage of awful charnel-houses those grim fortresses must have been! The labour of the living—that is, of all that could be spared from military duties—must have been to bury the dead. Those sickly and haggard grave-

diggers must almost have envied the ghastly dead, whom they covered so shallowly with mould, the profound rest to which they had gone. For them trench labour, famine, sickness, and the daily work of legalised murder had ceased for ever. The half-expressed wish of the digger must often have been speedily converted into a reality, and the sexton, struck by some deadly missile, or succumbing to disease, laid within a few hours, in solemn and eternal fellowship, by the corpse he had so recently buried.

movement, and a new war commences, a war in the open field, that most congenial to the Russian soldier. Let us prove to the emperor, let us prove to Russia, that we are still imbued with the spirit which animated our ancestors in our memorable and patriotic struggle. Wherever the enemy may show himself we will present our breasts to him, and defend our native land as we defended it in 1812. Valiant warriors of the land and sea forces, in the name of the emperor I thank you for the unexampled courage, firmness, and constancy you have displayed during the siege of Sebastopol.

"In thus expressing the gratitude your worthy commanders are entitled to who are still living, let us also honour, comrades, those who have fallen honourably for our faith and for our country on the ramparts of Sebastopol. Let us remember the immortal names of Nachimoff, Korniloff, and Istomine, and let us address prayers to the Most High that He will grant them peace, and eternalise their memory as an example to the future generations of Russians."

After reading this remarkable address, every generous enemy of Russia must admit that her generals and troops know how to defend their own with heroic perseverance, and to suffer with dignified endurance. We would not have it otherwise; it would be unworthy of two such nations as England and France to unite their intellect, courage, and resources, to smite a common foe. We cannot suppress, in this place, a brace of anecdotes which have been recently related of the Russian general who has, in the foregoing narrative, so ably commented on the great defence he had conducted with such undaunted and wonderful perseverance. They are related in a letter to one of our daily journals, by one who describes himself as having witnessed them, and run as follows:—

"Less than three years since an illustrious assemblage stood within the walls of St. Paul's cathedral. The occasion was the interment of the great commander who had so often led the legions of England to victory. There were present representatives of all the great monarchies which had been the allies of this country in the war which the dead hero concluded. Among these was a general past the prime of life, but distinguished by the energy and firmness which his countenance expressed. In the interval which preceded the arrival of the funeral car, this foreigner was observed to

be strangely occupied. He passed along the line of soldiers chosen from the various regiments, and, turning up their trowsers, attentively examined the make of their shoes. 'What is the matter, Prince Gortschakoff?' said some one. 'It is said at home,' returned the Russian, 'that your guards are fitted with strong and well-made shoes, but that those of the line are inferior. I wished to learn the truth of the matter, and therefore examined them. There does not seem to be any difference.' This minute disciplinarian was but an imitator of his master, who with his own imperial hands would open soldiers' coats on parade, to see that their shirts were clean. But a few months passed, and the cloud which betokened another tempest rose on the horizon. The representative of the Russian armies at the funeral of Wellington was placed in command of a powerful force. It remained to be seen how far the higher qualities of a general were united to those of the martinet. Gortschakoff had no great success in the principalities, and had his career closed with that campaign, he would speedily have been forgotten in the west. But as it is, his name is joined to the longest, the fiercest, the most deadly struggle in modern warfare. The last act of the late czar was to appoint him to the command which age, failing health, and weakening resolve induced Mentschikoff to relinquish. Nicholas knew the man. You may well say, 'A quarter of a century before he had carried on war in Poland with fearful severity.' The case was this:—He proposed to his prisoners on all occasions the alternative of the Russian service or the knout. Once a body of 2,000 insurgents were defeated and took refuge in the Austrian territory. The Austrians disarmed them, and sent them to Gortschakoff. He gave them the usual choice of entering the Russian ranks; they desperately refused. It is said that the general was present at the execution which followed. The flogging lasted many hours; ten died under the lash; seven more yielded after terrible tortures, and were borne to the hospital. Gortschakoff stated his determination to go through the whole number, if the execution lasted a month. The Poles then bowed the head, and were draughted into the Russian legions. Such was the stern nature of the man whom Nicholas sent to defend Sebastopol. You may well say that he was 'wise in his generation.'"

CHAPTER XIII.

SENSATION THROUGHOUT EUROPE PRODUCED BY THE NEWS OF THE FALL OF SEBASTOPOL; THE QUEEN CONGRATULATES THE BRITISH ARMY, AND THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON THAT OF FRANCE; RELIGIOUS AND MILITARY CEREMONIAL AT PARIS; PRAYER AND THANKSGIVING IN ENGLAND; GENEROUS FRENCH ESTIMATE OF THE CONDUCT OF THE ENGLISH TROOPS AT THE REDAN; ADDRESS OF THE RUSSIAN EMPEROR TO HIS TROOPS; ATTEMPT TO PROVE THAT THE FALL OF SEBASTOPOL WAS AN ADVANTAGE TO RUSSIA; GERMAN VIEW OF THE FALL OF SEBASTOPOL; THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER'S VISIT TO MOSCOW AND NICHOLAIEFF; DESCRIPTION OF THE LATTER PLACE; LETTERS ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE TAKING OF SEBASTOPOL.

THE news of the capture of the south side of Sebastopol produced an electrical sensation throughout Europe, and the excitement elicited by this great event extended throughout Asia and America. Most men received the information with joy; but some governments, and even some peoples, withheld their sympathy from the allies. It was not strange that despotic and equivocating Austria,* and its now pacific if not perfidious rival Prussia, should have Russian leanings; but that the giant republic America—the youthful world, whose soil is consecrated to liberty, and whose people no chains could bind—should view with favour the cause of Russian despotism, and look with coldness upon that struggle for freedom and advancement which England its parent, and France its friend, were thus heroically engaged in, would stagger belief, did not many painful facts confirm it. America was wise in not permitting herself to be in any way drawn into the struggle; but her sympathies should ever be with the free. In most of the European nations intimately concerned in the subject, the feeling was that of thankfulness and triumph. France was jubilant: a more sober joy spread through England, chastened as it was by painful recollections of our own shortcomings. At Constantinople a temporary scepticism soon yielded to extreme rejoicings. On the day that the news was confirmed, the batteries and ships of war thundered forth salutes no less than five times. The city was adorned with flags, and illuminated at night. Flights of rockets

also shot through the air, and the streets were noisy with the reports of blank cartridges. The expression of feeling in the Danubian principalities was smothered by the presence of the Austrians, who still had an army of occupation there; and it is probable to suppose that those of the Austrian officers who were not indifferent, were grieved at the news. Austria had no objection to see Russia brought to her own level, but she dreaded to have the power of the northern despotism seriously shaken by England and France. Sweden, Denmark, and Norway, made many manifestations of a joy that mocked at prudence: down-trodden Poland heaved with the excitement of discontent and suppressed hatred of its iron-handed oppressor; Italy brightened with hope; and Hungary watched eagle-eyed for the opportunity for which it had prayed so long, and for the coming of which it had almost despaired. The representatives of the oppressed nationalities believed that the hour for their political redemption was at hand, and they appealed to the democracy of Europe. "The town of Sebastopol," said they, "has fallen. The war between the governments of Western Europe and the czar is irrevocable and indefinitely prolonged. It is impossible for Russia to treat after a defeat, without sinking into the position of a power of the third rank; and it is impossible that the allied governments, in the face of a public opinion emboldened by victory, should offer peace on less onerous conditions. For us,

* A writer in the *Daily News* thus happily applied the brand to the base equivocation and dishonest artifice of this despotic state, which is only prevented by its internal weakness—a weakness arising from the decrepitude of tyranny—from becoming extremely dangerous:—"The part played by Austria in every European war—at least, for the last two or three centuries—has generally resembled that ascribed by Smollett to the mother of Ferdinand Count Fathom. That exemplary woman (it will be in the memory of

most of our readers) was a follower of the camp; and it was her custom to lie snugly ensconced as long as the battle lasted, and as soon as it was over to prowl through the field, stripping and plundering the slain and wounded. Like her, the trimming and treacherous cabinet of Vienna uniformly shrinks from a war upon equal terms, and uniformly interferes with its diplomacy when negotiations between belligerents commence, with a view to secure something for itself in the scramble."

therefore, the fall of Sebastopol is but as the first word of a war; the last word and *dénouement* of which belongs to the people.”*

Certainly a probability, and something more than a probability, existed, that Europe would be plunged into a widely-spread and prolonged war, which might lead not only to the partial dismemberment of Russia, but of Austria also. In the tremendous strife generated by the war between despotism and liberalism, it was presumed that the oppressed nationalities would recover their independency, and that when the carnage was ended a new Poland, Hungary, and Italy should rise from the sea of blood with renewed youth and power. It is certain, however, that the government neither of England or France wished to proceed to any such extremities. Both of them desired to humble Russia, but not to overthrow her; and both of them were actuated by an unbecoming respect for the desires of trimming, equivocating, and treaty-breaking Austria. England and France could have won Sweden, Denmark, and Norway†—Poland, Hungary, and Italy, into a league against Russia, if they had pleased, but they shrank from the tremendous responsibility. Of course each nation must have had its reward. Finland must have been restored to Sweden; ancient Poland must have been reconstituted; and independence restored to Hungary—measures which would probably have driven both Austria and Prussia into an alliance with Russia. Europe then would be convulsed with an awful contest of which no man could safely predict the close. The final result, however, can scarcely be regarded as doubtful; it would be a reconstruction of the map of Europe, in which Russia would have shrunk back to the old kingdom of Muscovy; Poland would probably have regained its ancient limits, without, we hope, its ancient despotism and confusion; France would have extended itself to the banks of the Rhine; and the Austrian empire have dwindled down to a despised and impotent German dukedom. Island England could not extend its European territories; but she and France, if still bound together in that happy unity which now exists between them, would be the sovereign nations of the earth, and the representatives of moderate opinions. Such

a result would be indeed glorious, but the cost would have been terribly awful. The best blood of the youth and chivalry of Europe would be poured out upon many battle-fields; millions would perish by the sword, and millions more be cast into the hideous jaws of a poverty that bordered upon destitution and famine. It is well to ask if the governments of England and France were not wise in evading the probability of such awful results? Therefore was it, that when the sounds of rejoicings for their success at Sebastopol died away, they were succeeded by indefinite rumours of coming peace; rumours which, though they took no tangible shape, were whispered by alarmed statesmen, and sometimes muttered by the people; in both cases, however, rather in France than in England. But of this hereafter. Certain it was, that an early peace or an extended and indefinitely prolonged war, would follow the capture of Sebastopol. It was evident that Russia would not passively submit to correction. She must have peace on moderate terms—such terms as she could agree to without dishonour, if not without humiliation; or war must be carried on until her vast power lay prostrate in the dust, and the terror of her might had departed for ever.

We have said that in England the news of the great triumph at Sebastopol was received with a sober and a chastened joy. Still the impression was a profound one; and the following telegraphic despatch, which Lord Panmure, at the command of her majesty, addressed to General Simpson, expressed the feelings entertained not only by the royal lady, who has held the British sceptre with so much grace and liberality, but those also of millions of her subjects. Truly was it said that this address of the Queen to the army was not couched in the language of ceremony, but was the heartfelt congratulation of intense feeling addressed to the army by the crown and by the people of England:—

“The Queen has received with deep emotion the welcome intelligence of the fall of Sebastopol.

“Penetrated with profound gratitude to the Almighty, who has vouchsafed this triumph to the allied army, her Majesty has commanded me to express to yourself, and, through you, to the army, the pride with

* Extract from an appeal by MM. Kossuth, Mazzini, and Ledru Rollin to the democracy of Europe.

† The inhabitants of these three Scandinavian states have been happily called three nations in peace, but one in war.

which she regards this fresh instance of their heroism.

"The Queen congratulates her troops on the triumphant issue of this protracted siege, and thanks them for the cheerfulness and fortitude with which they have encountered its toils, and the valour which has led to its termination.

"The Queen deeply laments that this success is not without its alloy in the heavy losses which have been sustained; and, while she rejoices in the victory, her Majesty deeply sympathises with the noble sufferers in their country's cause.

"You will be pleased to congratulate General Pelissier, in her Majesty's name, upon the brilliant result of the assault on the Malakhoff, which proves the irresistible force as well as indomitable courage of our brave allies.

PANMURE."

The Emperor Napoleon, also, was not wanting in expressions of gratitude and admiration to his army: directly he received the news, he caused the following despatch to be telegraphed to General Pelissier:—"Honour to you! Honour to our brave army! My sincere congratulations to all." He also commanded the minister of war to write as follows to General Pelissier:—"The emperor requests you to congratulate,

* General Simpson, besides being unfit for the heavy and most solemn responsibilities laid upon his unwilling shoulders by the command, was *too old* for his position. The late Lord Raglan also was thirty years too old for the work that was expected of him. These officers, though both estimable men, had not exhibited any evidences of military genius in youth or maturity, and were, therefore, by no means likely to do so in age. The spirit of a stiff and chilly conservatism reigns so tyrannically in the British army, that aged mediocrity is preferred for high station and direction before youthful or matured genius. Yet it is in the summer of life that the genius is most active, the will most resolute, and the constitution most hardy. The following remarkable extract from Disraeli's *Coningsby*, furnishes many remarkable illustrations of this unquestionable but disregarded truth:—"Do not suppose that I hold youth is genius; all that I say is that genius, when young, is divine. Why, the greatest captains of ancient and modern times both conquered Italy at twenty-five! Youth, extreme youth, overthrew the Persian empire. Don John of Austria won Lepanto at twenty-five—the greatest battle of modern time; had it not been for the jealousy of Philip, the next year he would have been Emperor of Mauritania. Gaston de Foix was only twenty-two when he stood a victor on the plain of Ravenna. Every one remembers Condé and Rocroy at the same age. Gustavus Adolphus died at thirty-eight. Look at his captains. That wonderful Duke of Weimar, only thirty-six when he died. Banér himself, after all his miracles, died at forty-five. Cortes was little more than thirty when he gazed

in his name, the English army for the constant bravery and the moral strength of which it has given proof during this long and trying campaign." The dignity of marshal of France was conferred on General Pelissier; an event the English government burlesqued by creating General Simpson a field-marshal. This circumstance naturally elicited some severe comments from the public press. Why General Simpson was appointed commander-in-chief against his own desire, and in the face of his own conviction of incompetence, is a mystery, unless, as has been suggested, the English government wanted a safe and quiet man who would not push matters to extremity; and if this was the case, they were acting towards the nation with an unpardonable amount of treachery. But why General Simpson should have been rewarded when his want of prescience and extended military views led to the needless slaughter of our men, and the sully of our military glory, is a circumstance that requires explanation.*

In Paris our lively neighbours exhibited their enthusiasm with far more earnestness and vivacity than was to be observed in London. Religion also was called upon to add its solemnity to the occasion, and its upon the golden cupolas of Mexico. When Maurice of Saxony died at thirty-two all Europe acknowledged the loss of the greatest captain and the profoundest statesman of the age. Then there is Nelson, Clive—but these are warriors, and, perhaps, you may think there are greater things than war. I do not; I worship the Lord of Hosts. But take the most illustrious achievements of civil prudence. Innocent III., the greatest of the popes, was the despot of Christendom at thirty-seven. John de Medici was a cardinal at fifteen, and Guicciardini tells us, baffled with his craft Ferdinand of Aragon himself. He was pope as Leo X. at thirty-seven. Luther robbed even him of his richest province at thirty-five. Take Ignatius Loyola and John Wesley—they worked with young brains. Ignatius was only thirty when he made his pilgrimage and wrote the *Spiritual Exercises*. Pascal wrote a great work at sixteen (the greatest of Frenchmen), and died at thirty-seven. Ah! that fatal thirty-seven, which reminds me of Byron—greater even as a man than a writer. Was it experience that guided the pencil of Raphael when he painted the palaces of Rome? He died at thirty-seven. Richelieu was secretary of state at thirty-one. Well, then, there are Bolingbroke and Pitt, both ministers before other men leave off cricket. Grotius was in practice at seventeen, and attorney-general at twenty-four. And Acquaviva—Acquaviva was general of Jesuits, ruled every cabinet in Europe, and colonised America before he was thirty-seven. What a career! the secret sway of Europe! That was, indeed, a position! But it is needless to multiply instances. The history of heroes is the history of youth."

magnificence to the hour of triumph. At the command of the emperor, the minister of public instruction and worship addressed a circular, on the 12th of September, to the French bishops, in which it was said—"The emperor, elevating his thoughts to the Supreme Judge of Armies and of Empires, desires you to call the faithful to the steps of the altar, to render public thanks to the Almighty. Monsieur the prefect will concert with you such measures as shall give to the *Te Deum*, which you will cause to be sung on Sunday, the 16th instant, all the solemnity desirable.

The ceremonial was performed in the venerable cathedral of Nôtre-Dame, which was decorated in a manner suitable for a rejoicing both of a religious and military character. On the four columns which support the first gallery of the portico were displayed the shields of France, England, Turkey, and Sardinia, and a row of flags, with the colours of the four nations, extended along the base of the two towers, on each of which floated four green banners, embroidered with golden bees. The interior of the cathedral was hung with rich drapery of crimson velvet, embroidered with gold. This was adorned at regular intervals with golden eagles, having their wings extended. At each column were clusters of flags of the allied nations, while a great number of banners and *oriflammes* were suspended from the vaulted roof.

At twelve o'clock the emperor and Prince Jerome entered the state carriage in the court of the Tuileries, and, followed by a military procession, proceeded to the cathedral. His departure from the palace was announced by a salute of a hundred guns; at the same time the trumpets sounded, the drums beat to arms, the flags were lowered as the emperor passed, and joyous shouts broke from the assembled multitude. Amidst this could be heard the sonorous clang of the great bell of Nôtre-Dame, pealing forth its note of triumph. Every window, and even every house-top was crowded with spectators: the sky was without a cloud, and the cheering rays of a brilliant sun added to the animation and gorgeousness of the scene.

On arriving at the entrance of the cathedral, the emperor was received by the Archbishop of Paris and the metropolitan clergy. The archbishop, after presenting to his majesty the holy water and the incense, thus addressed him:—"Sire,—I hasten

to receive your majesty on the threshold of this august temple, which echoes this day to the loud fame of the glory of France. May our solemn thanksgivings ascend to God for the signal success with which he has just crowned our arms! So much heroism will soon receive its reward. The great object with which your majesty, in concert with your allies, is pursuing with so much firmness and wisdom, will not fail to be attained—a glorious and lasting peace will be achieved." Then, in allusion to the empress, whose delicate state of health prevented her attendance, the archbishop added—"But, sire, that which so enhances the happiness of the nation, under the present circumstances, is the thought that Providence, after all these triumphs, prepares for you, in addition, domestic joys, which will be so much more agreeable to your heart, that they will be a source of public happiness." The emperor replied—"I come here, monseigneur, to thank Heaven for the triumph it has vouchsafed to our arms, for I take pleasure in acknowledging, that however great the skill of the generals and the courage of the soldiers, nothing can succeed without the protection of Providence."

The emperor was then conducted to his place in the cathedral. On the benches in the aisles and transept were assembled the officers of the crown, the various constituted corps, and the representatives of foreign governments. Conspicuous amongst the latter were the ambassadors of Austria and Prussia. A number of ladies, radiant in their beauty and the mingled colours of their dresses, were also present; and the side aisles were thronged with the people generally. Among distinguished foreigners, none attracted more notice than Abd-el-Kader and a party of Arabs, whose behaviour in a Christian temple was most decorous and devout. The emperor having bent on one knee before the gorgeous altar, remained for a few minutes either in prayer or contemplation; then taking his seat, the solemn notes of the *Te Deum* were heard resounding through the building. It was chanted in the midst of the deepest silence; and the *Domine salvum fac Imperatorem* repeated three times by the vocal and instrumental performers. All present then knelt while the archbishop pronounced the pastoral benediction, and the ceremony terminated. During the return to the palace, the loyalty of the people was exhibited by

loud and repeated shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*"

After some delay, Sunday, the 30th of September, was appointed in England as a day of prayer and thanksgiving: but this was simply a religious observance, in no way appealing to the military ardour of the people, and can scarcely be spoken of as a national ceremony. Occurring on a Sunday, there was nothing to give prominence to the day, which was, moreover, gloomy and wet, and went off as sadly and heavily as well could be. It was a mixed emotion that animated the minds of men on that occasion. "The Englishman," said a journalist of the day, "who stands among the ruins of Sebastopol, has far more reason to weep, as many a conqueror has done before, than to pant for new battle-fields. A vast sacrifice has been offered up; myriads of men of many nations,—the tribes of many a steppe; the labours of many a harvest; the flocks and herds of many a valley; armies and fleets; a city and fortresses; vast fabrics that have been slowly rising from the rock or the shore; accumulations of artillery, missiles, powder, food, and all the fell *matériel* of war, which, after such an unparalleled waste, seemed still inexhaustible; the resources of empires at the highest pitch of art,—have all been collected and heaped together, only to be hacked and hewn, rent and torn, buried in the earth, and flung to the skies, smashed, ground to dust, blasted and burnt, gashed, riddled, mangled, dismembered, reduced to mortal agony and festering corruption; till the whole lies at length motionless and silent, a mere chaos of shattered fragments and mortal remains. Never since the beginning of history was seen so vast a pile of ruin and misery, contributed by so large a portion of the human race. With the exception of a few odious incidents, from which we are happily spared, the catastrophe is without an equal in the annals of war. And what is the moral? Is it that we are pre-eminent in generalship, in dashing courage, in mechanical ingenuity, in abundance of material resources and versatility of genius? Is it that they who rule the sea must needs also shake the earth? Is it that a constitutional government must give us an advantage over slaves? Whoever once expected aught of these things must now give up the idle hope; for, so far as England is concerned, the only augury we can gather from the huge hecatomb, is the hard though final triumph of justice,

liberty, and truth. This is much, indeed, but it is not all. Whatever we ventured to ask from heaven in our prayers has been granted. If any one asked for more—if any ambitious mortal intruded national glory or aggrandisement into the solemn litany of nations, he has been signally disappointed."

The feeling in Paris towards England was of the most friendly and generous description. Aware that the English people felt somewhat hurt by the want of success which attended the efforts of their troops on the 8th of September, some organs of the French press endeavoured, by a generous estimate of our efforts, to soothe our regretful feelings. The *Moniteur* published the following article, which, for its kindly appreciation of the efforts of England, deserves to be transcribed into our pages:—

"The capture of Sebastopol has caused the greatest joy in England as well as in France. In fact it was just that, after having shared the dangers and the sacrifices of this war, the two peoples should take an equal share in the glory of the triumph. Since the commencement of the struggle, France and England, united by an intimate community of views and efforts, have shown a sort of emulation in providing each according to its resources the means of assuring success. If France was able to send out more soldiers, England provided a greater number of ships, and, nevertheless, sent successively to the Crimea 80,000 troops, collected from all points of her immense empire.

"Thanks to the prodigious naval armament of the allied powers, their flags rule on every sea, and exclude Russia from it. The enemy has seen his ships blockaded or burnt in his ports, his coasts devastated, his commerce annihilated, his foreign relations destroyed. From the Sea of Azoff to the White Sea, from the Baltic to Kamiesch, Russia is imprisoned by our fleets. While by force of courage our soldiers triumphed over the desperate resistance of the Russian army, the combined fleets destroyed their provisions and intercepted their communications, at the same time that they kept up abundance in the allied armies, and brought them daily new reinforcements. Our own maritime resources would scarcely have sufficed for the transport of our troops and of the enormous quantity of *matériel* which such a war, at a distance of 800 leagues from the country, demanded. The English admiralty placed fifty vessels of the royal

and commercial navy at the disposal of France, which conveyed to the Crimea nearly 40,000 of our troops, with 2,000 horses, and 7,000 tons of *matériel*. Every one knows, moreover, that if Bomarsund fell under the blows of our soldiers, it was chiefly the English navy that took them there. In all the phases of this war, at Alma and at Inkermann, as at Bomarsund and at Sweaborg, the armies and fleets of England and France have mingled their blood together, and emulated each other in bravery for the common cause.

"At the Tchernaya our allies hastened up to our support as we hastened up to support them at Balaklava. In the last and victorious efforts against Sebastopol, English and French equally fulfilled their heroic task. Of several different points of attack, one only was conquered at first; but the triumph is not the less due to all the corps of the allied army, which, mutually supporting each other and sharing the resistance of the enemy, finally compelled him to abandon the walls of that town which even his despair could no longer defend. Thus the commander-in-chief of the French army was only just when he attributed to the English army a large share of glory in the success of that great day's work.

"As regards the pecuniary sacrifices which our allies have imposed upon themselves, they are equal to ours, if they do not exceed them. Without speaking of the Turkish loan of 100,000,000 francs, guaranteed, it is true, by France as well as by England, but contracted for entirely by our neighbours, nor of the 50,000,000 advanced by them to the Piedmontese government to enable it to give us the so useful assistance of her brave soldiers, England has spent in this war nearly 400,000,000 francs last year, and has provided so that she can spend this year more than a milliard, if necessary. This enormous burden and all these sacrifices the English people knew how to support, like the French people, not only with resignation, but with that energy which proves that it will spare nothing till its object is attained; and it may be said that, with our neighbours as with ourselves, the nation is not satisfied with following and supporting its government, but goes in some measure beyond it, by providing it with all the means for assuring the triumph of a cause the justice and grandeur of which are equally understood by both peoples."

How was the news of his reverse received

by the Emperor Alexander? Since his coronation he had lived in comparative retirement, and Europe had almost lost sight of him. He had, however, acted up to the letter of the warlike manifesto he issued on assuming the imperial crown, and, either from a warlike spirit, or a dread of revolution at home in the event of defeat or submission, had endeavoured to walk in the steps of Peter, Catherine, Alexander, and his "august father." It was now reported, and probably correctly so, that in an account of the fall of Sebastopol which he forwarded to the King of Prussia by a private telegraphic despatch, he made use of the expression—"Russia never makes peace upon a defeat." In this expression he revealed not so much his opinion as his *fate*. It would require more skill in the art of government than he had given evidence of possessing, and more good fortune than had hitherto attended his footsteps, to retain his imperial authority when he had confessed the hopeless humiliation of his military power.

The sentiments of the Emperor Alexander were, however, soon publicly proclaimed, and it was then seen that he had not abandoned either the pretensions of his predecessor nor that offensive parade of piety so characteristic of the czar Nicholas. The following order of the day was issued by Alexander to his army on the fall of Sebastopol:—

"The defence of Sebastopol, which has lasted so long, and which is, perhaps, unexampled in military annals, has drawn upon it the attention not only of Russia but of all Europe. From its very commencement it placed its defenders in the same rank as the most illustrious heroes of our country. In the course of eleven months the garrison of Sebastopol has disputed with a powerful enemy every inch of ground of the country which surrounds the town, and each of its enterprises has been distinguished by the most brilliant bravery. The obstinate bombardment, four times renewed, and the fire of which has been justly styled 'infernal,' shook the walls of our fortifications, but could not shake or diminish the zeal and perseverance of their defenders. They beat the enemy or died with indomitable courage, with a self-denial worthy of the soldiers of Christ, without a thought of surrendering. Regretting from my heart the loss of so many generous warriors, who offered their lives as a sacrifice to their country, and

submitting with resignation to the will of the Most High, whom it has not pleased to crown their acts with complete success, I feel it a sacred duty, on this occasion, to express in my name, as well as in that of all Russia, to the brave garrison of Sebastopol the warmest gratitude for its indefatigable labours, for the blood it has shed in the defence, for nearly a year, of those fortifications which it erected in a few days.

"But there are impossibilities even for heroes. On the 8th of this month, after six desperate assaults, which were repulsed, the enemy succeeded in getting possession of the important Korniloff Bastion (Malakhoff), and the commander-in-chief of the army in the Crimea, desirous of sparing the precious blood of his companions, who, under the circumstances, would only have shed it uselessly, decided upon passing over to the north side of the fortress, leaving only blood-stained ruins to the besieging enemy.

"Those tried heroes, the object of the general esteem of their comrades, will doubtless give in re-entering actually into the ranks of the army new proofs of their warlike virtues. With them, and like them, all my troops, animated with the same unbounded confidence in Providence, with the same ardent love for me and my country, will always and everywhere fight the enemies that attempt to touch our sacred ark, the honour and the territorial integrity of our country; and the name of Sebastopol, which has acquired immortal glory by so much suffering, and the names of its defenders, will live eternally in the hearts of all the Russians, with the names of the heroes who immortalised themselves on the fields of battle of Pultawa and Borodino.

"ALEXANDER.

"St. Petersburg, Sept. 11th, 1855."

This document is expressive of a dignified resignation under misfortune, but it did not indicate any desire to bring the war to a close. The emperor admitted the severity of the blows that had been struck, but consoled himself by the bravery and loyalty of his troops. "True is it," said the eloquent patriot Kossuth, "that the Emperor Alex-

ander, if reports do not deceive us, is anything but an energetic man. To use the classical words of Shakspeare, he is one of those men 'that are fat, sleek-headed, and such as sleep o' nights.' But there is behind him the immovable hereditary policy of the cabinet of St. Petersburg, to which the czars themselves are subject, as the divinities of ancient Greece were thought subject to destiny. The time will come when the sun of czarism shall make way for the sun of freedom rising on the horizon of Russia; but as long as czarism exists, the czar must obey the immovable idea of his house, or make room for a successor. Let men beware of illusions. England is further off from the prospects of peace at the moment of Sebastopol's fall, than she was before she landed one man on the shores of the Crimea. This is the inexorable logic of events."* A leader in the *Daily News* observed upon this manifesto—"The sovereign of Russia is not yet prepared to confess that he has been in the wrong, and to accept of peace on the condition of giving guarantees for his future good behaviour. He exhorts his soldiers to repel every attempt to violate the sanctity of the Russian territory. Our main concern is to discover whether the emperor and his counsellors are prepared to act up to these bold words. We believe they are. We believe, indeed, that despondency already pervades a large proportion of the Russian population, a despondency which privations will in due time exacerbate into mutiny. But as yet the proud and reckless faction which is in the ascendant in the councils of Russia is wilfully blind to this fact. It is from the characters of these men that the course they will pursue must be inferred. They are rude in sentiment as the iron-handed barons of the middle ages; they are sensual and voluptuous as the courtiers of imperial Rome; they are ambitious, avaricious, and daring as the proconsuls of the Roman republic at the height of its power. Their exclusive study has been the art of war, and they fondly deem themselves masters in it. Their private estates are overburdened with loans from their govern-

* The Hungarian exile added a warning which deserves the most earnest consideration. Speaking to the English people, he said—"Of one thing I would warn you. By the destruction of Sebastopol and her fleet you have inflicted a mortal insult on Russia. *Mind to take away her strength, or else beware of the insulted enemy.* There is no greater fault in politics than to insult without breaking the power of revenge. And no crime, and no fault in

politics ever escaped retribution, or ever will. I have a right to remind you of this more than any man. Scarcely six years have rolled away since Russia committed the crime of the invasion of Hungary, and England the fault of having permitted it. The present war is the logical result of it. And lo! by what immense sacrifices, by what nameless sufferings have they to atone—Russia for the crime, England for the fault."

ment, at usurious interest. They can only obtain the means of maintaining that parade, and of indulging in that luxury which are the end and aim of their existence, by having conquered provinces subjected to their rule as governors. The systematic encroachments of Russia upon her neighbours are less owing to the ambition of her sovereigns than to the bankruptcy and ungovernable appetites of those nobles who take an active part in politics. Trained in the ever-changing atmosphere of a despotic court, these men are by habit reckless gamblers, who have staked everything on the hazard of a die; who know and seek for no medium between unbounded power and indulgence, and utter ruin. Intensely selfish, they will not shrink from involving their country in their fall. A just and moderate policy, which would promote the true interests of Russia, and accelerate the civilisation of her people, would relegate these men to penury and obscurity, and to this they are resolute not to submit. Like Sardanapalus, when they can no longer continue their proud, luxurious mode of life, they are daring enough to close it by immolating themselves on the funeral pile of an empire. The czar, and his more moderate counsellors, may be disposed to yield to necessity; the people may be clamorous for peace; but these men will compel both to persist in the war by inaugurating a reign of terror. This is the source of the stubborn resistance which the allies have to look for on the part of Russia. It cannot last, but it will be fierce and uncompromising."

We wish in this chapter to represent, as far as possible in a work of this kind, the effect produced upon different nations and political parties by the fall of Sebastopol. After reading the address of the Emperor Alexander to his troops, we are scarcely prepared to hear any Russian authority describe the loss of Sebastopol, and the annihilation of the fleet that had hitherto found protection within its harbour, as an *advantage*! Yet it was even so. The *Nord*, a Russian organ, published at Brussels, contained the following piece of clever sophistry on this point. It must be admitted, and it is willingly admitted, that the prolonged defence of the Russians preserved their military honour, and that their well-planned retreat saved their army from surrender; but no sane man could deny that Russia had suffered a great defeat and a tremen-

dous loss, and that her *prestige* had suffered incalculably, by having a fortress torn from her grasp after she had made every effort in her power to retain it. Pro-Russian journalists and politicians might argue and quibble as they pleased, but the belief in Russian invincibility, which had been slowly extending itself over nearly every court and people in Europe, was annihilated. But we give the article from the *Nord*, merely introducing it with the observation, that it is one of the most extraordinary compounds of political Jesuitry we have ever met with.

"Facts of great importance have just taken place in the Crimea. We have as yet but few indications whereby to appreciate their significance. A rational general view of them, however, suffices to show us that, despite the *éclat* which the recent deeds of arms have thrown upon the French army, the triumph of the allied armies is more apparent than real; and that, comparing the state of things before and after the 9th of September, it must be acknowledged that it appears to be modified in the inverse ratio of victory, that is to say, to the advantage of the Russian army.

"And, first, let it be said that the result of the assault of the 8th of September had exceeded the expectations—nay, that it, so to say, cheated the hopes of the commanders of the allies. In fact, if we recall to mind the tenor of the Emperor Napoleon's letter to General Pelissier, as well as the expressions in the telegraphic despatch from that general after the occupation of the fortifications of the Korniloff Bastion, it will be seen that the allied powers counted on a defence, foot by foot, of the south part of the town, and founded all their provisions on the tenacity of that resistance. The obstinacy of the Russian army was turned to their advantage. Decimated by the more and more concentrated fire of a formidable artillery, that army would have been used up in defending the heap of ruins presented by the south of Sebastopol. The fall of the place, therefore, if retarded, must have come at last. But, under the above circumstances, it carried with it the loss of the army.

"Nothing is more natural than that the allied generals should have desired such a result; but the Russian commander-in-chief has known how to foil their calculations. Determined to attempt everything to prevent the fall of Sebastopol, he doubtless made the diversion at Traktir; he dis-

played the greatest vigour in repelling the assault; but, meantime, he had prepared everything so as to be able, at a moment's notice, to carry out the resolution he had taken to pass to the north side, and concentrate his troops there. The bridge thrown over the bay, the activity displayed in fortifying the north side, the conveyance thither of a portion of the *matériel*; finally, the promptitude and order with which the transit was made, prove that the plan had long been prepared and matured. It was a serious responsibility which the Russian commander-in-chief assumed in the teeth of public opinion in Russia; but all his scruples had to give way to imperious considerations.

"Certainly, when Sebastopol was attacked, it was for Russia to defend it to the utmost. It was the centre of valuable establishments; it was the cradle of her navy. It would have been infamy to give up that sanctuary without striking a blow for it. But, a year passed over; the maritime and other establishments had been successively destroyed. The fleet had disappeared beneath the waves in supplying the wants of the defence. Many of the brave sailors themselves, at their head Korniloff, Nachimoff, Istomine, had paid for their indomitable courage with their glorious lives. History already registered among memorable facts the heroic resistance of a garrison, exposed, without casemates, with only a few blindages for shelter, to the continuous discharge of the most formidable artillery, both in amount and calibre, ever brought against a town. That the honour of Russia was safe will be allowed by her most violent detractors; and it was, therefore, time to place the real interests of Russia and strategical considerations above a false point of honour. Russia continued the war, not for the preservation of a heap of ruins, but for a principle, the importance of which, for the independence of Europe, is only brought into bolder relief by the successes of the allies; for Russia once removed from the field of action, where would be the boundary against the verdict of limitation pronounced by the maritime powers? Now, the defence of this principle ought not to remain concentrated around a heap of stones; it could only be continued by a rational disposal of resistance.

"This result was obtained by the concentration effected, on the 9th of September, of all the Russian forces on the north side,

with the right resting on formidable fortifications erected there, its left on the Mackenzie ravines. The Russian army keeps that of the allies hemmed in on the plateau of Balaklava and Sebastopol. It may thus await the undertakings of the allies in a stronger, more imposing, and more reassured manner than before. By this manœuvre, Prince Gortschakoff has doubled the strength of his army in a strategic point of view, because, concentrated, it has acquired a complete freedom of movement; in a tactical point of view, by the advantage of position beyond the range of siege pieces, and where its field artillery assures conditions of superiority. We repeat it, then—by the events of the 8th and 9th of September, the final position of the Russian army on the theatre of war in the Crimea has simplified itself to its advantage. Such is, to our idea, the military bearing of these latter events.

"What will their political importance be? Are we to be allowed to believe that, from a sentiment of humanity, on one side they will be satisfied with laurels; on the other with the respect imposed by the strength of the new position, and shake hands as enemies who respect each other? Those are questions which it is not for us to decide.

"It would only appear to us that, if by the events of the 8th and 9th of September Russia has got out of a bad military dilemma, the Western Powers appear to us to have cut a political Gordian knot which impeded them. It is a phase of a crisis for both parties. We trust that it may prove to be for the advantage of the friends of peace."

The following German view of the fall of Sebastopol, from the *Augsburg Gazette*, possesses more of truth and sense than the blushless assertions of the Russian advocate, and is evidently from the pen of an acute politician:—

"Sebastopol has fallen—fallen after a struggle which has not its equal in the history of wars—but yet fallen, and we have to consider the importance of this event, its certain and probable consequences; for it might happen that a more earnest and pressing warning than ever might be given to Germany to exchange its present neutrality for a position which, if it does not place the decision in its hands, would at least make it participate therein. The Russians have—and the Russians themselves put emphasis upon the announcement—voluntarily evacuated the south side of Sebastopol. As if

they had any other choice than to withdraw or to bury themselves under the ruins? Since Prince Gortschakoff's despatch, concluding with the words 'our fortifications suffer,' the catastrophe was simply a question of time, and the attack at Traktir-bridge was the last desperate attempt to avert it. The attempt failed. Sebastopol fell as it was doomed to fall, and when the *Nord* endeavours to demonstrate that it is only now that the army is concentrated in the northern forts, that there is unity in its action and movements, it is comically absurd.

"We do not wish to overrate the event of the 8th of September, but we must not underrate it. The northern fortress may be a stronger, a much stronger fortress; but the south part contained everything which Sebastopol had to defend—the whole of Russia's Black Sea fleet, and all the resources of that fleet. All this is annihilated; and for at least half a century to come, even without the stipulations of a peace, through the simple force of circumstances, the limitation of the naval power of Russia is an accomplished fact. The third guarantee point no longer exists. But there is a point of still greater importance. The *prestige* of Russia's inviolability is gone—gone in the East as in the West; her whole power is shaken to its centre, and *this especially because Sebastopol did not fall at once, and because it has only fallen now.*

"It would be superfluous now to investigate whether it was possible or impossible to have taken the fortress by a *coup-de-main* immediately after the landing in the Crimea; but then Sebastopol only would have been taken, and Sebastopol is not the Crimea, still less Russia. But since then every nerve has been strained to keep the place. A large army, always as numerous, often more numerous than the forces of the allies, has fought with bravery throughout, all the means of art and nature have been employed, and yet the Russians have fought in vain, and an incongruous host, with no other retreat than the sea, has beaten their army on its own ground, with an immense empire behind it, and when the highest stake was played for the position of Russia in the East. Russia's military honour is safe; for in her retreat she has left nothing but ruins and corpses, but her power has not the less received a mortal wound.

"Will the new phases of the war, will the fall of Sebastopol lead to a successful renewal of the peace negotiations? 'Russia

will never make peace after a disaster' is the haughty sentence attributed to Alexander II. We will not touch upon it. If the Western Powers entertain the same idea, peace would never be possible. Russia will still be willing to negotiate. But there are reasons to induce the Western Powers to be reasonable in their demands. They cannot seize upon the heart of Russia as long as central Europe remains inactive, and perhaps they may now obtain an indemnification for war expenses; afterwards, when Russia's finances shall have sunk to exhaustion, they will not. Are they to seek for an indemnification in Russian territory? But where is the Russian territory that can have an equivalent value in their eyes? The Crimea may be a valuable pledge, but neither France nor England can wish to place it among the jewels of their crown. And Germany? Whoever has calmly studied the position of Germany throughout the struggle must inevitably be convinced that *in the leading circles there has existed a secret sympathy for Russia, a secret hatred for the Napoleon dynasty.* From reasons caused by the unmistakable feeling of the whole people the cause of Russia was not openly espoused, but a tacit support was given to it by inaction, and no idea was entertained of acting against Russia. The invulnerability of the Russian army was believed in Germany as long as the Western Powers were alone in the field, and the quiet hope was entertained that Napoleon III., like Napoleon I., would knock his head to pieces against his powerful adversary, and Germany reap where she had not sown; but the fall of Sebastopol has destroyed that belief, and deceived that hope. Germany, it is true, has spared some millions, because she resolved to look on as a passive spectator of the struggle; but let us beware lest we have ultimately to pay the piper with far more than those millions. More than once Russia and France have met on the bloody battle-fields as enemies, and yet one year afterwards Napoleon and Alexander were discussing the partition of Europe; and on the throne of France there is now another Napoleon, and on the throne of Russia a second Alexander."

It was evident, notwithstanding the assumed calmness and dignity of the czar, that he and his ministers were seriously alarmed by the heavy reverse the Russian arms had experienced in the Crimea. Russia, said her statesmen, waited calm and resigned

until her enemies proposed peace; but the restlessness of the emperor betrayed the anxiety which agitated him, and the dark fears that, like evil angels, cast gloomy shadows over his future. Russia had suffered severely in 1812, but she had not been humbled. On the contrary, the way in which she baffled the terrible visitation of the first Napoleon, raised her in the estimation of Europe. Should Russia, in the present age, suffer renewed defeats and ultimate disgrace, what would be the prospects of her ruler? It is more than possible that he would become a sacrifice to appease her wrath. The genius of Russian history points, with menacing and spectral finger, to such a tragedy; and, despite his seeming calmness and dignified patience under reverses, the young emperor felt and betrayed a nervous anxiety as to the result of the fierce world-struggle in which he was engaged.

This was exhibited by a restless desire for travel, in order to visit the threatened portions of his dominions, and excite the feelings of his subjects. Leaving St. Petersburg, accompanied by the empress and the grand-dukes Constantine, Nicholas, and Michael, he proceeded on a journey to Moscow. The court reason assigned for this visit was, that the czar had gone to pray to the God of Russia in the first capital of the empire, where he was born, to bless his power and the *holy* combat of the orthodox church in the East. Alexander was received in the ancient capital of Russia with vehement acclamations. Though nearly midnight before he arrived, the bells of all the churches were rung, and the city was illuminated. He took up his abode in the magnificent palace of the Kremlin; and on visiting the cathedral of the Ascension, he was received by the metropolitan of Moscow with the following address, well described as a compound of servility and fanaticism:—

“Most Pious Emperor,—Does the old metropolis of your throne, to which was reserved by special decree the honour of receiving you with a joyous presentiment on your arrival in the world, need to express to you its sentiments when it sees in you the accomplishment of its prayers and its presentiments, and the source of new devotion for the country? It feels profoundly the high imperial grace which you have shown us, in accepting the immense burden of the empire, with the extraordinary in-

heritance of continuing the just war in which we are engaged; and in finding time, amid the numerous occupations of the commencement of a reign, to recall to mind your cradle, Moscow, and to accord to it the joy of your presence. But that is not all. We understand with profound respect the lofty reason of your arrival among us. You hasten to the hereditary sanctuary of the coronation of the czars to address your imperial prayer to Him who ‘saves kings,’ and, with the intercession of his saints—of Bishop Peter, who blessed the commencement of this capital, and of Bishop Alexis, who blessed your birth, and in your holy baptism received you in his arms,—to obtain that ‘the Lord shall send thee from Zion the sceptre of power,’ and that your firmness shall triumph over the efforts, and your penetration over the cunning, of the enemies of Russia. Russia will understand your prayer; millions of hearts will repeat it in all the orthodox churches and all the empire, in order to assure you power, victory, peace, health, and salvation. We address to the Lord another prayer: it is to see you soon with the sacred sign of the saints, the crown of your father and your ancestors, amid the benedictions of heaven and of Russia.”

On the 20th of September, the emperor and the royal party left Moscow; but before doing so he addressed the following rescript to Count Zakrevski, the governor-general of the city, and to the inhabitants:—

“Count Arsenius Andreievitch,—From the time that I ascended the throne of my ancestors, it has been my heartfelt wish to visit the dear and trusted ancient capital of my empire—the city in which I was born and received baptism under the protection of the relics of the worker of miracles, St. Alexis of Moscow. Having now fulfilled this wish, I have experienced from the inhabitants of Moscow a reception which has caused great gladness to myself and my whole house—a reception such as Russia has at all times given to her sovereigns. I commission you to express my heartiest acknowledgments to all classes in Moscow. My happiness would have been complete had not preceding events clouded these fortunate moments. It is already known, by my order of the day addressed to the Russian armies, that the garrison of Sebastopol, after an unexampled siege of eleven months, after deeds of prowess previously unheard of, after a self-denial, and the

repulse of six obstinate attacks, has passed over to the north side of the town, leaving to the enemy only bloody ruins. Sebastopol's heroic defenders have achieved all that human strength could perform. *Past and present events I accept as the inscrutable will of Providence, who chastens Russia with heavy hours of trial.* But Russia's trials were once far heavier, and God the Lord sent down to her his all-bountiful and invisible aid. Wherefore let us also now put our trust in Him: He will defend Russia, the orthodox, who has drawn the sword for the just cause, the cause of Christianity. The incessant proofs of all and every one's readiness to sacrifice property, family, and the last drop of their blood for maintaining the integrity of the empire and the national honour, delight me. It is precisely in these national feelings and efforts that I find consolation and strength, and from my whole heart, indissolubly blended with my loyal and gallant people, I, with trust in God's help and grace, repeat the words of Alexander I.—“Where truth is, there also is God!” I remain unalterably well inclined towards you.

ALEXANDER.”

The profane and maudlin use made of religion by the emperor, was perhaps outdone by a Russian journal called the *Northern Bee*, which observed—“The fall of Sebastopol is certainly a national calamity; but it is sent by God as a judgment, to punish us for forgetting the Divine precepts in our endeavours to attempt the introduction of what the enemy call civilisation.” From the publication of such bigoted barbarism as this, it may be inferred how deeply the reverses of the enemy were felt by them.

On leaving Moscow the empress, the grand-duchesses, and their children, returned to St. Petersburg; the emperor and his brothers proceeded to Nicholaieff, where they arrived early in the morning of the 25th of September. As on the destruction of the harbour of Sebastopol this town was regarded as the nursery of the Russian fleet, in which it was proclaimed that a new steam navy was to be built, to replace the one destroyed in the south, we will give a short account of it. Nicholaieff is situated in a fine plain on the south side of the river

Ingul, near its junction with the Bug. It is about one hundred miles from Perekop, and 107 from Odessa. Nicholaieff was founded in 1791, and contains wide and regular streets, many of which are ornamented with trees planted on both sides. It has some magnificent barracks, capable of accommodating 25,000 men. The houses are mostly built of stone, and some of them are elegant, though few can pretend to any magnificence. The museum contains a good collection of maps and instruments, an extensive library, and some stone monuments containing Latin and Greek inscriptions. The ports and dockyards contain vessels and gun-boats of all sizes, and immense quantities of naval stores. The timber for the ships built here comes chiefly down the Dnieper to Cherson, and from thence to Nicholaieff. The vessels constructed in its dockyards are transported down the river to Glubokoye, where they take in their cannon, tackle, &c., and proceed thence to the Black Sea upon camels (*i.e.*, machines for lifting ships), on account of a sand-bank near Kinburn.* Nicholaieff at present contains 38,000 inhabitants, and its pure and healthy air make it a favourite resort with the Russian nobility. Five-and-twenty years ago it had never been heard of out of Russia; but now great efforts are made to render it a second Sebastopol, as by the fall of that place it had become the principal naval establishment on the south side of that empire.

The Emperor Alexander remained some time at Nicholaieff, part of which he was confined to his room. Various reasons were assigned as the cause; the most reasonable being that he had seriously sprained his ankle; and the most improbable, that he had gone mad in consequence of the numerous disasters his fleet and army had experienced, and from the fear that Russia would be reduced to the condition of a second-rate power. During this time, the czar was startled by the capture of Kinburn by the allies, an event we shall shortly relate in this history. Constantine, the brother of the emperor, and grand-admiral of the fleet, formed, while at Nicholaieff, a building commission, at which he presided personally, and many thousand hands were set to work in erecting new vessels. Adju-

done. The issue from the port has been deepened, so as to render unnecessary the employment of camels for taking vessels to Sebastopol, in order to have them armed. Vessels of 120 guns can now get out to sea without meeting with any obstacle.”

* This circumstance has been disputed; whether rightly or not, we are unable to say. The late Marshal Marmont (Duke de Ragusa), who travelled in Southern Russia in 1835, in speaking of Nicholaieff, observed:—“One thing of great utility has been

tant-general Todleben, so celebrated for the construction of the defences of Sebastopol, was also summoned to Nicholaieff, and made aide-de-camp to the emperor, doubtless with the object of employing him in the defence of the place. On the 15th of October, Alexander issued a ukase, ordering a general levy of recruits throughout the empire. It was to consist of ten in every thousand persons, and Jews were also included in it. It was stated that there had not been so extensive a levy since 1836. In the ukase, the emperor observed—"In consequence of the losses which our troops have suffered in the campaign of this year, we look upon it as indispensable thoroughly to complete our armies, for the purpose of repelling the enterprises of the enemy." It was evident that both the Russian government and people were suffering severely from the iron grasp of the allies. Some light is thrown on the anxiety of the czar by the following letter from Warsaw, dated the 6th of November, and published shortly afterwards in the *Patrie*:—"Never since the commencement of the last campaign have the telegraphic communications been so frequent as they are at present, between the chief of the staff of the emperor and Marshal Paskiewitch. Five or six despatches are exchanged in one day between Nicholaieff and Warsaw. The old marshal is always consulted on all the important movements to be made, and his opinion is followed with extraordinary deference. The director-general of the police has published in the journals long lists of Poles who have deserted in order to escape the late conscription, and the inhabitants have received orders to furnish the authorities with every information in their power as to where they may be discovered. Increased severity is used now at the frontiers, on the subject of foreign books and journals. All parcels which may be wrapped up in old journals are opened, and the papers burned. The most active exertions are being made to induce young men belonging to the families of nobles, but without fortune, to enter as lieutenants in the Russian regiments. They are offered their complete outfit, and their travelling expenses to the depôt of the regiment. Very few of the sons of the Polish nobility will, however, consent to quit their own country and enter the Russian service." That discontent should prevail in Poland was to be expected; but almost all accounts concurred in stating that discontent and

despondency also reigned both at St. Petersburg and Moscow. At the latter capital the czar was received with enthusiasm, but the spirits of the people sank again directly the imperial pageant passed away.

Here, for a time, we will leave the emperor, and close this chapter with a few letters illustrative of the fall of Sebastopol. After which we shall resume the narrative of the proceedings of the allies at the captured city.

Our first is part of a highly interesting letter, dated from the French camp, September 14th:—

One of the brave soldiers, in passing before the redoubt in which we were, asked us whether we could give him something to drink. We hastened to him, and were happy in having it in our power to offer him a little brandy. "Gentlemen," said he to the officers who stood round him, "you must also have the kindness to put it to my mouth, for you see my left arm is broken by the splinter of a shell; the bone will scarcely hold together, and I am compelled to support it with my right hand;" and, in fact, he was holding up his bleeding and mutilated limb with the other hand. When he had drunk, we endeavoured to give him a few words of comfort, to which he replied—"Oh! I know the end of it; an arm the less is of little consequence, since we have the victory." He then thanked us and walked on, refusing to have any one to accompany him. This stoical simplicity was evinced by all the soldiers, and the generals and officers set an example of it. General Bourbaki, who was wounded by a ball in the breast, was seen returning towards his tent, giving his arm to a wounded soldier; and a short time after we saw General de la Motterouge, who had been wounded in the head by the explosion of the curtain which unites the Malakhoff with the Little Redan, arrive at the Lancaster redoubt with his face covered with blood, accompanied by a colonel and a captain of the imperial guard, also wounded. They were walking, and, notwithstanding their severe sufferings, would not allow themselves to be carried. Another fact well worthy of mention took place near the Careening Port. The ambulance is situate in the deepest and most abrupt part of the ravine, surrounded and commanded by enormous rocks, in the hollows between which, habitations for the surgeons and officers attached to the ambulance had been prepared. A number of

wounded soldiers might be slowly seen descending the steep path leading to the ambulances, carrying others of their comrades more severely injured than themselves. When, in the night, the first explosion was heard from the Russians blowing up the works previously to their retreat, all the wounded who were passing at the time halted on the summit of the plateau to contemplate the view of Sebastopol in flames. Forgetful of their sufferings, they remained there the whole night, looking at the imposing scene. Among them was a sergeant of infantry, who was being conveyed to the ambulance in a litter. He felt assured that his wound was mortal, and, although medical assistance might perhaps have prolonged his life for a day or two, he insisted on being let down to die on that spot. He was placed in a sitting position, the upper part of his body supported against a large stone, and his face turned towards the burning town. He contemplated the scene with the utmost delight; and soon after, feeling that his life was fast ebbing away, he rallied his remaining strength, took off his *kepi*, and waving it in the air, cried, "Adieu, my friends, Sebastopol is ours! *Vive la France! Vive l'Empereur!*" and in a few minutes afterwards expired. A fact strikingly characteristic of the good feeling of our troops also took place. On the morning of the fire a Zouave was seen proceeding towards the ambulances. He had received a ball in his leg, and was limping along, supporting himself by his musket. He was accompanied by two Russians, more seriously wounded than himself, and to whom he was paying the utmost attention, and from time to time making them drink from the gourd slung at his back, accompanying the offer with these words—"Come, drink, my poor fellow; what has happened is not your fault; you have done your duty as soldiers, and you are as brave as ourselves!" Such are the French soldiers; terrible during the fight, but kind and humane after the victory. On the morning of the 9th, although the fire was still burning, our soldiers began wandering through the town. In many of the houses, principally those occupied by the Russian generals and superior officers, were found some very valuable arms, rich uniforms, and a variety of papers, which there had been no time to destroy. This fact shows that the evacuation of the place had been as prompt as unexpected, and that

the enemy was entirely ignorant of the day and hour of our attack. The town of Sebastopol is built on rather high ground, between the Artillery Bay and the port. It is about five-eighths of a mile in length, and in the upper part there are some fine houses, situate along a wide *boulevard*, planted with trees. The lower part of the town is intersected by small ravines, and was inhabited by the military. All the more wealthy families resided in the upper town, and the maritime population in the *faubourg* of Karabelnaia. Since the 11th, the Russians, who had before sunk all their line-of-battle ships, have sunk the last of their steamers. Among them were the *Vladimir*, a fine frigate, and the *Etoile du Nord*, a beautiful corvette, in which the Emperor Nicholas and his sons came from Odessa to Sebastopol in 1851, the last time he visited the Crimea.

The following, also from the pen of a French soldier, contains a tribute of admiration to the bravery of our troops at the attack on the Redan, notwithstanding the failure of that effort:—

September 12th.

* * * I have told you nothing about the English. They covered themselves with glory at the attack of the Redan. When they charged the Russians with the bayonet, there was a recoil among the Muscovites similar to that of a double-shotted gun. Then masses of fresh troops unceasingly supervened, and attacked our heroic allies. One of the officers of the brigade which attacked the Redan made an observation with reference to the subject which might explain the heavy losses of our allies in this last affair. He remarked that hardly had our soldiers arrived in the Malakhoff, than our engineers and artillery, duly provided beforehand for such an emergency, immediately commenced turning the guns of the work against the Russians, closing up the breaches, placing earth-bags—in a word, appropriating for their defence the works we occupied. This was done with all the celerity characteristic of the French, and was the means of saving many lives. The Russians clearly saw they never could retake the Malakhoff; for at each attack they were crushed beneath our fire, and they found our internal position stronger each time they renewed their onslaught. It would appear, according to our officers, that this was not the case at the Redan, and this

compelled them to evacuate it; but I promise you that the movement which they operated at that moment was that of a troop of lions, and that the Russians took good care not to follow them.

From an English private in the 88th:—

We saw our fellows advance beautifully up to the Redan, and almost thought we would have nothing to do. When we got the order to advance, we doubled up through the trenches, until we got to the advanced one, right opposite the Redan. Here we leaped the parapet, and had a clear run of about 200 yards to where the fellows were climbing up the side of the Redan. If I were to live for a thousand years I should never forget that run with fixed bayonets. We were decimated by grape and canister before we were half-way across. I don't know how I escaped. * * * Here's where the grand mistake was made: the first regiment that got up, instead of jumping over the gabions and running in through the embrasures, stopped outside, so that when we got up the ladders we were all mixed up together, no one to lead us. When I looked around there were only two or three of my own corps near me. The men were falling round me like leaves in autumn; and, though they would not advance, they would not retire, so that the carnage was dreadful. One officer of the rifles rushed up the parapet in through an embrasure. About six of us followed him. We had scarcely advanced into the mouth of it when the rifle officer was shot; he tried to get back, but fell dead down the parapet; three more of them were knocked down also. I cannot say whether they were killed or not. I got a box of a stone and fell stunned in the embrasure, but was pulled up by two of our own grenadiers. I came to shortly, got a rifle lying beside me, and commenced firing away. * * * A panic seized the men; the word was given to retire, and many, very many, were killed by jumping down into the ditch on the top of their own bayonets. It may look like boasting, but I am sure you will give me credit for not telling you a lie in a case like this. After the rush became general, one officer of the 77th and I stood almost alone on the ground which we held so long and paid for so dearly. He was crying out—"Shame, shame!" And I had my forage cap waving on the top of my bayonet, but we might as well have tried to stop the falls

of Niagara. He turned round and asked me my name. I told him. He said he would recommend me to my colonel. Poor fellow, he had scarcely spoken when a shower of rifle bullets flew past us, and he fell into the ditch! "'Tis near my time to hook it," cried I to myself, and once again I crossed that field unhurt. No matter what the papers say, the men did their duty. They cannot do impossibilities—sending hundreds, instead of thousands, to attack a place like the Redan.

From Lieutenant F. A. Riley, 2nd battalion rifle brigade, light division, dated September 10th:—

I am sure you will be sorry to hear I am wounded. On Saturday last the French assaulted the Malakhoff in magnificent manner, and took it; and the English were to have taken the Redan, but they got up to it and into it (some of the regiments), but were driven back for want of proper supports, and very lucky it was; for shortly after the Russians were panic-stricken, we suppose at the French taking the Malakhoff, and abandoned the Redan, and fired it. The explosions were frightful, and have been going on nearly ever since: had our poor fellows been in the Redan at the time, the loss of life would have been tremendous. I am wounded in two places. I and another officer had the charge of the extreme end of the Woronzoff-road, in order to quiet (if we could) two or three gun batteries. We had sixty men with us. We got there about eleven o'clock in the morning, and had been keeping pretty sharp fire until the French attacked the Malakhoff, about one or two o'clock: there the firing was tremendous. Wanting to get our men further in the rock, by the side of the road, we both went down and brought our men up, under a desperate fire of grape, canister, and all sorts; and, just as I arrived at the top of the hill, I was struck down—a ball entered the palm of my left hand, under the little finger, and went out over the knuckle joint. It has shattered my hand, and the little finger has been amputated. But another still more narrow escape I had, and for which I thank God I was spared. At the same moment another ball struck on my revolver case, which I had on my belt, went right through, and smashed all the stock of my revolver and the iron work, and passed through the other side of my belt next my body, and, I am happy to say, I escaped

with only a slight contusion, for which I have been on the broad of my back ever since Saturday, 8th, the day of the battle. The doctor says I must be quiet, as it is the most dangerous of the two, and might prove troublesome, if I were not still for a day or two; it caught me in the lower part of the stomach. Pray don't distress yourselves about me, as I feel I shall soon get over it—in the course of a few weeks. I consider it a trifle to what I saw in the trenches, in the shape of wounds and death. The light division suffered dreadfully—I am afraid over 2,000 killed and wounded. We lost in our battalion nearly 200 men, killed and wounded, and two officers killed and seven wounded. I heard that General Shirley, and Maxwell and Beresford of the 88th, were badly wounded, but I cannot say for certain. It was a most awful day. The whole of the south side is destroyed—not one Russian in it. Poor Hammond, our senior captain, who came in the *Harbinger* with me, was brought in with a bayonet wound right through his heart; the first time he had been in action; he has left a wife and child in England. I will not write any more now, as I am on my back, and not very easy. The doctors are very attentive to me. Pray don't fret about me, as I shall soon be well.

By a private soldier in the 2nd battalion rifle brigade:—

You have, I know, heard of the fall of the south side of Sebastopol long before you could receive this, which I am very glad to tell you is true this time; and I know that you will be glad to hear that this poor child has got off so luckily as he has. It was kept very quiet this time; in fact, we knew nothing of the attack until the previous evening, when they served out two days' rations, to be cooked and in our haversacks by six o'clock, A.M.; then we knew what was up. That was the time for the canteens; almost every one that had any money took care to spend it before they went; for none knew whether they would come back or not. We paraded at a quarter-past eight, A.M., and piled arms. We had the order to fall in about half-past nine, and marched down to the trenches, where we lay until about twelve o'clock, when we had the order to come to the front. By this time the French had attacked the Malakhoff, and planted their eagle inside, the Russians flying from the Malakhoff and

all parts of the town into the Redan, so that when the storming party went up to the Redan, they were very well able to receive them. Our regiment marched up to the advanced trench, and directly after the order came for our men to go over the parapet, although there were two regiments that ought to have gone before us. Our colonel then mounted the parapet, and cried out, "Now, my boys!" waving his sword over his head. I was close to him at the time, but there were two men who got over before me—I was the third. Directly we got over we had to run through a complete storm of grape and canister, and the rifle balls whizzing round our heads like flies round a sugar basin; in fact, it seemed almost impossible to get to the Redan without being knocked over. It almost seemed to me that some had a charmed life. I had men fall in front, rear, and each side of me every few yards that I went. At last I reached the Redan unhurt. It is impossible to describe the scene. There was a ditch at least twenty feet from the top of the Redan; this was covered with red soldiers when we came up, but it soon became dotted with black coats. In the ditch were the dead and dying. In spite of the determined manner of our soldiers, the Russians succeeded in flanking and driving us back, throwing stones, hatchets, and all sorts of missiles at us. The sight then was awful. As soon as we had the word to retire I felt myself slipping down (for where we were was like a steep bank.) I looked into the ditch, and that was filled with red soldiers, with their bayonets fixed; but I happened to see a place left vacant. I jumped down, and was no sooner down than I had a dozen or two over me—the bank had given way, and down they came on top of me. I made sure that I never should get out alive, but still I tried; but I was so crushed, that I had no strength left in me, so I lay quiet. After about five minutes I felt a shift, and got my right arm loose, for I was so wedged in by a poor fellow that fell on his head, and I believe broke his neck. I then managed to get myself free from my load, and scrambled up the bank, which I rolled down, and there I lay a minute or two, to get breath. I then got up and ran about ten paces; then I got a clout on the "nut," which sent me spinning, but I got up again, and ran on till I got in the trench. I forgot to tell you, that while I lay in the ditch, the men's rifles kept

falling down, and the bayonets sticking into the poor fellows as they lay. I had one that caught me in the ear, and gave me a bit of a nick, but it was only a scratch. We lost one captain and one officer, and three sergeants; three officers and three sergeants wounded, and about 200 privates killed and wounded. Believe me, it was a fearful day. I never wish for such another.

Another column was told off to carry the Redan at any cost, at daybreak on Sunday, September 9th; but on the evening of the 8th, the enemy, panic-struck, commenced their "old game"—firing the town in several parts, blowing up their magazines, the explosion of which caused an awful concussion. The cracking of the shells could be compared to nothing but file-firing of guns; they sprang their mines, which went with a deep sullen roar, and then evacuated the place, which was fast becoming too hot; the French, with laudable politeness, sending shot and shell into the suburbs to accelerate their departure. Sunday, September 9th, the lurid glare in the sky, an immense canopy of thick heavy smoke overhanging the town, told the fate of the doomed city—the total absence of the hitherto ceaseless pattering of musketry, of the sharp crack of deadly rifle, of the angry surge of round shot, or of the twanging hum of falling pieces of shell; but in lieu thereof, in the stillness of night, the cracking of wheels as ambulance waggons wound along, filled with a wounded and dying freight; the cries of the poor wounded; the piles of dead stretched on the green sward; the song "Cheer boys, cheer, no more of idle sorrow!" the jest; comrade pledging comrade; Russian prisoners marching sullenly by; French and English soldiers; drunken sailors, laden with a miscellaneous booty; guns, swords, looking-glasses, crucifixes, books, wearing apparel, pianos, sucking-pigs, parrots, &c.;—these announced the astounding fact that Sebastopol had fallen, and, like other captured cities, in spite of provost-marshal, was being pillaged. * * Our batteries have been greatly mauled, but the superiority of our fire was fearfully apparent in those of the Russians—heavy guns split up in the muzzle, others dismounted, great furrows made in the earth sufficient for a man to lose himself in. Had the place been held by French or British troops, it never would have been taken. I have the pleasure in writing of the downfall of Sebas-

topol on paper brought out from the town by a sailor, who was rummaging in some house with shutters closed. Groping about, Jack put his hand upon a Russian soldier's head and dragged him out, made him carry all his plunder, and then, when once in our lines, coolly handed him over a prisoner! Another Jack Tar, with a queer cargo, was stopped by a general, who ordered him to give up the Russian musket, and called for a file of the guard to take him prisoner. Jack says—"— my eyes, if I hav'nt been fighting like h—ll for the last twelve months, and not allowed to make a haul at last! Your honour may take the Bible if you like, or I will give you a stave out of it. Axing your honour's pardon, is this soldier-like?" said Jack, pointing to the guard with fixed bayonets. The general turned, laughed heartily, and let "honest Jack" go. The general order of the 9th, conveying thanks, &c., is considered dry and official. From our queen we expect one worthy of the closing of this bloody siege. Monday, 10th, ten, P.M.—Pitch dark the sky, except over the city, which brightened beautifully at times, as the flames shot out, fed by the gusts of wind. I never was out on such a night; almost a 14th of November storm, and the rain descended with such force that canvas failed to keep it out. The bright flashes of lightning and peals of thunder, and the uncomfortable state of affairs within—not a drop in the bottle, nothing to solace me but a mellow pipe—it was dawn of day when I threw myself down, a blanket over me, and slept like a top, the storm having so far abated as to dispel any further fear of the tent coming down. There is a rumour that the Russians are evacuating the north side, making a clean cut of it. I hardly think they would allow themselves to be cooped up and pinned, as they assuredly would; as the so-called side is only a narrow neck of land, but strongly fortified. Also, as it is so late in the season, winter quarters are spoken about—the French, with our light division, garrisoning Sebastopol; the first and third divisions, Eupatoria; others Kertch and Yenikale. There is great dissatisfaction in the army at the French being allowed to plunder the town, while our men, if caught acting so in disobedience of orders, are summarily dealt with on the spot.

Written from the hospital camp before Sebastopol, September 14th, by a non-commissioned officer of the 23rd regiment:—

My dear Mother,—Through God's wonderful mercy I still live, though, after all I have seen and gone through, it is almost more than a miracle. However, I can truly say that I was one of the first in Sebastopol; nor did I leave it till I was carried out. It was on the 8th of September, between twelve and one o'clock, when the word was given, and we sprung from the trenches to double over the glacis, and scale the walls of the dreadful Redan battery. The distance to run was only about 200 yards; but many hundred brave fellows were laid low before they got half the distance. The fire was hot at Inkermann, but it was worse here—mostly grape and canister. My comrades fell on both sides of me. One cried, "My God! I'm hit!" The other dropped down without a word; and by the time I reached the ditch I seemed to have lost my own regiment altogether. Then I saw one of my officers shouting for the "23rd" on the parapet, and I made for him. The ditch was half full of dead and dying even then; and just as I got up to it there was a rush from above, and scores of men of the 97th and 33rd were hurled or fell from the parapet down upon the poor wounded wretches who were shrieking in the ditch. Many of our men were impaled upon the bayonets of their comrades as they fell. But they still came on behind, and in another minute I had one foot in the embrasure, and was in the place. I had nothing but my bayonet, as my piece was discharged. I had just time to see that the place seemed more like a town than an open fortification, as we had supposed it to be; and the Russians were hidden, for I saw very few of them. There were, however, plenty concealed, for before I had advanced two steps I was down, shot in the hip with a Minié ball. I asked for mercy of the Almighty as I saw a Russian coming up to me, for I had thought that they murdered their prisoners in cold blood, but he only lifted me on one side, where I lay (for it seemed nearly an hour) listening to the horrid hell going on outside. The roar of the guns and the yells of the men were awful, and every minute more of our fellows who got into the works were shot down, and made prisoners. At last we were put into stretchers (two into a litter), and moved off into the town, and taken more than a mile to the dockyard, where hundreds of wounded Russians were already lying. They seemed enough to fill all

the buildings, though these were very large and beautiful. I was put up, with scores of others, into a vault under ground, where stores had been kept. Russian doctors were waiting, and they began to dress some of the men's wounds, though numbers were already dead. My turn had not come when the doctors went off, and we saw nobody but ourselves again that night. Very soon after we were left explosions took place, and shook even the vaults; and all the night the mines were blowing up. I hoped and prayed that Sebastopol was taken, but scarcely dared to think such good luck possible. Getting through that night was worse than anything I had experienced before. There was a dismal sort of light in the vault, caused by the fires in Sebastopol, and the faces and mangled limbs of the wounded men around me looked more horrible than I can describe. Their cries, too, were pitiful to hear; but before many hours scores of them were silent for ever. The next day passed, and the next night came, and we seemed quite deserted; and the stench of the dead was getting sickening. It was about nine o'clock the next morning when some French soldiers first found us, and, as far as I could learn, only two or three in that vault remained alive, though there were other buildings full of the wounded. The Frenchmen found several of their own dead, and had them removed immediately. The first English officer I saw was Captain Heywood, of the rifle brigade, and he said he would send us a doctor, and in about half-an-hour a surgeon of the staff (Dr. Clegg) came in. There was very little for him to do in that place, but he sent up to the light division for stretchers. It was several hours before we could get them; but at last I was safe in our own hospital up at the front. Thank God, though my thigh-bone is broken high up, the doctors say that there is no fear of my losing the leg; and, now that it is comfortable in splints, I feel almost well. I hope, as soon as my leg is strong, to get to England.

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We believe that we shall excite both the wonder and admiration of our readers, when we say that the noble lad to whom the following letter refers is but seventeen years of age. Despite any transient reverses our country may experience, England need never fear for her military fame, while she produces such youths as "Redan Massey:"—

Sebastopol, September 18th.

By the way, I must give you the history, in a few words, of a few hours in the life of a hero, and depend upon it, of a future great man if he lives. He is in the next regiment to us, and I have the details from a wounded sergeant of ours who lay next him during the day and night of the 8th. I allude to young Dunham Massey of the 19th—I believe the youngest officer of the army. He is now known as "Redan Massey," for there are three of the same name in the regiment. This noble boy, in the absence of his cousin, led the grenadier company, and was about the first man of the corps to jump into the ditch of the Redan, waving his sword, and calling on his men, who nobly stood by him, till, left for nearly two hours without support, and seized by a fear of being blown up, they retired. Massey, borne along, endeavoured to disengage himself from the crowd, and stood almost alone, facing round frequently to the batteries, with head erect, and with a calm, proud, disdainful eye. Hundreds of shot were aimed at him, and at last, when leading and climbing the ditch, he was struck and his thigh broken. Being the last, he was of course left there. Now, listen to this. The wounded around were groaning, and some even loudly crying out. A voice called out, faintly at first, loudly afterwards—"Are you Queen Victoria's soldiers?" Some voices answered—"I am! I am!" "Then," said the gallant boy, "let us not shame ourselves; let us show those Russians that we can bear pain, as well as fight, like men." There was a silence as of death, and more than once he had it renewed by similar appeals. The unquailing spirit of that beardless boy ruled all around him. As evening came on the Russians crept out of the Redan, and plundered some of the wounded, at the same time showing kindness, and in some cases giving water. Men, with bayonets fixed, frequently came over the body of young Massey. One fellow took away his haversack. Sometimes he feigned death. At other times the pain of his wound would not permit him. A Russian officer, with a drawn sword, came to him and endeavoured to disengage the sword which the young hero still grasped. Seeing that resistance was in vain he gave it up. The Russian smiled gently and compassionately on him, fascinated probably by his youth, and by the bold unflinching glance which met his. When the works of the Redan were blown

up in the night by the retreating Russians, the poor boy had his right leg fearfully crushed by a falling stone. He was found in the morning by some highlanders, and brought to his regiment almost dead from loss of blood. Great was the joy of all at seeing him, as he was about to be returned as "killed" or "missing." "Dangerously wounded" was substituted, but he is now doing well.

We close this chapter with a brilliant and grandly eloquent speech of Sir Archibald Alison, commenting on the terrible struggle we have so recently recorded. It was delivered on the 12th of October, at Glasgow, at a banquet in celebration of the Crimean victories. Sir Archibald incurred severe censure for an unbecoming display of national vanity, in which he exalted the Scotch troops above those of England and Ireland. This passage, so unworthy of a patriot and a distinguished historical writer, we have expunged: the rest is in so lofty and spirit-stirring a strain, that it is worthy of preservation in other caskets than the evanescent columns of the daily press:—

"It has, indeed, been a mighty contest, and mighty beyond all example have been the means employed on both sides. Two hundred and ten thousand French soldiers, 80,000 English, and 15,000 Piedmontese, with 1,200 guns, have been sent from the remotest parts of Western Europe to the theatre of conflict on the shores of the Crimea, and they have been confronted by at least an equal number of Russians. The annals of the world will be sought in vain for the waging of such a war at such a distance and with such means. In comparison with it the army of Alexander, the legions of Rome, the hosts of the crusaders, sink into insignificance. Proportionally great have been the successes achieved in the terrible strife which ensued. Three victories in pitched battles in the field—an arduous and unparalleled siege of ten months' duration, terminating in a decisive triumph—the total destruction of a fleet of eighteen sail of the line and one hundred vessels of war—the capture of a first-rate fortress, with 6,000 pieces of cannon—and the bloody defeat of an army of 150,000 men signalled the campaign before the allied armies had been a year in the peninsula. Neither the storms of autumn nor the snows of winter—neither the floods of December nor the heats of July—neither the sword of the

enemy nor the poison of pestilence have been able to arrest that invincible host. More than all, they faced during ten long and dreary months the fearful service of the trenches—the most arduous that ever fell to the lot of soldiers to discharge. Theirs was none of ‘the pomp or circumstance of glorious war;’ theirs was not the rush of the assault, the clang of the charge, or the roar of the platoon; nothing but the horrors and solitary discharge of unobtrusive duty. Theirs was the silent advance at midnight into the enemy’s outposts, when the deadly rifle was pointed from behind every rock, and death met them at every turn; theirs was the long weary night watches in the trenches, when the wintry sky was illumined only by the flying projectiles, and if they closed their wearied eyelids for a few minutes a bomb burst by their side, and they were snatched from sleep to eternity. They suffered and perished in fearful multitudes, but they suffered and perished in silence; others not less courageous succeeded as the first fell in the deadly strife in the trenches—

“They were true to the last of their blood and their breath,
And like reapers advanced to the harvest of Death,”

till the awful struggle was brought to a termination, and the allied standards implanted on the ramparts of Sebastopol. With truth did our troops in the trenches feel, when they beheld battery after battery blown up into the air, tower after tower wrapt in flames, ship after ship sinking in the deep, that the hour, not of victory but of conquest, had come, and that in the flames around them they beheld the self-immolation of an empire. Let it not be said that it is in a foreign or unnational cause that this noble blood has been shed. It was poured forth like water in the great and enduring contest which from the earliest time has divided mankind—the strife of Greece against Persia, of Rome against Scythia, of the Cross against the Crescent—the everlasting struggle of European freedom against Asiatic despotism. Let it not be said we have changed sides in this conflict. We have changed allies but not principles. We stood by Russia when she was the last refuge of Europe against the ambition of the first Napoleon; and we stand by France when she is the bulwark of Europe, under the third Napoleon, against Muscovite aggression. I see here a change of

men, but not of objects; and as long as there are inscribed on the banners of France the device of succour to the weak against the strong, the just against the unjust, I trust that ours will be found by their side. This is not the first time when the armies of England and France have been united in war. They fought side by side under Richard Cœur-de-Lion and Philip Augustus; they were united against the inroads of the Saracens as they have been against the aggressions of the Muscovite. By a strange and most striking coincidence, the events of the two wars are nearly parallel; Ascalon was the prototype of the Alma, and Acre of Sebastopol. After a siege of two years, by the united arms of England and France, the fortress was at last taken by the impetuous assault of the French soldiery on *la Tour Maudite*—the Malakhoff of Acre—which had long repelled their arms. But though this was the case, history, more just than our contemporaries, has assigned at least an equal place in the glorious crusade to the English under Richard as to the French under Philip Augustus. It is natural that after so many triumphs, the people of this country should regret that in the last assault their arms were not equally successful with the French. Our brave defenders have themselves to blame for this feeling; for they have so accustomed their countrymen to victory, that they cannot tolerate even passing repulse. But never was a feeling more unjust; never was one more sure to pass away. I will make no apologies for the failure at the Redan; I accept it as one of the most glorious passages in our military history, and so you may rest assured will your children and children’s children feel on this subject. It was impossible to hold it even when carried; for being entirely open in the rear, it was commanded by other intrenchments equally strong as the one in front. Nothing but a force as large as the garrison of Sebastopol could hold it against the reserves sure to be brought up. Why, then, was it assaulted when lasting success was impossible? Because the desperate undertaking was indispensable to draw off a part of the enemy’s force when the decisive assault was made by the French on the Malakhoff.* Our troops, officers, and sol-

* This opinion is a doubtful and extremely disputable one. It is not confirmed by the fact that the Redan was to have been attacked again the next morning. General Simpson would have acted an

diers knew this when they leaped out of the trenches; but with heroic devotion they not the less bravely carried and long held the Redan in order to enable their ancient rivals to maintain their footing in the Malakhoff, which was otherwise impossible. Whatever we may think, rely upon it this will not be deemed the least honourable page in British story. Leonidas did the same at Thermopylæ—it was an army leaping like Curtius into the gulf to save its country. And the event has proved at what a cost the glorious sacrifice was made, and shows how the English officers led on their men; for, while in the assault on the Redan there were 153 officers killed and wounded to 2,500 men, in the French on the Malakhoff there were only 260 officers killed and wounded to 11,300 men; and on the Russian side only 360 officers to 7,400 private soldiers. Rely upon it, this disinterested self-devotion will not be forgotten in history, any more than the heroic valour of the 3,500 soldiers has been who fell in the vain attempt to force the breaches of Badajos, but thereby rendered the castle an easy conquest to Picton's men, who got in by escalade. And let us not detract from the merit of our gallant allies, by saying their victory was owing to a surprise. In every desperate siege, as in every well-debated field, the last result is partly owing to chance. Napoleon himself has told us so. But it is genius that brings matters to that point when chance becomes decisive. It was no chance which manned the trenches for ten long and weary months with undaunted warriors; it was no chance which planted 800 guns in battery around the devoted fortress; it was no chance which drove the Russians into their covert in the Malakhoff when the assault was delivered; it was the genius of Pelissier which rendered chance itself the instrument of his will. In these glorious triumphs our own countrymen have borne their full share. It was the highland regiments which, with the guards, first planted the British standard on the heights of Alma; they shared in the terrible service of the trenches during the three last and most arduous months of its endurance; and after the repulse at the Redan, and when the honour of England

undignified part in consigning his troops to certain slaughter merely to ensure the triumph of the French.

was pledged to carry it, it was the highland regiments which were brought up for the assault on the following morning. The *Times* tells us there is difficulty experienced in recruiting the highland regiments; and possibly it is so, and I will tell you the cause. Above 300,000 persons, almost all in the prime of life, have emigrated from the British islands annually for the last nine years. But let the Scots be of good cheer; the census shows that there are as many highlanders in Scotland as ever there was, though possibly they may be differently located. They may be found in the crowded city, not the lonely glen; but they have lost nothing of their ancient spirit in their new abodes: and let the national regiments but be kept up, the plumes and the tartan preserved, the depôts of highland regiments be kept in Scotland, and a few chieftains follow the example of our gracious sovereign on their estates, and we shall see whether there will be any difficulty in filling up their ranks. But, alas! gentlemen, there are other feelings which we should express before we separate:—

“Now joy old England raise,
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
When the wine-cup shines in light.

“Yet amidst this joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep
Full many a fathom deep
By thy wild and stormy steep
Chersonese!”

It will be some consolation to the mourners—and they are many—to know from all how deeply their sorrows are sympathised with by their countrymen. In every heart in the British empire I feel well assured there is at this moment but one feeling of reverence for the dead, gratitude to the maimed, and sympathy with the bereaved. Their deeds will be recorded in the tablets of history, and their names will be enshrined in the memory of their country. How many hearths have been rendered desolate in this bloody contest, how many hearts are buried with the dead in the lonely graves of the Crimea! How will history and romance, for centuries to come, dwell on the moving incidents of the war; and yet what history or what romance can ever equal the sad reality? Yet is there comfort gone to the distressed in the expression of universal sympathy; the bereaved may feel joy in this electric shock of a nation's gratitude.”

CHAPTER XIV.

THE SPOIL FOUND AT SEBASTOPOL; POSITION OF THE RUSSIANS; CELEBRATION OF THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF THE ALMA; SKIRMISH BETWEEN ENGLISH HUSSARS AND COSSACKS; ACCIDENTAL CONFLAGRATION OF THE IMPERIAL BARRACKS; CAVALRY ENGAGEMENT NEAR EUPATORIA; CAPTURE OF THE FORTS OF TAMAN AND FANAGORIA; BURNING OF THE BRIDGE AT TEMRIOUK; THE ALLIED FLEETS PROCEED WITH A BODY OF TROOPS TO ODESSA; THE CITY IS SPARED, AND THE EXPEDITION PROCEEDS TO KINBURN; ITS BOMBARDMENT AND CAPTURE; SURRENDER OF THE GARRISON; THE RUSSIANS BLOW UP THE OPPOSITE FORT AT OCZAKOFF; DESPATCHES OF SIR EDMUND LYONS AND SIR HOULSTON STEWART; RECONNAISSANCE OF THE RIVERS BUG AND DNIEPER; THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER VISITS SIMFEROPOL ON HIS RETURN TO ST. PETERSBURG; DIGRESSION CONCERNING THE INTERNAL STATE OF RUSSIA, AND THE INFLUENCE OF THE WAR UPON HER GOVERNMENT, NOBLES, AND PEOPLE.

COLONEL WINDHAM, who was so conspicuous for his bravery during the attack on the Redan on the 8th of September, was made English governor of Sebastopol, and also rewarded with the rank of major-general.* The latter was bestowed upon him at the express command of her majesty, as a recognition of his coolness and heroic intrepidity. General Windham's duties as

* In England, many tributes of esteem and admiration were paid to General Windham. On a vote of thanks being given to him by the magistrates of the county of Norfolk, the Duke of Albemarle, in seconding the resolution, made the following interesting and humorous observations:—"It might, perhaps, be a little irregular, but it was right that Norfolk should pay honour to so distinguished an individual as Major-general Windham, as he was connected with some of the most ancient and respected families of the county. Some years ago he was talking to his old friend Colonel Windham, and the colonel mentioned that he had got a commission in the guards for his boy Charles, but that he was young enough, and might wait. He (Lord Albemarle) replied, that he had served a campaign when he had completed his sixteenth year; and that no man could enter too young into the army. The advice was taken, and the gallant officer who had now attained the rank of major-general, entered the army. The gallant officer owed him (Lord Albemarle) a turn; and what was the return he had made? Why, he had jumped at one bound over his head, and the heads of 200 other respectable middle-aged gentlemen. He did not know how those gentlemen might feel on the subject. Perhaps they felt as the old actress, who complained that, after having performed the part of *Miss Hoyden* in the farce of *The Romp* for thirty years, it had been taken from her by a mere child. In such a spirit, however, he did not concur; for he thought it was high time a little young blood should be introduced into the army. It was not for him now to say who might or might not, at some future time, have a higher command than that possessed by Major-general Windham; but he might be permitted to observe, that that gallant officer had displayed qualities which fitted him for a high command. He had very respectable abilities and good sound common sense; he was also distinguished by a good constitution, and great mental and bodily activity. In the assault on the Redan, he had greatly distinguished himself, passing from one face of the

governor of Sebastopol were by no means heavy, as the town was almost entirely appropriated by the French. Our allies appointed General Levaillant as their governor of the captured city.

Notwithstanding the preparations made by the Russians for their retreat to the north side of Sebastopol, they were compelled to leave an immense amount of

Redan to the other, almost within the muzzles of the Russian musketry. On the memorable 8th of September, the light division left the front parallel and rushed towards the point of attack—the salient of the Redan; and, simultaneously with their movement, there was a rush of the storming column of the second division to the same spot from the fifth parallel. If Colonel Windham had not possessed extraordinary self-possession and command over himself at such a moment, he would have been in what Norfolk men called 'a muddle;' but what did he do? Amid all the confusion incidental to such a position, he made a most skilful military movement, and, by a detour, placed the second division on the right flank of the light division, with as much coolness and self-possession as if he had been drilling his old Coldstreams in Hyde-park. The manner in which he entered the Redan was extraordinary. He was the second man in it. The first man (a sergeant of the 41st) was killed, and nearly crushed him in his fall; and if he had not had immense courage, that was a moment to take it out of him. One feature in General Windham's conduct on the 8th of September ought not to be passed over. If one defect more than another had been apparent in the conduct of the war, it was not a want of physical, but of moral courage—that courage which induced a man not merely to risk his life when the exigencies of the service required that he should do so; but that which was dearer to him than life—his reputation. Windham performed the duties of a general officer at the commencement of the assault on the Redan; he ended by being his own aide-de-camp, and when he wanted supports, went for them himself. It was true that he took the only means open to him for saving his fair fame, by observing to a brother-officer, 'You will say, if I am killed, why I left the Redan:' but the chances were ten to one against either of them surviving; and if they had fallen, and the body of Windham had been found in the fifth parallel, might it not have been said that his courage had failed him at the moment he wanted it most?"

matériel behind them, which was of course taken possession of by the allies as spoil of war. An Anglo-French commission was appointed to draw up a return of all these military stores, and also to apportion them, according to agreement, between the two great nations concerned in the siege.* The resources of Sebastopol excited the astonishment of its captors. After the enormous quantity of powder, shot, and shell that had been expended by the garrison within the last twelve months, and the numerous magazines that had so recently been exploded, vast stores were still found accumulated. No less than 3,839 cannon were found, of which 128 were of brass; and others had been thrown into the port at the moment of retreat. The following is a list of the other *matériel* taken. It was divided into three parts, two of which were assigned to France, and one to Great Britain. This agreement was based on the comparative effective strength of the allied armies on the 8th of September; the Anglo-Sardinian army then amounting to 63,715 men, while that of France reached the number of 126,705 men. The cannon, however, were to be equally divided between France and England. This is a list of the spoil:—407,314 round shot; shell, 101,755; canistercases, 24,080; gunpowder, 525,000 lb.; ball cartridges for muskets and carbines, 470,000 in good condition, and 160,000 damaged; waggons, 80; yawls, 6; logs of *lignum vite*, 500; anchors of port moorings, 400; anchors of different sizes, 90; grapplings and small anchors, 50; chains for anchors, 200 yards; old copper for sheathing, 104,000 lb.; old ropes, 100,000 lb.; water casks, 300; new ropes of different sizes, 50,000 lb.; pulleys, 400; spars, 40; tools, 300; bar iron and steel, 1,460,000 lb.; iron wire, 400 lb.; iron checks, 320 lb.; sheet iron, 16,000 lb.; tin plate, 14,000 lb.; red copper, 120,000 lb.; nails, 6,000 lb.; firwood, a large quantity; pitch and tar, 200 barrels; barrels of paint, 150; small

boilers, weighing 6,000 lb.; the remains of a steam-engine of 220-horse power, taken out of a steamer burnt by the Russians; large copper boilers, weighing 100,000 lb.; 8; old copper, 100,000 lb.; copper screws, 10,000 lb.; old iron, 160,000 lb.; large bells, 6; small bells, 10; hospital beds, 350; iron forges, in great numbers; main tackles, 12; coal, 2,000 tons; steam-engines, of 30-horse power, for the basins, 2; large pumps, for the basins, 3; iron boilers, 3; 1 high-pressure engine of 16-horse power, for the basins; iron cranes, 17; an engine of 12-horse power in the military bakery; 2 dredging machines of 30-horse power, unserviceable; a still, a clock, 6 marble statues, 2 sphinxes, a large basso-relievo; biscuit, 500 tons; flour, 150; barley, 9; buckwheat, 117; oats, 18; millet, 54; wheat, 20; peas, 1½; salt meat, 60 tons; wheat in the granaries, 500 quarters, &c. The commission having examined the quantity and quality of the breadstuffs found in the magazines, declared them unfit for the use of the allied armies, and decided that they should be sent to Eupatoria for the support of the Tartars, to whom the allies furnish subsistence; and the French Intendance is charged with that duty. They consisted of 11,000 sacks, weighing 500 tons, of black bread; 370 sacks or 150 tons of flour, 100 sacks or 9 tons of barley, 1,300 sacks or 117 tons of black barley, 18 tons of hay, 54 tons of millet, 20 tons of barley, 1½ tons of peas, 60 tons of salt meat, and 500 quarters of barley in the granaries. The commission decided further that the few objects of art found in the place should be placed at the disposal of the generals-in-chief; and finished the sitting by nominating as secretary M. de Genoux, Capitaine de Frégate.

As the loss of the Russians, in killed and wounded, between the morning of the 5th and the evening of the 8th of September, was estimated at 18,000 men,† it was assumed that about 18,000 stand of arms

* The following is a list of the members of the commission:—*French*.—Mazure, Général d'Artillerie; Feldstraffe, Capitaine du Génie; Laurent, Lieutenant de Vaisseau; Cicoza, Capitaine d'Artillerie; Goutier Adjoint à l'Intendance; De Calac, Capitaine d'Artillerie; Cadurst, Chef de Bataillon du Génie; Genoux de la Coche, Capitaine de Frégate; La Cabrinère, Sous-intendant. *English*.—Captain Drummond, R.N.; Brigadier-general Dupuis, R.A.; Major Staunton, R.E.; Commander F. Martin, R.N.; Assistant-Commissary-general Crookshank; Captain Shaw, R.A.; A. Rumble; Lieutenant Buller, R.N.;

Captain Montagu, R.E.; Assistant-Commissary-general Lundy; Captain Dickson, R.A.; A. W. Johnson, Secretary to the Commission.

† This does not appear to be an exaggerated estimate, as the *Invalide Russe* gave the following as the Russian loss during the 8th of September only, the day of the assault:—Officers, 362; rank and file, 11,328. Four generals were killed. The loss of artillery and stores unknown. It added, that the subsequent loss, up to September 8th, was a thousand men a-day. A loss of nearly 15,000 was thus acknowledged by the enemy.

would be found, although immense quantities of small arms had been carried off and sold by the troops; especially by the French, who had a license in the matter of plunder that was denied to our own men.

It was very generally supposed that Prince Gortschakoff and his army would speedily decamp from the north side of Sebastopol with as much precipitation as they had done from the south, and abandon the Crimea to the allies. Those, however, who entertained this opinion underrated the extraordinary obstinacy and power of endurance of the Muscovite character. Though without a chance, or probably even a hope of triumph, the Russian soldiers seem to perish sullenly without a thought of yielding. Muscovite discipline succeeds in making perfect military machines, but the dash and spirit of the men is lost. If, with their mulish endurance, the Russian soldiers had the spirit of the English, and the vivacious enthusiasm of the French, they would be the finest troops in the world; happily for European independence it is not so. General Gortschakoff divided his army, leaving one part as a powerful garrison in the northern forts of Sebastopol, and taking up a strong position on the Tchernaya heights with the other.

Instead of retreating from the Crimea, the Russians commenced throwing up earthworks, and strengthening the north side, with that rapidity and industry of which they had given so many remarkable examples. If the reader will look at the map entitled "Siege of Sebastopol," which accompanies this history, and also at the view of Sebastopol as it stood before the siege, he will form some idea of the relative position of the allies. The French and English possessed the town and the ruins of its forts, but this possession was by no means of a complete or peaceable character; for the Russians rendered it dangerous to walk about the place, and impossible to live in it, by frequently firing shells amidst its desolate streets and houses from the other side of the harbour. On the north side of the harbour stood the Wasp and Telegraph batteries, the formidable Fort Constantine jutting out into the sea; the scarcely less formidable Fort Catherine, and other batteries along the bank of the harbour; each of them mounting a considerable number of guns. On the summit of the hill, at the base of which these defences stand, are many batteries, partly cut into the living

rock, and numerous earthworks. In the centre of them stands the powerful star-shaped north fort, sometimes called Severnaya, and at others the Citadel. It was estimated that these northern forts were capable of containing a garrison of 25,000 men. So assiduous were the labours of the Russians, that new batteries and earthworks appeared rapidly: these were mostly of a solid and massive character; and the amount of labour at the command of the enemy appeared to be unlimited. Within twelve days alone, twelve new earthwork batteries were thrown up. During this time the allies looked passively on, as if uncertain what step to take next. Sometimes a few shots were sent across the harbour, or an irregular fire opened for a short time upon the Russians, but it was not of a steady and decided character. Each side stood as if desirous that the next aggressive movement should come from its antagonist. In a short time, however, the Russians had rendered any attempt on the part of the allies to reach them by crossing the harbour—an act of extreme rashness, if not of impossibility.

"It is not easy," wrote Mr. Russell, towards the end of September, "to destroy a city; and Titus must have had wonderful engineers if he really razed Jerusalem to the ground. Sebastopol, indeed, is in ruins: it has been shattered in many places to splinters, as it were, by the iron storm which for many long months has been driven by the fierce breath of gunpowder against it. The retreating enemy have not spared it; and the agency of fire and the shocks of great explosions have been added by them to the cannonade and bombardment which smote down palaces, churches, storehouses, barracks, and stately buildings, as though they were built of card. But still much of Sebastopol remains, in spite of these terrible visitations; and although there is scarcely one house in the place which is uninjured, or one square yard of ground which does not bear the trace of shot or shell, there is enough left to show that it really was a princely city, and that no pains had been spared to make it a fit mistress of the Euxine. In the course of a year, the finest city in the world would look neglected and dirty, if no steps were taken to clean it and to keep the streets trim and orderly. The cessation of commerce would permit the grass to grow in the public ways; and it may readily be

imagined that the inhabitants of a besieged city could find but little time to keep the gardens and places of recreation neat and kempt. Grass does, indeed, grow in the streets of Sebastopol, the gardens are overrun with weeds, and the vineyards at the back of the Redan bear only grapes of a very different nature from that for which they once were famous. The walks are full of rank grass, and the borders of the paths are trodden down by the soldiery."

The 20th of September—the first anniversary of the battle of the Alma—was celebrated by the allied armies in the Crimea with much enthusiasm. In the English camp, in the morning, there was a distribution of medals, clasps, and ribands to the men. Later in the day there were many Alma dinners, and festivities were prolonged until after midnight. Many a thought was given to the brave dead, and many an anecdote told of those who had fought heroically on that day twelvemonth, but had since found a soldier's grave. The French, in the morning, solemnised a *Missa Solennis* for the repose of the dead, and then devoted the remainder of the day to banquets and festivities.

The occupation of the British army consisted, during this period, chiefly of road-making, hut-building, and drilling. Immense quantities of miscellaneous materials were brought from Sebastopol to forward the construction of the huts. The trenches were fast disappearing, the gabions were consumed by the soldiers for fuel, and the earthworks were sinking into mere mounds of uncouth shapes. Sometimes the firing became heavy across the harbour, between the Russians and the allies; but nothing material was done. Even Marshal Pelissier seemed disposed either to rest or to act with a caution scarcely common to him. When slaughter was spoken of in his presence, he used to remark, "You cannot have omelettes without breaking the eggs;" but he was not heard to utter this little proverb at this period. The English army was in excellent health, and at this period comprised upwards of 38,000 effective men, of all arms. They comprised 27,000 infantry, 3,500 cavalry, and 9,000 artillery.

During the month of September, one or two incidents of small importance took place. Lieutenant-colonel Ready, in command of the British troops stationed at Yenikale, reported to General Simpson a slight skirmish that took place on the 21st

instant, between the 10th hussars and the Cossacks. It being rumoured that the Cossacks had assembled their arabas at two villages, named Koss-Serai Min and Seit Ali, Captain Fitz-Clarence and Captain Clarke, each with a detachment of the 10th hussars, were directed to proceed there. At each of the villages they were to join a troop of the *chasseurs d'Afrique*, who had preceded them. On arriving at Koss-Serai Min, Captain Fitz-Clarence found both troops of the French dragoons, and immediately sent off an order to Captain Clarke to join him that night; but, unfortunately, the letter was not delivered until the following morning. In complying with the order it conveyed, Captain Clarke, whose troop consisted only of thirty-four men, fell in with a body of about fifty Cossacks. He immediately charged the Cossacks, who as immediately fled. The pursuit, however, was speedily checked, with some loss; for another body of Cossacks, numbering about 300, arrived to support their comrades, and Captain Clarke was compelled to retire upon the village, with a loss of fifteen men prisoners, and as many horses. It is difficult to repress the observation, that to send so small a body of men, unsupported, into an enemy's country, was to court disaster, and to sport with human life. Captain Fitz-Clarence's troop, with the *chasseurs*, met a large body of the enemy, and after a distant skirmish with them, moved off in the direction of the village of Serai Min; where, having been joined by Captain Clarke's troop, the whole body directed their march towards Kertch. While on their way they were again attacked by a large body of Cossacks, who were, however, beaten back by repeated charges. Information was afterwards received, that the Cossacks were supported, within a quarter of an hour's march, by eight squadrons of hussars and eight guns. Thus it is evident, that the indiscretion of those who planned this petty expedition, had, by their dribbling parsimony, nearly exposed the whole party to be sabred, shot, or taken prisoners.

On the 27th of the month, one officer and nineteen men were wounded in Sebastopol, in consequence of the explosion of a Russian magazine. General Simpson caused an investigation to be made into the origin of the explosion, which was found to have resulted from a hidden fougasse, a number of which had been dug up in various parts of the town and batteries. This machine

was described by General Simpson as peculiarly Russian in its invention. On the 30th, an accident occurred which might have led to serious loss of life, and destroyed not less than 30,000 cartloads of wood, which would have been made available for hutting and fuel. It arose in this manner. A shell from the north side of the harbour burst close to the Imperial barracks, which had escaped the general conflagration; and a man who was near (some say a sailor, others a navvy of the army-works corps), went from curiosity to look at the hole it had formed in the earth. Perhaps the man was intoxicated, or perhaps merely foolish; but, after satisfying his curiosity, he sauntered into the barracks with a pipe in his mouth, and seeing some loose powder lying about, amused himself by dropping some sparks from the burning tobacco. It of course instantly exploded violently, much injuring the fellow, and a soldier who stood sentry outside. Both of them were dreadfully burnt, but the mischief did not cease there. The floor of the place was covered with cartridges and loose powder, and the fire went leaping on, by fits and starts, to a large quantity of these combustible materials. It at length spread to the magazine, and the explosion which followed blew out the walls and ceiling of the building; and nothing remained of the Imperial barracks of Sebastopol, but a heap of charred and blackened stones.

During September, General Pelissier sent a body of French troops, infantry and cavalry, under the command of General d'Allonville, from the camp before Sebastopol to Eupatoria. The object of this movement was, that the French troops, backed by the Turks, might succeed in dispersing the force the Russians still retained in the neighbourhood of Eupatoria, and afterwards in threatening the chief line of the enemy's communication between Simpheropol and Perekop. The latter object was highly important; because if it had been accomplished, the Russians would have been materially incommoded in conveying provisions to their forces in the neighbourhood of Sebastopol.

At three in the morning of the 29th of September, the French and Turkish cavalry left Eupatoria, and advanced on the road to Perekop. The combined forces formed three columns, the French being commanded by General d'Allonville, and the Turks by Ahmet Pasha. The Russian outposts re-

tired as the French and Turks advanced, before whose approach the squadrons of the enemy were driven back upon their reserves. A halt having been ordered, for the purpose of refreshing the horses, General d'Allonville observed that the enemy were endeavouring to turn his right, by advancing between him and the lake Sasik. The Russian force consisted of eighteen squadrons, some troops of Cossacks, and several field-pieces, and was commanded by General de Korff, a Russian officer of considerable distinction. General d'Allonville anticipated the design of the enemy, and by a rapid movement, appeared suddenly on the right flank and the rear of the Russian force, before it had time to draw up for battle, or prepare for a combat. The French cavalry lost not a moment, but, by a fierce and brilliant charge, threw the enemy into immediate confusion and flight. After harassing them for more than two leagues, General d'Allonville commanded a halt, and collected the spoils of the battle. These consisted of six guns (three cannon and three mortars), twelve caissons, and one field-forge, together with 250 horses. The Russians left fifty of their number dead upon the field, and 169 prisoners in the hands of the victors. The loss of the French amounted only to six killed and twenty-nine wounded. This engagement took place at Koughill, five leagues north-east of Eupatoria, and it received the praise of Marshal Pelissier, as being a very brilliant exploit. General d'Allonville also spoke in high terms of the Turkish corps by which he was supported. It is said that General d'Allonville pledged himself to cut off the communication of the enemy with Perekop, if he was reinforced by a division of French or English infantry, or by some more cavalry. This statement was doubtless correct; as, early in October, at the desire of Marshal Pelissier, General Simpson sent some English cavalry to reinforce the French at Eupatoria. The force sent consisted of the brigade of light cavalry, under Brigadier-general Lord George Paget, composed of the carbineers, 4th and 13th light dragoons, and 12th lancers, and one troop of the royal horse artillery, under Captain Thomas. General de Korff was cashiered by the Russian government for his conduct in this affair, and ordered before a court-martial. Subsequent attempts were made by General d'Allonville to drive the enemy from the strong position in which

they were intrenched, and bring them to action; but without effect.

The proceedings of the allies in the Crimea, were at this time of an extended and discursive character. We must for a few minutes call the attention of our readers from Eupatoria to Kertch. On the 24th of September, her majesty's ship *Miranda*, accompanied by the gun-boats *Lynx*, *Snake*, *Arrow*, and *Harpy*, together with nine French gun-boats, left Kertch with a body of English and French troops on board. They consisted of three companies of the 71st regiment, under the command of Major Hunter, and six companies of French infantry, under Commandant Bouet. The naval part of the expedition was under the direction of Captain Hall, senior officer in the Straits of Kertch. Crossing the Strait of Kertch, the expedition arrived, at eleven o'clock, A.M., opposite Taman.* Almost immediately afterwards, the troops were disembarked between Taman and the neighbouring town, or fortified port of Fanagoria, (sometimes called Phanagoria.) The landing was covered by the fire from the gun-boats, and effected without accident. No resistance was offered, and it was soon discovered that the place had been abandoned on the approach of the allies. A few mounted Cossacks, and some infantry, were seen prior to the landing, but these were driven off by the fire from the gun-boats. The allied force then advanced upon Fanagoria, and established itself in possession of the fort and buildings. They found there sixty-two pieces of artillery, chiefly 9 and 12-pounders, and four mortars, but all of them rendered unserviceable. There were also a few stores, consisting chiefly of hospital bedding, clothing, and accoutrements. It is a matter of surprise that these places had not been taken by the allies before, as they to some extent commanded the entrance to the Sea of Azoff.

As the allied troops entered Fanagoria a party of Cossacks appeared on the side of a hill, distant about a mile and a-half. They gradually increased until they numbered about six hundred; but by that time, some of the English and French gun-boats opened a fire upon them and compelled them to retire. During the night, the enemy approached stealthily in the darkness, and opened fire upon our sentries, by which one man was slightly wounded in the head.

* See Map of "The Crimea," published with this work.

Finding our troops on the alert, however, they soon retired. The following morning the men were employed in collecting wood for fuel and hutting, to be embarked for the use of the garrison of Kertch. In a short time, both Fanagoria and Taman were utterly destroyed, the materials of which the houses were composed being taken away in "the hutting interest." At Taman eleven 24-pounders were found buried in the sand. They were said to have been a present to the town from the Empress Catherine. They were destroyed by the allies. The troops and flotilla then returned to Kertch.

The following vivacious account of some particulars connected with this expedition, is extracted from a letter by an officer who accompanied it:—

"The Cossacks kept about the village of Taman as near as they could without being seen, for the moment they appeared whizz went a shell from a gun-boat. The French, however, were all through the place (taking their firelocks with them, as they always do.) I went into the village in the evening to try and get some grub, as the French were shooting pigs and catching fowls right and left. I found everything gone—not as if taken by the French, but removed by the people; indeed, a letter found here from a Russian to his wife said—'You had better move and take everything with you, as I soon expect the gun-boats over here.' Soon after getting into the village I saw a most ludicrous pig hunt. I heard a shot fired, followed by the furious squealing of a pig, so I rushed on with my servant (whom I had taken with me, with his musket); before I came up to the French, I heard pop, popping, in all directions, but the pig seemed to have a charmed life, and was only wounded. I came up to him standing at bay, in the middle of a pool of water, and took a deliberate shot with my revolver, but missed him. My servant then fired and missed him. I rushed on to get another shot, but fell flat on my face in the mud. The pig then got into the middle of the French again, who all fired one after the other, missing him, and firing as usual without caring the least in what direction, so that one heard the not very pleasant 'ping' of the Minié balls going in all directions (I think one servant who went in, of ours, got a slight scratch on the hand from a slug out of one of their pieces.) Well, the undaunted pig rushed on, followed by

the French, stabbing at him with their bayonets and cutlasses, and falling over on their faces afterwards. You never saw such a scene; at last, in doubling back, some one again wounded him, and immediately about twenty sailors' cutlasses and soldiers' bayonets were dashed into him. As they carried him past in triumph, he looked more like a pincushion than anything else. On Tuesday night we had another alarm, but I do not think there were more than one or two Cossacks, and we saw nothing more of them; by the way, the first day after they had gone about two miles, as I suppose they thought out of the range of our guns, they collected on the hills about three miles off, to watch our proceedings, when, after a little time taken in giving it the proper elevation, up went a Lancaster shell right in the middle of them, and must, I should think, have done some damage; they then retired, leaving only a sentry here and there to look at us. Last night and the night before we were not turned out, which I wonder at, as one Cossack riding down and firing his piece has the power of turning us all out and annoying us a good deal. As to attacking the place, to be successful, or to have a chance of it, they would require about 2,500 or 3,000 men, whereas there are only a few Cossacks and about 1,000 men between this place and Temriouk (twenty miles off), which place the Sea of Azoff squadron bombarded the day we landed here, and tried to set fire to, but found there were some troops there, so they could not. Fancy we heard the firing here quite plain! We have got a good many houses down, and the wood collected on the beach, and have sent over our Minna full of wood, but are not getting on so quickly as we expected, and instead of leaving tomorrow, shall, I dare say, have to remain till Tuesday or Wednesday (this is Friday.) On Wednesday morning some French officers going down to the village too early by themselves, found the Cossacks and some few foot (about a dozen), who had been spending the night there, had not left, and got fired at; one was slightly wounded in the foot, the other had his cap knocked on one side: also the first day some of our navy officers got hemmed into the church, and had to dodge the Cossacks. We have sent armed parties out in different directions the last few days to burn some houses a distance off, &c. One that started yesterday went to a splendid vineyard, but all the

best grapes had been shaken down by the Russians to prevent our getting them. The vineyard is a long way off, and here even—far as it is—one unfortunate Frenchman had strayed with that insatiable thirst for plunder, and was found murdered (not shot); he was lying nearly naked, and stuck in the side and neck with a lance or sword. I suppose there were Cossacks in the place, and that they first fired at and wounded him, and then murdered and robbed him. This is the first man we have had killed here. A great treat here are the mushroom-rooms, of which there is a large quantity. When several of us were out picking them the day before yesterday we found the place the Cossacks fired from, and a little further on I found one of their cartouch-boxes, which they had dropped the other night, with forty-eight rounds in it of Minié ammunition. It is made of sheepskin, and I mean to keep it as a tobacco pouch. They are to send us down huts, I believe, from Balaklava, but only twenty-five, which will not be nearly enough, so that we shall have to build some, and shall not be able to keep all the wood we get here for firewood; so that, I dare say, some of that will have to be sent down to us from Balaklava."

At the same time that this expedition was made from Kertch against Taman and Fanagoria, another, under the command of Captain Sherard Osborn, was dispatched to harass and keep in check the enemy's troops at Temriouk. On the 23rd of September, Captain Osborn proceeded with the *Vesuvius*, *Curlew*, *Ardent*, *Wrangler*, *Beagle*, *Fancy*, *Grinder*, and *Cracker*, to Temriouk Lake, where they arrived the next morning at daybreak, and were joined by the French steamers *Milan*, *Caton*, and *Fulton*. On account of the shallowness of the water, the boats of the squadron were unable to reach the town. However, a large body of horse, foot, and artillery were detained in the town, and prevented from reinforcing their comrades at Taman and Fanagoria. The garrison of Temriouk was estimated at not less than 2,000 men. Weighing from the entrance of the lake, the squadron then proceeded to cut off the communication between Temriouk and Taman, by a narrow belt of land lying north of the lake. In this they were perfectly successful; for they intercepted a heavy column of troops, who, with nine field guns, were discovered on the march, proceeding towards Taman. The allied squadron opened fire upon them at a

distance of 2,500 yards, and compelled them to retreat upon Temriouk. It was soon discovered that the road by which the Russian troops must pass lay over a fine wooden bridge, which spanned a channel connecting the Sea of Azoff with Lower Temriouk Lake. This bridge, which was 180 feet long, and 30 feet wide, and apparently much used, was burnt by the allied squadron, and the advance of the troops cut off in that direction. The Cossack posts, which had been established in that neighbourhood to watch the allied garrison, were destroyed and the men driven in. The squadron then proceeded to Genitch to watch the strait in that direction.

The capture of the south side of Sebastopol, and the destruction of the Russian fleet, set the allied fleets in the Black Sea at liberty, by releasing them from the monotonous duty of blockading the harbour. They therefore directed their efforts in another direction, though not with as much celerity as might have been wished. Nearly a month was passed in comparative indolence, or in meditation as to where they could strike with the most injurious effect to the foe. At length a considerable body of troops, both French and English, embarked on board the allied fleets, and sailed from Sebastopol on the 7th of October. The expedition consisted of 4,000 English and 6,000 French. The French part of the fleet, commanded by Admiral Bruat, consisted of four line-of-battle ships, several steam-frigates, a number of gun and mortar boats, and three iron floating steam batteries.* The English division of the fleet, under rear-admirals Lyons and Stewart, was very powerful, and immeasurably more than made up for the greater military force the French had contributed. It consisted of the *Royal Albert*, 121 guns; the *Hannibal*, 90; the *Agamemnon*, 90; the *Algiers*, 90; the *St. Jean d'Acre*, 101; the *Princess Royal*, 91. These were line-of-battle ships, mounting altogether 583 guns. Then came the steam-frigates and sloops, consisting of the *Curaçoa*, 30; the *Dauntless*, 33; *Firebrand*, 6; *Furious*, 16; *Gladiator*, 6; *Leopard*, 18;

* These floating batteries were a new instrument of war now tried for the first time. When the bombardment of Kinburn commenced they opened fire within 800 yards of the fort. Even at that short range the shot of the enemy had no effect upon them, and the balls hopped back from their iron sides without leaving any further impression than one similar to that produced by a pistol bullet on the target of a shooting gallery. On the conclusion

Odin, 16; *Sidon*, 22; *Sphinx*, 6; *Spiteful*, 6; *Spitfire*, 5; *Stromboli*, 6; *Terrible*, 21; *Tribune*, 31; *Triton*, 3; *Valorous*, 16; *Vulcan*, 6: mounting altogether 831 guns. To these were added ten gun-boats, six mortar vessels, three steam tenders, and ten transports. The whole allied fleet numbered altogether, from three-deckers to rocket-boats, about ninety vessels. The following day the allied squadron appeared before Odessa, and took up their station before the arsenal. When the place was bombarded on the 22nd of April, 1854, the town had been spared; and since that period, its defences had, as might have been anticipated, been materially strengthened. The terrified inhabitants believed that the imposing force on which they gazed had come to fulfil the work of destruction which a too indulgent policy had formerly omitted. Great was the excitement throughout the city. The inhabitants hurried to and fro in the streets, and Cossacks, officers, and *gendarmes* were to be seen furiously driving cars and vans, laden with the property of persons escaping from the city. An indescribable tumult prevailed; the strand batteries were prepared, and shot was being heated red-hot in the furnaces. All the public offices were closed, and the archives sent into the interior for safety. In all the churches prayers were offered up, imploring the Deity to avert the calamity that hung threateningly over the city. The squares were filled with soldiers, who were sitting or lying down to prevent their being seen by those on the fleet of the enemy. At night the lights were extinguished, that they might not serve to direct the fire of the foe in the event of a nocturnal bombardment; and the inhabitants awaited the result in breathless anxiety. They had cause for dread. Sixteen hostile vessels were lying in a grim semicircle in front of Odessa, and small steamers kept up a constant communication between the sea-monsters. Such was the state of things when the consular corps drew up the following note, which they addressed to the allied admirals, entreating their forbearance of the bombardment, one floating battery alone showed the dints of sixty-three cannon-balls against the plates of its side; yet all this terrible hammering had produced no further damage to it than the starting of three rivets. In these destructive vessels the men are all below, except a look-out man, who is stationed on a shot-proof box on deck. The invention of this new arm was attributed to the French emperor.

ance:—"The presence of the combined fleets in the roads of Odessa gives cause for fear that a bombardment is intended. It is therefore the duty of the undersigned consuls-general and consuls to call the attention of your excellencies to the dangers to which the lives and property of the persons under their protection will be exposed should a bombardment take place. The undersigned take the liberty to remind your excellencies that Odessa contains many families, the members of which are the subjects of your sovereigns, and that the greater part of the real and personal property in this city belongs to them. The undersigned, therefore, venture to hope that your excellencies will not expose Odessa to the sad consequences of a bombardment."

The inhabitants of Odessa were troubled in vain, for the threatened attack upon the city was merely a stratagem, the object of which was to cause the withdrawal of the Russian troops from the places really to be attacked. These were the forts at the mouth of the river Dnieper, consisting of Kinburn on the south side of the entrance, and Oczakoff on the north. The allies desired to obtain possession of these forts, with a view of carrying out certain ulterior operations. There is but little doubt that the powerful force of the allies could have laid Odessa in ruins; but that city was again spared. It appears that the admirals did not regard its destruction as a necessity, and were probably influenced by the horrors which must inevitably arise from the bombardment of a rich and populous city, filled with women and children. Once again, then, Odessa, with its splendid mansions, its palaces, domes, columns, spires, its broad esplanades lined with trees, and its terraces descending gracefully to the beach, was spared. The policy was a doubtful one; but the voice of compassion, or the spirit of intrigue, prevailed even in the councils of war. It was afterwards rumoured that Odessa was spared from destruction at the command of the Emperor Napoleon. If so, we are at a loss to comprehend his motive. Would a Russian fleet have spared Brest or Liverpool, if they had had a chance of laying them in ruins?

The departure of the allied fleets from Odessa was obliged to be postponed in consequence of a heavy fog; one of those peculiar fogs to which the Black Sea seems singularly subject. We will quote a description of this state of weather from the pictorial

pen of Mr. Russell, who as usual had contrived to accompany the expedition:—

"The fog continues, and is worthy of the best efforts of the London atmosphere in November. It is not so rich in colour, so yellow, or so choky, but it is equally thick and clammy. It is white in colour, and sometimes the sun stamps a moonlike imitation of his orb upon it, and one can see a faint indication of his existence above in favourable moments. Now and then you catch a dark outline of a vessel looming through the mist; you strain your eyes to make out your neighbour, but you might as well try to pick out the details of Turner's blubber boilers, or of his phantom ships, and as you look the vision has disappeared. The water flows by with a heavy oily roll, and the only noise to be heard is the plash of the lazy waves against the paddle-wheels, the bumping of the rudder, and the creak of an odd timber, as he rubs against his fellows. But hark! There is a gun! A dull burst of sound, followed by reverberations like the muttering of distant thunder, which are caused by the beatings of the report against the sides of the ships, denotes that the admiral wishes to indicate his position to some straggler who has not yet joined the fleet. Solemnly, through the silence which intervenes between these signals, comes the full rich boom of the church bells from Odessa. Possibly Papa Nicholas or Papa Daniel, is even now persuading a nervous and fashionable congregation that the fog which hides their enemy from view, is the result of his own intercession with saint or martyr; and these bells, which chime so sweetly, may be using their metal tongues to call down disaster on our heads, and to invoke the blessing of heaven on the soldiers of the czar. As the day advances, the fog darkens, deepens, thickens. The rolling of drums,—the beat of paddle-wheels as a solitary steamer changes her berth with cautious tread,—the striking of the bells of the ships, and the reports of guns at long intervals, are the only evidence that a great fleet is lying all around us. All communication between the ships ceases, for no one can tell where his next neighbour is; in fact, a philosopher would find this a charming place just now for study and reflection. But those who are accustomed to more active existence, find the time very heavy on their hands, and the excitement of seeing the men 'knock about the guns,' of hearing them and the boys say their gun-

nery catechism, 'No. 4,'—'Takes out tompions, bears out the port, worms 'em, sponges, rams 'ome, runs out, and trains,'—of watching the barometer, of seeing the fowls fed, and of inspecting the various dogs, pigs, and birds, which constitute the pets of the crew, and the more substantial enjoyments of the officers, palls after a time; and one—even off Odessa, and cheek-by-jowl with the enemy—is fairly obliged to yawn by General Ennui. What is happening around us no one can see or say, and there is a horrible gloomy misanthropical curiosity seizing upon every one, to ascertain the longest time a Black Sea fog was ever known to last, which elicits most startling declarations from morose old tars, that 'If it's a riglar out-and-out 'un, with a light breeze from the sutherd and vesterd, it may last for the matter of a fortnight,—ay, that it may.' Sundry dismal experiences are not wanting to enforce the probability of such a lively event taking place again. 'And then the bad weather will set in; and, with sogers aboard, I'd like to know what we can do?' The barometer now indicates 29° 42'; the wind, which is very faint and light, is from the S.S.W.; and, as the success or failure of the expedition entirely depends on the weather, the anxiety of all officers who have the interest and reputation of the navy at heart is seriously aroused by our atmospherical prospects. * * * The fog is clearing away, and one after another, the ships of the fleet are appearing in sight, as if coming out in a dissolving view. Odessa still looks very hazy. The admiral avails himself of the departure of the haze to make signal for a lieutenant from each ship to repair on board the *Royal Albert*. The boats are lowered away, and the aspect of the scene is now very different from what it was an hour ago. The change is as great as if one had come out of a dark room into the leading thoroughfare of a great and busy city. The cutters and gigs glide about in all directions, visits are paid from ship to ship, and some boats sweep in to have a nearer look at the shore, which is indeed very tempting at this distance. The wind, however, increases as the fog disappears, and blows more off the land, which will render the landing-beach a lee shore, and be rather unfavourable for us if it freshens."

It was not until the morning of the 14th of October that admirals Lyons and Bruat considered it prudent to leave the

roads of Odessa; but on the evening of that day they anchored off Kinburn, at about three miles' distance. The place had been previously reconnoitred, and soundings taken by Captain Spratt, in the *Spitfire*.

At daybreak on the 15th, the troops were landed without opposition about four miles below, or in the rear of the forts, which are situated on a sandy spit of land extending out into the sea. Kinburn was thus cut off by the allies from any assistance which might have been sent to relieve it. As no enemy appeared, with the exception of a few Cossacks, who were visible towards Cherson, the allied forces began to throw up intrenchments. In the afternoon, the mortar-boats commenced firing, but were compelled to cease when night closed in, on account of the swell of the sea, which rendered their range uncertain. During the 16th, the wind was too heavy to permit a bombardment, and the day was chiefly spent in working at the intrenchments, which not only excluded assistance coming to the Russian garrison, but also cut off its only chance of retreat. The French worked at the trenches facing Kinburn, and the English at those looking in the opposite direction, or towards Cherson. All the potatoes of the neighbourhood were dug up, the cabbages cut, the pigeons, poultry, and pigs, killed and eaten by the invading troops. The few houses of the place were destroyed to furnish fuel for cooking the above-mentioned luxuries with. In the course of the day, a Russian Jew deserted from the fort to our troops on shore, and reported the Russian garrison to consist of 1,500 men. He added, that it expected the speedy approach of a strong land force to its relief; and that the governor, not believing that our large vessels could approach near enough to injure the fort by their fire, had resolved not to surrender to the gun-boats and smaller vessels, but to make a vigorous and obstinate defence.

During the night the wind went round to the north, and on the following day (the 17th) Sir Edmund Lyons signalled to his fellow-admiral that he considered the day suitable, and that he was ready to go in. The morning was dull, the wind blew from the shore, and the sea was quite calm. Orders were signalled throughout the fleet; the floating batteries of the French got up their steam, and went further in; the funnels of the line-of-battle ships threw out ominous clouds of black smoke, as they

made ready to draw closer around the destined prey; the other vessels shortened cable, and made ready to "trip" their anchors at a minute's notice, as they had been all cleared for action for three days past.

At half-past nine o'clock the French floating batteries, *La Devastation*, *La Lave*, and *La Tonnante* opened fire on the main fort, at a range of about 800 yards. They poured forth their deadly missiles with a terrific crash; and as soon as they obtained the range (for at first more than half their shot fell short), fired with remarkable precision and effect. The Russians returned this deadly storm with admirable vigour; and, notwithstanding the shell that constantly burst around them, worked their guns with unflinching steadiness. The efficiency of the French batteries was severely tested, for the shot of the enemy hurled the water over them in columns and miniature cataracts. At a quarter to ten the English and French mortar-boats opened, and to their fire the ultimate success of the day was greatly attributed. After they had been blazing away for about an hour, a fire broke out within the fort which drove the artillerymen from their guns, and was followed by several explosions of ammunition. The firing of the allies became more terrible, from the comparative feebleness of the opposition; and, shortly after eleven, the Russian jack was shot away and not replaced. Precisely at noon, all the line-of-battle ships stood-in and opened upon the fort and Russian defences. Captain Spratt, of the *Spitfire*, elicited general admiration at this juncture, by rowing several hundred yards ahead, and pointing out their respective moorings. The raging storm of shot they hurled forth was appalling; fiery embers of the fort were thrown into columns of sparks by the ponderous missiles which were hailed against it, and seemed as if they would beat and grind it into sandy fragments. The Russians, however, still stood bravely to the few guns they had left in working condition.

Their fire at last ceased altogether, and for about half-an-hour the allies had the battle all to themselves. Then Sir Edmund Lyons, actuated by motives of pity for the miserable wretches within the fort, sent a boat to the French admiral, suggesting that, as the enemy had abandoned all resistance, the fire of the allies should cease. Admiral Bruat refused to comply with this

desire, declaring that he would continue until the garrison showed the white flag, or were buried under the ruins of their fort. We are inclined to believe this resolute and stern policy the best one; and however apparently cruel, the most sparing of life, when the war is considered as a whole. Brave men will respect the efforts of a brave enemy; but the low, brutal obstinacy which will not yield when all chance of successful resistance is utterly lost, should be left to its fate. The Russians should have been driven to submission, or Kinburn should have been left a blood-cemented cemetery, and a terrible monument of the anger of the two leading nations of Europe.

Sir Edmund Lyons, more generous than politic, repeated his wish to the French admiral, and a minute or two later gave the signal for his own ships to cease firing. On seeing this, Admiral Bruat delivered another broadside, and signalled to the French vessels also to stop the bombardment. A boat, bearing a white flag, was sent off from each fleet to the governor of the fort, with a demand for an unconditional surrender. Each boat carried an officer and an interpreter, who were landed at a low point near the gate of the north-western face of the fort, where they were greeted by a group of Russian soldiers, who flocked up from their hiding-places to the brow of the parapet, and pointed the two officers and their attendants to the gate. It was opened on their approach, and a Russian officer came out, attended by a white flag and a guard of five men. A brief parley followed, in which the Russian declared that the place would not be surrendered. After that he went into the fort again, and remained there for several minutes. On his return the officers insisted on seeing Major-general Kokonovitch, the commandant of the fort. They were conducted into the fort, and met by General Kokonovitch, who at once signified his readiness to sign the terms of surrender. This was followed by a disturbance, in which the first Russian officers who had appeared, in conjunction with another obstinate savage, made use of offensive language towards their superior. The second in command, a Polish officer, declared that he would not surrender, and that he was prepared to blow up the magazine before the enemy should enter. After some argument, he and his companion were carried away in arrest.

The boats of the allies returned to the flag-ships, and then other boats were sent, carrying surgeons for the wounded, and fire-engines to extinguish the flames within the fort. The French, in virtue of the superior rank of their admiral, dispatched a boat to bring off the commandant, and also sent with it an imperial eagle and an imposing guard. Then a white flag was hoisted upon the Russian flag-staff, and below it floated the tricolour and a union-jack. Sir Houston Stewart proceeded to the shore and joined the French general, whom he found advancing to parley with the governor. General Kokonovitch was much affected, and shed tears, making use of some lamentations as he left the fort, of which the interpreter could only make out the following words:—"Oh! Kinburn, Kinburn! Glory of Suwaroff, and my shame, I abandon you!" On approaching the French and English officers, which he did with a sword and pistol in one hand, and a pistol in the other, he threw down his sword at their feet, and discharged his pistols into the ground, or at least pulled the triggers with the muzzles pointing downwards, in token of surrender. By the terms of the capitulation, it was agreed that the place should be given up to the allies in the state in which it was at the moment of surrender. They therefore took possession of all the stores and ammunition of the enemy, who, though they gave themselves up as prisoners, were allowed to march out with the honours of war. On General Kokonovitch being desired to give a pledge that no harm should befall such of the allies who might enter the place, he said that he would do so, but added, as a caution, that even at that moment the flames were very near the principal magazine. The two minor forts on the Spit not being at first aware of the surrender of the larger one, prolonged their fire for some time, and then they also surrendered. The Russian prisoners consisted of 1,420 men, and their loss amounted to forty-five killed and 130 wounded. Eighty-one pieces of cannon and mortars were found in the forts by the allies. The casualties of the latter were very trifling; on board the English ships only two men were wounded. Even this arose from the bursting of a gun on board the *Arrow*. The fortifications of Kinburn were restored by the allies, and a French garrison placed within them. The English troops afterwards rejoined the camp at Sebastopol.

The prisoners were marched out and sent on board ship, to be forwarded to Constantinople. They were previously permitted to sell their kits and what else they could dispose of, by a rude kind of public auction. Many of them were drunk when they left the fort, and treated the matter with great levity: others were gloomy; and instead of piling their arms properly, threw them down in a sullen and savage manner. Many of the officers seemed deeply hurt; but they bore their misfortune with dignity.

The following account of a visit to the interior of the fort, is from the pen of the correspondent of the *Daily News*:—

"I entered the fort over the shattered framework of what had formed a sort of drawbridge, across a broad belt of water which filled the ditch of the work, and, on passing within the gate, found myself at once inside a long narrow chamber, up along both sides of which, on a low wooden platform, were rows of pallets for the sick and wounded of the garrison. It was evidently the hospital. A young and very gentlemanly Russian officer, whom my companion and myself had picked up to guide us to the magazines, in the neighbourhood of which the flames were raging, unfortunately spoke next to nothing but his mother-tongue, and we could therefore learn little from the dumb show with which, and some half-dozen French words, he endeavoured to give information about the state of the place, and its recent holders. In the wretched chamber through which we were now passing, some fifty poor fellows lay stretched and groaning, under the agony of their untended wounds; whilst others, who had previously occupied their pallets through illness, looked hardly less worthy of pity, as they turned upon you their lean, ghastly countenances, and hollow, death-tokening eyes. The close, fetid air of the place drove us speedily through it into the inner enclosure of the fort. Here every square foot that the eye fell upon was smashed and ploughed up with round shot and shell. Amongst the burning buildings, roofs had been everywhere knocked in and walls riddled, reminding one of Sebastopol on a small scale, and presenting to the eye a wreck-scene such as only earthquakes or war can create. Following the Russian officer, we crossed the open yard, and after stepping our way carefully through the surrounding ruins of timber and stonework, found out the magazine. As it was

perfectly dark inside, however, I could discover nothing but the rough heaps of cannon cartridges piled up over the floor of the chamber; and as the flames were raging close at hand outside, it was not desirable to prosecute further searches there at the time. The necessity for winding up this long and desultory narrative, compels me to attempt no lengthy description of the other parts of this very weak and trumpery fortification, beyond mentioning that the whole was one scattered aggregation of battered and burning ruins. The only portions which were in any degree an exception, were the small casemated chambers on the sea front, pierced with the closed-up embrasures. In one of these, which had evidently been used as a cookhouse or storeroom, a party of Frenchmen were busy in appropriating large quantities of cabbage, onions, eggs, candles, potatoes, rye bread, and fresh meat. Some of them had pounced upon a poor old sow, with her litter of young ones, and, having distributed amongst themselves the latter, were haggling away with a small and very blunt penknife at the throat of the mother when I came up. A bright idea suddenly struck one of them, and he forthwith made sundry experimental stabs in search of the victim's heart; but her noisy struggles, long after I left the spot, proved the operator's knowledge of porcine physiology to be decidedly scant. In another part of the same line of houses, I came upon a second hospital room, in which were only four men, but with them was one woman, who had been wounded in the leg. I must do this female subject of the czar the credit to say, that on my entering the room she burst out into a most unaccountable fit of angry gesticulations and shouts, which soon relieved her of my presence. In the next apartment to this there lay three dead men, all of them evidently killed by the same shell, which had burst through the old embrasure, and exploded amongst them; these were the only dead I saw inside the fort, as all the others had been already removed for burial by the French. I may just add, that our allies took possession of this larger work, and left us to occupy the two empty batteries beyond."

Fort Nikolaev, at Oczakoff, on the opposite side of the Strait, yet remained. Except on account of its strategical position, it would have been regarded merely as an unimportant village. Indeed, before the war, neither Kinburn nor Oczakoff had

more than a mere show of fortification; but since the bombardment of Odessa, the Russians understood the necessity of defending every point that commanded the entrance to the Sea of Azoff. Adopting their usual suicidal policy towards the fort Nikolaev, the Russians anticipated the allies, and on the 18th of October, the day following the surrender of Kinburn, they blew up the magazines, and setting fire to the fort, abandoned it. It mounted twenty-two guns. The allies were informed by a Russian deserter,—though we know not whether truly or otherwise,—that the czar himself was at Oczakoff during the bombardment of Kinburn, and that he signalled to the garrison, that if they would hold out until the next night, he would send them reinforcements.

We append a copy of the despatch sent by Sir Edmund Lyons to the British admiralty; and also of an enclosure to which it refers, penned by Rear-admiral Sir Houlston Stewart, who was second in command on this occasion:—

Royal Albert, off Kinburn, Oct. 18th.

Sir,—My letter of the 6th inst. will have informed the lords commissioners of the admiralty that an allied naval and military expedition was to leave the anchorage off Sebastopol on the following day, for the purpose of taking and occupying the three Russian forts on Kinburn Spit, at the entrance of Dnieper Bay; and the telegraphic message which I forwarded to Varna last night will soon communicate to their lordships the success which has attended this enterprise.

It is now my duty to give a more detailed account of the proceedings of the expedition. I have therefore the honour to state that we arrived at the rendezvous off Odessa on the 8th inst., but, owing to strong south-west winds, which would have prevented the troops from landing, it was not until the morning of the 14th inst. that the expedition was enabled to reach the anchorage off Kinburn. During the night the English steam gun-vessels *Fancy*, *Boxer*, *Cracker*, and *Clinker*, and four French gun-vessels, forced the entrance into Dnieper Bay, under a heavy but ineffectual fire from the Spit fort, and on the following morning the British troops, under the orders of Brigadier-general the Hon. A. A. Spencer, together with the French troops, under the command of General Bazaine, were landed about three miles to the southward of the

principal fort, and thus, by these nearly simultaneous operations, the retreat of the garrisons and the arrival of reinforcements were effectually cut off. In the evening the English and French mortar vessels tried their ranges against the main fort with excellent effect. The wind having again veered round to the southward, with a great deal of swell, nothing could be done on the 16th; but in the forenoon of the 17th a fine northerly breeze, with smooth water, enabled the French floating batteries, mortar vessels, and gun-boats, and the *Odin*, and the mortar vessels and gun-boats named in the margin* to take up positions off Fort Kinburn; and their fire was so effective that before noon the buildings in the interior of the fort were in flames, and the eastern face had suffered very considerably. At noon the *Royal Albert*, the *Algiers*, the *Agamemnon*, and the *Princess Royal*, accompanied by Admiral Bruat's four ships of the line, approached Fort Kinburn in a line abreast, which the shape of the coast rendered necessary; and the precision with which they took up their positions in the closest order, with jib-booms run in and only two feet of water under their keels, was really admirable. At the same moment the squadrons under the orders of Rear-admirals Sir Houston Stewart and Pellion pushed through the passage between Oczakoff and the Spit of Kinburn, and took the forts in reverse, while the *St. Jean d'Acre*, the *Curaçoa*, the *Tribune*, and the *Sphinx* undertook the centre battery, and the *Hannibal*, *Dauntless*, and *Terrible* that on the point of the Spit. The enemy soon ceased to reply to our overwhelming fire, and, though he made no sign to surrender, Admiral Bruat and I felt that a garrison which had bravely defended itself against so superior a force deserved every consideration, and we therefore made the signal to cease firing, hoisted a flag of truce, and sent on shore a summons, which was accepted by the governor, Major-general Kokonovitch; and the garrison, consisting of 1,400 men, marched out with the honours of war, laid down their arms on the glacis, and, having surrendered themselves as prisoners of war, they will be embarked in her Majesty's ship *Vulcan* to-morrow. The casualties in the allied fleets are very few, amounting in her Majesty's ships to only two wounded.

* Mortar vessels—*Raven*, *Magnet*, *Camel*, *Hardy*, *Flamer*, *Firm*. Gun-vessels—*Lynx*, *Arrow*, *Viper*, *Snake*, *Wrangler*, *Beagle*.

The loss of the enemy in killed and wounded is, I fear, very severe. In the three forts, which have suffered considerably by our fire, we found eighty-one guns and mortars mounted, and an ample supply of ammunition.

This morning the enemy has blown up the forts on Oczakoff Point, which mounted twenty-two guns, and we learnt from a Polish deserter, who escaped in a boat from them during the night, that the commandant apprehended an attack from our mortar vessels, which would not only have destroyed the forts, but also the neighbouring dwellings. I have abstained from entering into the particulars of the proceedings of the squadron under the orders of Rear-admiral Sir H. Stewart, as he has so ably described them in the letter which I have the honour to enclose, from which their lordships will perceive that I have received from him on this occasion—as, indeed, I have on all others since I have had the good fortune to have him as second in command—that valuable assistance which might be expected from an officer of his distinguished and acknowledged merits; and I beg leave to add my testimony to his in praise of all the officers, and especially Lieutenant Marryat and Mr. Brooker, whom he recommends to their lordships' favourable consideration.

To particularise the merit of the officers under my command, where all have behaved admirably, would be a difficult task indeed; but I beg leave to mention that the same officers of the navy and the royal marine artillery who were in the mortar vessels at the fall of Sebastopol are in them now, and that on this occasion, as before, they have been under the direction of Captain Willcox, of the *Odin*, and Captain Digby, of the royal marine artillery. Nor can I refrain from stating what I believe to be the feeling of the whole fleet—that on this expedition, as on that to Kertch, the talents and indefatigable exertions of that very valuable officer, Captain Spratt, of the *Spitfire*, and of those under his command, entitle them to our warmest thanks, and deserve to be particularly mentioned.

I need hardly say that my distinguished colleague (Admiral Bruat) and I have seen, with infinite satisfaction, our respective squadrons acting together as one fleet.

I am, &c.,

EDMUND LYONS,
Rear-admiral and Commander-in-chief.

Valorous, in Dnieper Bay, Oct. 13th.

Sir,—I have the honour to inform you that, in pursuance of your orders, I hoisted my flag in her Majesty's steam-frigate *Valorous* on the afternoon of the 14th inst., immediately after the arrival of the allied fleets off Kinburn Spit, and proceeded, under the able guidance of Captain Spratt, of the *Spitfire*, to take up positions at the entrance of Dnieper Bay, where, with the division of steam-vessels placed under my orders (as per margin),* and in company with those under the orders of my colleague—Rear-admiral Odet Pellion—we remained in readiness to force an entrance into the Dnieper, for the purpose directed by you of preventing, as far as possible, any reinforcements being thrown into the forts on Kinburn Spit, as well as to cut off the retreat of the garrison, should either be attempted. At nine, P.M., I instructed Lieutenant Joseph H. Marryat, of the *Cracker*, to take on board Mr. Edward W. Brooker, additional master of the *Spitfire*, and endeavour with him to determine the course of the intricate channel through which we were to pass, and to lay down buoys along the south side of it, the French having undertaken to perform the same service on the north side. I likewise directed Mr. Thomas Potter, master of the *Furious* (lent to do duty in the *Valorous*), to proceed with two boats of the *Tribune*, and, protected by the *Cracker*, to search for the Spit on the north bank, and on his return endeavour to place a buoy on the edge of the shoal off Kinburn Spit, that the entrance of the channel might be assured. As soon as the preconcerted signal was given, indicating that this operation was effected, I dispatched the *Fancy*, *Boxer*, and *Clinker* into Dnieper Bay, with orders to anchor in such positions as would best protect the right flank of our troops upon the disembarkation taking place, and to make that their chief care, as long as there was any possibility of the enemy threatening them. During the night, Rear-admiral Odet Pellion also sent in the French gun-boats for the same purpose.

At daylight on the following morning I had the satisfaction of observing all the gun-boats, French and English, anchored safely to the north-east of Kinburn Fort, and without any of them having sustained damage, although the enemy had fired shot and shell and musketry at them during

their passage in. Thus the chief part of the object you had most anxiously in view was accomplished. While still in considerable doubt as to the extent to which the channel for the larger ships was buoyed, at ten, A.M., Lieutenant Marryat and Mr. Brooker came to inform me that the work entrusted to them had been completed, and that the latter officer was ready to pilot the ships in. The zealous desire evinced by these officers to furnish me personally with their report on the difficult navigation of the Dnieper deserves my warmest thanks, and the gallant manner in which Lieutenant Marryat brought the *Cracker* out for that purpose, under a very heavy fire from the whole of the forts and batteries, elicited the admiration of all who witnessed the proceeding. We were now fully prepared to advance, and, in obedience to your directions, awaited the signal for general attack. The whole of the proceedings of yesterday must be already fully known to you; but it is right that I should state briefly the share taken in them by the division you did me the honour to place under my orders, which consisted of the ships and vessels as already stated, reinforced by those named below. It being necessary to advance in single line, it was arranged that the ships should do so in the following order:—

Valorous—Captain C. H. M. Buckle, C.B., bearing my flag.

Furious—Captain William Loring, C.B.

Asmodée (French), bearing the flag of Rear-admiral Odet Pellion.

Cacique (French.)

Sidon—Captain George Goldsmith.

Leopard—Captain George Giffard, C.B.

Sané (French.)

Gladiator—Captain C. F. Hillyar.

Firebrand—Captain E. A. Inglefield.

Stromboli—Commander Cowper Coles.

Spiteful—Commander F. A. Shortt.

At noon, the signal being made from your flag-ship to weigh, we proceeded through the channel, each ship engaging the Spit batteries and Kinburn Fort as they came within range. To Lieutenant Marryat, of the *Cracker*, is due the merit of preceding and piloting us through, which he did with great judgment. Had the enemy continued his defence of the Spit batteries, the *Sidon*, *Leopard*, *Sané*, and *Gladiator* were directed, in that case, to remain in front of them until their fire was completely silenced; but as they were subdued by the accurate and well-sustained fire which was poured upon them by the ships which you had placed to the westward

* *Valorous*, *Gladiator*, *Fancy*, *Cracker*, *Grinder*, *Boxer*, *Clinker*.

of the Spit, and by those of our own squadron on passing to the eastward, this became unnecessary; the whole division, therefore, continued its course through the channel, and anchored well inside Fort Nicholaieff and Oczakoff Point.

During this time the four gun-boats, *Fancy*, *Grinder*, *Boxer*, and *Clinker*, did good service by placing themselves in such position as to throw a flanking fire on the middle battery and Kinburn Fort at the time our division passed within short range. Immediately on anchoring I transferred my flag to the *Cracker*, and, followed by the other gun-boats, proceeded close off the east front of Kinburn Fort, to be ready to act as circumstances required, should the enemy's fire, which at that moment had entirely ceased, be renewed; however, the necessity for further action did not arise. As the service entrusted to me was carried out under your observation, I feel it to be unnecessary to do more than to record my grateful sense of the very satisfactory manner in which the whole of the ships under my orders took up their appointed stations, and of the manner in which all employed performed their duty. I think myself fortunate in having for my temporary flag-ship so efficient and well-ordered a man-of-war as the *Valorous*, and I feel much indebted to Captain Buckle and his zealous first-lieutenant, Joseph Edye, for their unremitting attention and assistance. I am delighted to add that, in concerting with our gallant allies the arrangements necessary for carrying into effect the present successful operations, I have received the cordial support and concurrence of my excellent colleague, Rear-admiral Odet Pellion. The anxiety which you yourself ever feel to do full justice to merit and exertion must be my excuse for presuming to request your most favourable notice of Lieutenant Marryat and Mr. Brooker. They have had anxious, difficult, and dangerous work to perform, and they have each of them executed it admirably.

I have, &c.,

HOUSTON STEWART, Rear-admiral.
Rear-admiral Sir Edmund Lyons, G.C.B.

To these despatches we add the following order of the day, addressed by Admiral Bruat to the French fleet:—

"The admiral commanding-in-chief congratulates the squadron for the fresh success which it has just obtained at Kinburn

as at Kertch. The activity displayed by all, the zeal shown in the execution of the orders received, and the desire manifested to second the ideas of the chief, have led to a prompt and decisive result, which opens a vast field to ulterior operations. The cordial union of the two allied squadrons, the rapidity with which the navy and the army have learned to combine their efforts, and the habit they have acquired during the last year of co-operating for a common object, have secured the happy issue of all the expeditions which they have undertaken. The taking of Kinburn is another bond of union between the two fleets, and the valiant troops who seconded them. The day of the 17th October will be henceforth consecrated in the French and English navies by a double *souvenir*. A year ago, the allied fleets braved for six hours the fire of the formidable seaward batteries of Sebastopol; yesterday, the fort of Kinburn, and the works raised to defend the pass of Oczakoff, reduced by the thunder of the artillery, accepted the capitulation offered by the admirals. Being invested by sea and land, the forts of Kinburn could not escape us. The overwhelming fire of the floating batteries and bomb-vessels, so precipitated the completion of the action, that the other vessels of the squadron could not take that part in the glorious combat which they had hoped to do; but, by the precision of their manœuvres, their eagerness to get into the fire, the gun-boats, the line-of-battle ships, the corvettes, and the smaller steamers, all showed what the admiral might have expected from them if the contest had been prolonged.

BRUAT."

Two days after the bombardment and capture of the three forts at Kinburn, the greatest part of the allied land forces which accompanied the expedition, started on a march inland towards Cherson. They returned on the 23rd of the month, after having burnt a village and several farm-houses, all of which were deserted. A flotilla, composed of the *Stromboli*, bearing the flag of Rear-admiral Stewart; *Spitfire*, *Spitfire*, and *Triton*, steam-sloops, with the *Wrangler*, *Lynx*, *Viper*, *Snake*, *Beagle*, *Clinker*, *Cracker*, *Grinder*, *Boxer*, and *Fancy*, screw gun-boats, together with twelve French gun-boats, under the command of a rear-admiral, was, about the same time, detached from the fleet off Kinburn. This squadron proceeded on an expedition to the mouth of the river Bug. Though about

five miles wide at the point where it flows into the Black Sea, this river appears, in some measure, to deserve its unpleasant name. Its water is described as of a greenish colour, and covered with a scum of spawn and vegetable matter, like a duck-pond. A similar expedition, composed of French and English gun-boats, made for the river Dnieper, and anchored off its mouth. At this point the Bay of Cherson narrows into an estuary of five or six miles across, bordered by high rushes, beyond which, foliage and trees cover the horizon. Through this rich marsh the Dnieper flows gently forward to the sea. Two enormous rafts of timber, one of them being 450 feet long, six deep, and about 100 wide, were captured and towed away by the allies. They were intended for the Russian dock-yard at Nicholaieff, and it was calculated their value amounted to not less than £20,000, as they consisted for the most part of the finest white oak. They were taken safely, by the gun-boats *Spitfire* and *Spiteful*, to Kinburn, which the allies had garrisoned and retained. One of these immense rafts was presented, by Sir Edmund Lyons, to the French.* They were, however, afterwards parted from their moorings by a strong breeze, and carried away in the direction of Odessa. It was conjectured that they would doubtless break up, and even that they might work some mischief at sea during the stormy winter.

The object of these expeditions appeared to be, to reconnoitre in the direction of Cherson and Nicholaieff. One of the officers of the *Spitfire*, Mr. Brooker, volunteered to

go in one of the small gun-boats right up to Nicholaieff, under cover of the darkness; but it was deemed inexpedient to give the enemy the chance of capturing the vessel. While the squadron remained in this locality, clouds of smoke were seen constantly ascending from the land. These, it was presumed, arose from the Russian troops burning all the forage and provisions of the neighbourhood, that it might prevent the landing and advance of the allies. At the latter end of October this squadron returned, and joined the fleet from which it had been detached, moored in the Bay of Oczakoff. In reference to this expedition, Mr. Russell observed—"The Cossacks are everywhere, and it is impossible to land, although there are great temptations offered to the sportsmen, by the enormous flocks of wild swans, geese, ducks, teal, and widgeon, which frequent the reedy borders of the sea; and to the less fastidious and more substantial tastes of those who, tired of salt meat, and with larders exhausted, sigh after the lowing kine, fat bullocks, and poultry of the enemy. It is not safe to approach the shore; the telegraphs communicate every motion of the fleet, and no boat could go near the shore without its being known, and an ambush laid for the crew. The other day, some of the crew of the *Lord Arthur Gordon* took a boat and landed some miles down the Spit, encouraged by the successful result of a previous day's forage. They were attacked by a body of Cossacks, who seized three of them and dragged them off into captivity, fastened to their horses' tails and saddle-bows."

building large ships there, or rather of getting them away thence when once they were built, owing to the shallow water on the bar of the Dnieper, forced the Russian government to remove their establishments to Nicholaieff, on the confluence of the Bug and of the Ingul. The bar of the Bug has a depth of eighteen or nineteen feet; the bar of the Dnieper has only eight feet water on it in ordinary seasons. The ships of the line are built at Nicholaieff; but it is not improbable that small vessels and frigates of light draught may still be constructed at Cherson. The arsenal at Nicholaieff is very extensive, but its principal supplies of timber came from the Dnieper; and the loss of these two rafts will be no inconsiderable injury; for fine oak timber, such as they contain, is very dear and scarce in Russia. The timber in the casemated Spit battery, and the expense of erecting it, came to no less a sum than 45,000 silver roubles, or £7,500 English currency. It remains to be seen if Austria can supply Russia with wood, as she already furnishes her with supplies of oil, groceries, and manufactures of all kinds; that is, they are brought to Southern Russia through the Austrian provinces."

* While speaking of these rafts, Mr. Russell remarked—"The dockyards of Nicholaieff are supplied with timber and wood from the government of Ligewski, which contains several large forests of fine trees. These are chiefly in the neighbourhood of Minsk, Mohilev, and Vitebsk. The wood is floated down the Dnieper to Cherson in rafts firmly clamped and bound together, with strong and substantial bolts upon them for the navigators. Each raft is generally composed of 4,000 large trunks of oak trees, which are covered with knees and smaller pieces roughly shaped after drawings and instructions sent to the cutters, so as to require little trouble in being made available at once for use in the dockyards. They are floated as far as the current will take them down the Dnieper, and are met by the government steamers outside or inside the bar off the mouths of that river, and are by them towed up to Nicholaieff. There must be at Nicholaieff some small steamers at all events at this moment, but they have never stirred, nor have we seen any traces of them in the Bug. Cherson was the great ship-building and maritime yard for the Black Sea fleet in former days, but the difficulty of

The Emperor Alexander had remained at Nicholaieff during the bombardment and capture of Kinburn, and had beheld a squadron of the allies approach in the direction of the town in which he was sheltered. Possibly thinking that he was exposed to danger in remaining so near the theatre of the war, he left Nicholaieff about the 7th or 8th of November, and returned to St. Petersburg, without carrying out his proclaimed intention of visiting Warsaw. However, he went to the Crimea on his way, and visited Simpheropol, where he inspected the troops; and, on leaving, he addressed the following rescript to Prince Gortschakoff:—

“During my sojourn with the army in the Crimea, I have remarked with peculiar satisfaction, that the soldier has preserved his air of vigour and contentment in spite of the unparalleled labours which he has undergone since the defence of Sebastopol; and, moreover, that order in all departments—and this is the basis of the good organisation of an army—has been undisturbed. This excellent condition of the army testifies to the solicitude and indefatigable exertions by which alone you have attained such an end, and that, too, in a moment when all your activity, all your thoughts, must have been directed to combating an enemy who is powerful, brave, and sparing of no sacrifice. Seeing the situation which nature has created at Sebastopol, falling back before the enemy step by step, and guided by the wise motives by which an experienced commander must be influenced, you have left the enemy but ruins, dearly bought at the price of blood which has been shed. Having withdrawn the troops by a way up to that time unknown, you are again ready to meet the foe, and to fight him with the courage you have always displayed in leading your regiments to the field. In rendering full justice to your signal services, it is agreeable to me, after having personally expressed them to you, to renew here my sincere acknowledgments. I pray you, prince, to believe in my invariable good-will in your regard.

“Yours, sincerely attached,

“ALEXANDER.”

During the emperor's long sojourn at Nicholaieff, a Russian soldier who had been deprived of his sight while firing one of the mines on the abandonment of Sebastopol, was presented to him. Alexander raised the cloth that covered the empty sockets of

the blind and mutilated soldier, and was affected to tears at the painful sight, and the sad reflection it forced upon him of the sufferings of his people. Hearing that the emperor was weeping, the poor soldier breathed forth, in subdued and solemn tones, a blessing on the head of his monarch. Indeed, it requires much to shake the faith of the commonalty of Russia in their czars. Loyalty is almost a superstition with these ignorant men.

While Alexander was still at Nicholaieff, the crews, or what remained of them, recently belonging to the fleet sunk at Sebastopol, arrived at the town. They were received by the population with extravagant demonstrations of joy. The emperor also made them an address, which concluded with these words:—“Through your agency, Sebastopol was made to be what it was—the graveyard of the blood of Europe's mightiest armies, and the terror of all our enemies! Exhibit to the world that your presence alone is sufficient to convert a little fishing village into a second Sebastopol!”—“Thine, we are thine till death!” was the enthusiastic response of these hardy sailors. Repeated hurrahs then rent the air, and the seamen accompanied the czar, even to the gate of the imperial residence. Notwithstanding this excitement, the inhabitants of Nicholaieff lived in constant dread of an attack, and immense numbers of them left the town.

Here, while speaking of the disquietude of the emperor and the alarm of the Russian people, we will introduce a letter from St. Petersburg, given on the authority of the *Pays* at Paris. We shall make no apology for its length, for it contains information of the highest interest concerning the internal condition of the empire. It is a curious revelation of the disordered state of mind of the Grand-duke Constantine. His idea of breaking through the blockade of the allies in the Baltic, making a descent on England, and giving London to the flames, or perishing in the attempt, is a conception begot by desperation upon lunacy. It is to be regretted that he did not try to carry his scheme into execution, for, in that case, a very satisfactory account would have been given of him and his fleet long before they reached the British shores.

“St. Petersburg, Nov. 4th.

“Russia is very sick. The most shortsighted cannot but see the evil and the precipice, which deepens daily. All men

feel the want of a speedy peace, but no one dares give utterance to his thoughts. It will be painful for this proud people to receive peace at the price of a province, or even of one inch of ground lost. In fact, the crown only exercises its empire over all these ill-cemented populations on the condition of remaining intact, and being able to say to them, 'I have signed peace, but we have driven out our enemies; the God of armies has protected our arms and holy Russia.' A boyard, who bears a great name, and who has the ill luck to be thought a liberal, said to me at his house, where we were taking a cup of tea together—'It will be more difficult to make peace than you imagine. Russia cannot fall from her rank as a *first-rate* power; and the allies have not made enormous sacrifices in men and money to spare us an indemnity, or to restore to us the provinces they will have conquered. From the moment the national pride receives a wound it is all over with the crown, and the *prestige* it exercises over the masses. The different nations it has subjected by force of arms, no longer fearing it, would endeavour to gain their freedom by revolt. Moreover, we are not yet at the end of our resources. We have the most vast and most complete network of canalisation in the world. It is true it is only of use to us in summer; but for six months we can, by a hundred different roads, send the produce of the north to the south, and that of the east to the west: in a word, the White Sea and the Baltic are in direct communication with the Caspian, the Black Sea, and the Sea of Azoff. Do you suppose that a country possessing such easy means of communication, and almost inexhaustible resources, can succumb in a few years?'

"But all the nobles do not look upon things in the same view. Their lands are being deprived of their best and strongest hands; and, what with the cholera, which rages every summer, epidemics caused by the swamps, the evils of war, drought, and famine, these enormous masses of men taken from them are lost to them for ever; and they desire peace rather soon than late, that it may fall less heavy on them. These men see things in a more correct light.

"Although a successful attempt has been made to give the war a religious character, the levies are not made without difficulties. The lords of domains (they are at the ninth or tenth levy, that is, at the enormous figure of fifty or sixty men, or more,

per thousand) consent with ill-will; and the murmurs have been at times so loud, that Count de Tolstoi, the minister of the interior, thought it well to remind the nobles that the emperor confirmed their privileges, of which the late czar had for a long time been endeavouring to deprive them; but he reminded them also, that they had duties to fulfil towards their country and the throne: *country* was not thought of formerly, now it is invoked! Nor do the peasants appear to submit with resignation to being made soldiers of. In their eyes, if the military state leads to liberty and freedom, they know that the regiment will be for them a hell of unknown torments, and that the cudgel will undertake to quicken their movements and shape their intelligence. Very rigorous measures have consequently been taken to compel the recruits to follow the officers appointed to take them. To prevent them running away half of their head is shaved, and those who are suspected of an inclination to make off for the forests, are tied by the arm. In many districts the terror is so great, that it has been found necessary to employ energetic means of intimidation—those of the priest, menaces of hell, excommunication, and the anger of the czar no longer sufficing. A great number have escaped, and live by theft or by the chase. In some of the eastern governments the roads are not safe, and the government has not sufficient force at its disposal to put a stop to the disorder and brigandage which take place up to the very gates of the large towns. In the districts of Riasan, Orel, and Voroneje, discontented bands scour the immense forests which cover the ground, and seize everything that comes in their way. A Prince S. T., who was not remarkable for his justice and humanity to his peasants, has been attacked and assassinated in open daylight, at a league from his domains, while on his way home. When at nightfall his family, anxious at his prolonged absence, sent in quest of him, he was found seated in his carriage with his head on the seat beside his dead body. A few days after it was ascertained that the crime was committed by recruits from his own villages, who have since attempted to set fire to his château and farms. A few weeks since, a young German and his wife, walking in the woods of Ekathorinhoff, a few versts from St. Petersburg, were murdered and robbed within 200 yards of the houses on the

shore of the gulf. On the Riga-road, between Dorpat and Lake Peipas, different travellers have been murdered and robbed by marauding soldiery. I should never end if I were to go on relating all that is done and said in the Muscovite empire. I think that if this state of things go on for another year, Russia will fall into an anarchy of bloodshed.

"Men and money are not the only things squeezed out of the country; there is not a village from north to south which has not been compelled to contribute carts, horses, cattle, &c. The cattle and horses have been eaten or have died of fatigue; most of the carts have been burnt by the army in the Crimea, where there is no wood; and most of the waggoners who have not died of hunger and want have been employed in different duties following the army: few of them return to their homes. The populations of the centre of the empire are already in want of salt. On the banks of the Volga, even at Moscow, wants are still more keenly felt. The Tartars and inhabitants of Little Russia, ruined by the incessant calls upon them, without indemnity, have not been able to visit the salt lakes of the Crimea, or of the land of the Cossacks, for want of the means of conveyance. For this same reason the crops have not been sown. Moreover, as the landowners have still the grain of last year in their granaries, which they have not been able to sell, they have not cared to sow. In a word, if this state of things lasts two years more, there will be a famine. Yet, curious enough, in the midst of these calamities, and with still worse ones staring them in the face, all persons seem to have agreed to put the most flattering interpretation for Muscovite ears upon the successive defeats of Gortschakoff and Mouravieff. It was, they say, to carry out skilful strategic manœuvres that Sebastopol, Eupatoria, Kinburn, Kertch, Taman, Fanagoria, Temriouk, &c., were abandoned. If the Russian cavalry were beaten at Eupatoria, it is because General Korff sold himself (*sic*) to the allies. General Mouravieff did not take Kars, because the capture of that fortress was not in the combinations. As regards the killed, wounded, and missing, despite the new and almost scrupulous faithfulness of the Russian bulletins, no one believes it is so bad; the figures are stated to be exaggerated: Russians are invincible and immortal. Such is the character of this people, which will not believe that it is

beaten! *Nache Rusky*, say the Russians, with imperturbable coolness—*We are Russians; which means, we are the first people in the world; we are invincible!*

"The four sons of Nicholas represent well enough the character of their uncles whose names they bear in order of primogeniture. The actual czar Alexander reminds one, if not in figure, at least by his mild disposition—full of grace and kindness—of Alexander I. Like him, he is tall and stout, with a shade of religious melancholy on his countenance. The Grand-duke Constantine, whom the old Russian party would have liked to see ascend the throne, is a man of violent character, passionate, and obstinate. Except in stature, he is the portrait of his uncle Constantine, late viceroy of Poland, known for his cruelty. The high admiral is short and squat, with a disagreeable expression of countenance; his walk is slovenly, his look ill-natured; his shrill voice often betrays his thoughts. The two other grand-dukes are good-tempered enough, and remind one a little of the Emperor Nicholas when very young.

"In the midst of these four men of different stamp is the young empress—a soft, excellent woman, beloved and respected by all. Under the mask of indifference she conceals a tender, generous, and humane heart, a soul equal to her position and to the sad inheritance left to her husband by the deceased czar. Gifted with superior intelligence, she knows how to keep within bounds the two parties which are actually contending for the upper hand. Better than the empress dowager, whose ambition was confined to the affection of the Emperor Nicholas, the reigning empress has gained an ascendancy over her husband which he does not attempt to throw off. She knows how to keep up a good understanding between her husband and his brothers, especially the Grand-duke Constantine. An anecdote is told of her which shows her tact. The Grand-duke Constantine, some time since, in a council of war, made a most singular proposition—namely, to arm and equip the whole fleet of Cronstadt, Revel, and Sweaborg,—to embark 20,000 men of picked troops,—to make sail at a propitious hour,—to force a passage through the allied squadrons, or await their departure,—and the moment they left the Baltic to effect a landing in Scotland or England. Rather than perish with his men in the basins of Cronstadt, was it not better to attempt to

strike terror at London, where he hoped to enter with his 20,000 men without meeting any serious opposition on the way? Certainly, the plan was bold and even practicable; and on due examination there was a chance of success, especially if the vigilance of the allied fleets could be deceived. For a moment he gained over the emperor, and even the advisers of the crown, to his views. If it did perish, at all events the Russian fleet would have wiped out the reproach of cowardice which was pointed at it from all sides, even in Germany. The empress most energetically opposed the enterprise, which might compromise the safety of St. Petersburg itself. The Russian armies had enough to occupy them without depriving themselves of 20,000 soldiers and as many sailors, which might one day be wanted to defend the Baltic coast. The emperor hearkened to the advice of his wife, and disapproved his brother's plan. It is, however, said that he has again resumed it. His *idée fixe* appears to be that he could sack and burn London, or bury himself and his troops under the smoking ruins of the first commercial city of the world.

"In Europe, and especially in France, strange notions are entertained of the military strength of Russia. Her million of soldiers, with reserve millions to fill up the ranks, are believed in. Doubtless they exist; she has a million of soldiers under arms; she may recruit another million among her 60,000,000 of inhabitants, spread over an enormous territory of not less than 3,000 leagues from east to west; and 1,000 from north to south. But her available army in the field does not exceed four or five hundred thousand. The remainder, veterans, Cossacks, Baschkirs, &c., are quite unfit for active service. It takes a long time to make the Russian soldier; he is heavy, clumsy, and idle. He learns only because he is compelled to do so. After ten years he is not up in his exercise. A Russian army of one or two hundred thousand men destroyed by the sword, famine, disease, and sickness, is an army which the czar cannot replace. It will take him ten years to make another. The recruits will not be of any use to him; on the contrary, they will be drags upon the divisions in which they are incorporated, and will spoil the uniformity of the regiment. Thus the best way to finish with Russia is to kill as many Russians as possible. The czar knows the weak part of his cuirass, and if he orders

great levies it is because he has suffered great losses. The losses since the commencement of the war are estimated at 303,000 men. Do so many remain to him of that army, which it took his father thirty years to form? It is doubtful.

"Since the winter season has set in, and nothing serious is to be feared on the Baltic side, St. Petersburg is more calm. The fears and anxieties which had pervaded the minds of all are gradually subsiding. The men in power breathe more freely. Whatever was said, however good a face was put on, no one felt assured. The allied fleets were so near Cronstadt. The burning of Sweaborg had created a panic all along the coast. Cronstadt was no longer safe from a *coup de main*. I can assure you that at one time the panic was such that there was a talk of removing the archives of the ministries clandestinely to Moscow. The fear has passed away, but a landing is expected next year in the vicinity of Libau or Riga, and the soldiers and sailors will, it is said, be employed in erecting earth forts at the points thought accessible. All the peasants of Livonia and Esthonia are employed at the earthworks. It is also said that Riga has received additional fortifications, which render it almost impregnable. Finland is a source of alarm. There are so many points of the coast where a landing might easily be effected, that it is impossible to know where the danger threatens.

"Some weeks since, an American engineer arrived at St. Petersburg with a cannon of his invention, capable, it is said, of doing tremendous damage. He was admitted at once to show his invention to the emperor, and orders have been issued to the foundry at St. Petersburg to prepare everything for a trial. At the same time a model, in wood, was sent to Slataoust in the Ural to have a cast made. It is said that the range of this gun, which is oblique, is more than 4,000 metres, which, if true, would exceed anything hitherto known. A new musket is also spoken of. The foundries of Slataoust and Toulou are to furnish 90,000 by next May. Jacobi, the inventor of the submarine infernal machines, has, it is said, discovered the means of throwing Congreve rockets and other projectiles to an enormous distance, and great success is expected from them against the fleets. The government has placed the arsenal and foundry of St. Petersburg at the professor's disposal to make his experiments.

"I conclude my letter by contradicting the denials made by certain German papers of the reports touching the pacific congress of certain Russian diplomatists at Warsaw. I can state, on good authority, that General Gortschakoff, Baron de Budberg, Baron de Brunow, M. Felix Fonton, Baron de

Krudener, and Count de Chr ptovitsch, have been invited by Count de Nesselrode to proceed to Warsaw, between the 15th and 18th inst., to await there the ulterior orders of the emperor. The future can alone reveal to us the object of this meeting of Russian diplomatists."

CHAPTER XV.

GORTSCHAKOFF TO HIS TROOPS; RESIGNATION OF GENERAL SIMPSON; HIS FAREWELL TO THE ARMY; SIR WILLIAM CODRINGTON ASSUMES THE CHIEF COMMAND; REFLECTIONS ON THIS APPOINTMENT; DEATH OF ADMIRAL BRUAT; FURTHER OPERATIONS IN THE SEA OF AZOFF; TERRIFIC EXPLOSION IN THE FRENCH CAMP, AND GREAT LOSS OF LIFE; CONSEQUENT CONFLAGRATION, AND IMMINENT DANGER OF THE ENGLISH; HEROIC CONDUCT OF LIEUTENANT HOPE AND FIVE-AND-TWENTY MEN; DETAILS OF THE CALAMITY; DESPATCH OF GENERAL CODRINGTON; SATISFACTORY STATE OF OUR TROOPS; A GLANCE AT CAMP LIFE; APPROACH OF WINTER, AND DISTRIBUTION OF WARM CLOTHING; THE ALLIES AT EUPATORIA; CRUEL NEGLECT OF THE TURKISH SOLDIERS BY THE OTTOMAN GOVERNMENT; VISIT OF A TOURIST TO THE ALLIED CAMPS; MISERY AND FAMINE OF THE PRECEDING YEAR REPLACED BY RUDE LUXURY.

LET us return to the immediate neighbourhood of Sebastopol. Notwithstanding the tenacious grasp with which the Russians held the northern forts, it is evident that both the emperor and Prince Gortschakoff felt convinced that they must ultimately be surrendered or destroyed. On the 15th of October, the Russian general issued the following almost despairing order of the day, addressed to his troops:—

"His imperial majesty, our master, having charged me to thank, in his name, and in the name of Russia, the valiant warriors who have defended the south side of Sebastopol with so much abnegation, courage, and perseverance, is persuaded that the army, after having acquired liberty of operations in the field, will continue by all possible efforts to defend the soil of holy Russia against the invasion of the enemy. But, as formerly it pleased the solicitude of the father of the great family (the army) to order, in his lofty foresight, the construction of a bridge at Sebastopol, in order to spare, at the last moment, as much Russian blood as possible, so now the emperor has also invested me with full powers to continue or cease the defence of our positions in the Crimea, according to circumstances. Valiant warriors! you know what our duty is. We will not voluntarily abandon this country, in which St. Vladimir received the water of grace, after having been converted

to the Christianity we adore. But there are conditions which sometimes render the firmest resolutions impracticable, and the greatest sacrifices useless. The emperor has designed to leave me the sole judge of the moment at which we must change our line of defence, if such be the will of God. It is for us to prove that we know how to justify the confidence of the czar, who has come into our neighbourhood to provide for the defence of his country, and the wants of his army. Have confidence in me, as you have hitherto had, during all the hours of trial which the decrees of Providence have sent us."

Clearly enough Prince Gortschakoff continued to play a losing game with tragic obstinacy, for the purpose of saving, as far as possible, the military reputation of the Russian empire. He desired that though history would inevitably record the fact that Sebastopol was wrested from the czar, despite almost superhuman efforts made to retain it, yet that it should also be chronicled that it was defended with an unparalleled vigour, and only abandoned when its further retention became little short of an impossibility. True it was, that history would record this; but still it would be shown that the ambition of Russia exceeded its power,—that it was unequal to the accomplishment of its insane scheme of universal empire; and that, however sul-

lenly, it had bowed its head in acknowledgment of the superior might of France and England.

The acknowledged incompetency of General Simpson to discharge effectively the solemnly responsible duties that devolved upon him, in consequence of his position as commander-in-chief of the British army in the Crimea, led to a demand in England, both by press and people, for his recall. After the manner in which the attack on the Redan was conducted on the 8th of September, this demand was reiterated in an urgent and imperative manner. Indeed, it had come to be perfectly understood, that General Simpson was a mere passive instrument in the hand of Marshal Pelissier; and that if the command of the British army was left in his hands, it would probably come to be regarded merely as a contingent to the French forces. It is stated, that in consequence of ill-health and increasing infirmity, General Simpson requested the government to allow him to resign. Accordingly, on the 22nd of October, the English ministry agreed that he should be "relieved" of his command. This transparent farce deceived no one: it was perfectly understood that he had been recalled on account of incompetence.

General Simpson left the Crimea, on his return to England, on the 12th of November. It was observed, that though most of the officers in the Crimea regretted the rather painful circumstances under which he resigned his command yet, that it produced a feeling of satisfaction throughout the army. As a man, Sir James Simpson was greatly respected; but he was deficient in firmness and determination, and utterly destitute of military genius. His greatest error was, that he suffered himself to be persuaded into accepting a position for which he knew himself to be unfit. He arrived in London on the 25th of November. Shortly before leaving the Crimea, he addressed the following simple farewell to the army:—

"General Sir James Simpson announces to the army that the queen has been graciously pleased to permit him to resign the command of this army, and to appoint General Sir William Codrington, K.C.B., to be his successor. On resigning his command, the general desires to express to the troops the high sense he entertains of the admirable conduct of the officers and men of this army during the time he has had

the honour to serve with them. In taking leave of them, he tenders his best thanks to all ranks, and offers his earnest wishes for their success and honour in all the future operations of this noble army.

"General Sir William Codrington will be pleased to assume the command of the army to-morrow, the 11th inst.

"By order,

"H. W. BARNARD, Chief of the Staff."

Sir William Codrington, on assuming the command, announced the circumstance to the troops in the following order of the day:—

"Head-quarters, Sebastopol, Nov. 12.

"I have assumed the command of the army, in obedience to her majesty's orders. It is with a feeling of pride and with a feeling of confidence in the support which I know will be heartily given to any officer honoured with such a commission.

"The armies of France and Sardinia are united with us on this ground. We know their gallantry well, for we have seen it; we know their friendship, for we have profited by it; we have shared difficulties, dangers, and successes—the groundwork of mutual esteem; and all will feel it our pleasure, as well as our duty, to carry on that kindly intercourse which is due to the intimate alliance of the nations themselves. Our army will always preserve its high character in the field. The sobriety, the good conduct, and the discipline which it is our duty to maintain, are the best sureties of future success; and I trust to the efforts and assistance of all ranks in thus keeping the army to be an instrument of honour, of power, and of credit to England.

"W. J. CODRINGTON,

"General Commander of the Forces."

Major-general Windham, who had won such distinction in the unsuccessful assault on the Redan on the 8th of September, was also appointed chief of the staff. Shortly before these appointments, the brave Sir Colin Campbell obtained leave of absence, and started for England. It was surmised that his sudden departure arose from a feeling that he was slighted when he understood that a general officer junior to himself was to succeed to the chief command. It is affirmed, that Sir Colin had resolved not to return to the East, and that he resisted the entreaties of Lord Hardinge to reconsider his resolution. That resolution, however, was broken; for, a few days afterwards, Sir Colin Campbell was invited to

dine at Windsor Castle, where the marked attentions of his sovereign, and the manner in which the importance of his return to the Crimea was dwelt upon, succeeded in making the desired impression. Her majesty also desired the gallant officer to sit for his likeness in his highland regimentals; and it was intimated to him that, on his return, he should be placed at the head of a *corps d'armée*, consisting of 20,000 or 30,000 men, and thus, though nominally under Sir William Codrington, be practically possessed of an independent command.

The elevation of Sir William Codrington was not regarded, either in the army or in England, with feelings of unalloyed satisfaction. His conduct on the 8th of September had elicited some severe criticism; and although many military authorities contended that he did all that he could have been expected to do on that occasion, we must confess to serious misgivings upon that point. History will unequivocally declare, that no officer should have undertaken such a terrible exploit as that of the assault of the Redan, with so insufficient a force as Sir William Codrington sent against it. His conduct on that occasion was as if a fireman should attempt to extinguish a fierce and wide-spreading conflagration with a garden syringe. The English government had to encounter the same difficulty as that which lay in their path on the death of Lord Raglan. There was no officer who had exhibited anything of military genius; no one to whom public opinion could point and say, that is *the* man. There were officers in abundance, possessed of heroic bravery; but it seemed as if military genius had been extinguished beneath the aristocratic and cumbrous organisation of our army. Probably, men of military genius might

have been found; but unless they were also well-born and wealthy—unless they had the advantages of high connections and a well-filled purse, they were destined to remain for ever beneath the “cold shade” that had done its best to freeze up our military ardour. Had the gifted Russian, Todleben, who conceived the wondrous defences of Sebastopol, been an Englishman, it is more than probable that he would have remained in obscurity. The authorities at the Horse-guards would not have recognised genius in an unknown plebeian. In his own country, Todleben became the caressed of princes, and his name was emblazoned in letters of gold in the hall of one of its military colleges.

The rapid promotion of Sir William Codrington had created surprise even before he was appointed to the chief command. He was connected by family ties with the late Lord Raglan, and it was supposed that he owed his elevation in some measure to this circumstance; though, perhaps, it might with equal fairness be supposed to have resulted from the recommendation of General Simpson, and also to the fact that he was first of what may be termed the list of young general officers in the field. However, at this moment the memorable words of Rome's first emperor pass across our minds—“The wife of Cæsar should be above reproach.” Thus, also, the leader of the chivalry and might of England should be a man whose appointment is above suspicion. His title by right of merit should be so clear that it could not reasonably be supposed powerful family connections had anything to do with it. General Codrington is the eldest surviving son of Admiral Sir Edward Codrington, whose exploit at Navarino,* where the Turkish fleet

the event. The blow struck was in favour of an oppressed and suffering people. It was the necessary and almost inevitable result of the atrocities perpetrated by the Turks towards a Christian state. The interests of humanity demanded it; and had not the European powers checked the haughty barbarity of the Ottoman, it would have seemed that the might of Europe bowed in submission or reverence before the arrogance of the East; for it would have permitted the tyranny or caprice of the sultan to disturb the commerce of Europe, endanger its peace, and outrage its feelings. The battle of Navarino was assuredly a just achievement, whatever might have been its expediency. Nor was it just alone; it was *necessary to sustain the dignity of European states when insulted by the semi-barbarism of Asia*. Nor was it, indeed, to be avoided; for it proceeded from the eternal laws of natural retribution. Nature will not permit tyranny to reign unchecked

* We have, in an early part of this history, spoken of the battle of Navarino as a matter to be regretted, but we still unhesitatingly express an opinion that it was a dark necessity. We smote Turkey, and thus forwarded the aggressive designs of Russia; but those who are familiar with the blood-stained records of the war of Greek independence, will agree with us when we say, that at any cost Turkey ought to have been restrained from the commission of the revolting massacres which she had for years perpetrated upon a brave and unhappy people. As so much has been said against the policy which led to the battle of Navarino, and as it had so great an influence on the early events of this war, we will here transcribe some reflections upon it which we have published in the *Life and Times of Wellington*.—We cannot see that Admiral Codrington could have acted otherwise than he did, notwithstanding the censure that was then (1827), and has recently been, cast upon

was destroyed by the combined squadrons of England, France, and Russia, is doubtless familiar to our readers. Sir William John Codrington was, we believe, born in 1805. Entering the Coldstream guards in 1821, he rose through the different regimental steps to the rank of captain and lieutenant-colonel. In 1846 he received the brevet rank of colonel, and became a major-general in the brevet of June 20th, 1854. He remained connected thirty-three years with the Coldstreams, but during that period he had no experience of actual war. He was, however, regarded as a very steady officer, and one much attached to his profession, while at the same time his gentlemanly bearing attracted the respect of those around him. His promotion to the rank of major-general left him unemployed just at the commencement of the war, and he went out to Turkey as an amateur. Shortly before the expedition sailed to the Crimea, Lord de Ros, who held the office of quartermaster-general to the army, was compelled

to return home by ill-health, and Brigadier-general Airey was appointed to succeed him. This left the command of a brigade to be filled up by Lord Raglan. His lordship conferred it on General Codrington, who was thus placed at the head of the 1st brigade of the light division, then composed of the 7th, 23rd, and 33rd regiments. The battle of the Alma was the first engagement in which General Codrington took part, and he rendered himself conspicuous on that occasion by the coolness and self-possession he exhibited. It is said that, at the battle of Inkermann, he was the first who became aware of the approach of the Russians. On that terrible day his gallantry more than once attracted the notice of Lord Raglan. During the long and fearful winter that followed, General Codrington never left his post for a day; a circumstance which certainly gave proof that he at least possessed the physical qualifications requisite for the important position to which he had been appointed.*

for ever: she has implanted feelings in the bosoms of men which in time supply its antidotes. Policy cannot avoid this natural law: it is "unshunnable as death"—universal and inevitable. That by destroying the fleet of Turkey the allies encouraged the designs of Russia upon the great empire of the East, and thus indirectly led to the war against Russian aggression, in these days, is indisputable. It is, however, equally certain that the blow Turkey had received, led the czar Nicholas prematurely to attempt his scheme of conquest, and thus brought about that glorious alliance between France and England by which Russian power has been shaken until it trembles to its vast foundation, and its savage grasping spirit awed into a dread of again carrying forward its dark designs. Terrible as are the horrors by which they are sometimes accompanied, the events of history roll forward in a tumultuous stream, which in its inexplicability yet seems to tend towards the amelioration of the world and the ultimate triumph of the rational liberty of nations.

"There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out."

The battle of Navarino was *right* in its own day; and it is difficult for any noble spirit much to lament it. If an error, it was one its perpetrators might yet be proud of; nor can it be regarded as producing unmixed evil. Turkey in its time of power was the dread of Europe, and arrogantly overshadowed neighbouring states: it is better that it should not possess more strength than is sufficient to ensure its own existence and respectability as an empire. As Turkey declined, Russia rose; but the Muscovite, no more than the Ottoman, can be allowed to sit in haughty eminence with prostrate Europe beneath its sway. Whenever aggression becomes intolerable, it is certain to be checked; because an indignant world rises in awakened power to rebuke or smite it. Had the aggression of Russia been less insidious

and more open, she would have roused Germany also, and her humiliation would have been utter and complete. Even as matters stood, France and England, the greatest military and greatest naval powers in the world, needed not the Ottoman navy to assist them in teaching Russia to know herself and the states by which she is surrounded. The world long stood in a false fear of Russia. She had strength and statesmanship, but her ambition misled her: her imperial visions of glorious conquest and gorgeous dominion intoxicated her: she was dazzled with too much gazing on the sun; and while plotting the fall and enslavement of surrounding nations, she was too engrossed to observe the seeds of decay accumulating within herself. She, as well as Turkey, contains within herself the elements which will destroy her. Her race has been that of the riotous prodigal, who, on seeking his couch of down after a bacchanalian orgy, rises the next morning and learns, while still reeling, weak, and dizzy, that he is ruined. Russia has conquered too fast; and if, in future times, she renews her career of political dissoluteness, outraged Europe, banded in one common league against her, will strip her of all the territorial possessions she has unjustly acquired, and leave her, like the prodigal, "naked, bare, to every storm that blows."

* Mr. Russell thus estimates the military character of General Codrington:—"Possessed of a strong constitution, a spare and vigorous frame, quiet in manner, energetic in action, vigilant, and painstaking, Sir William Codrington acquired a high reputation throughout the war, and was often spoken of as the coming man—the *General*, who was at last to arise out of the *débris* of old fogysm, red-tapery, staffery, Horse-guardism, &c., of the British army; but the Redan dammed the current which had set so long and so quietly in his favour, because it was supposed that he did not exhibit all the qualities which were attributed to him in an eminent degree by the army, and produced all the backwater eddies

The appointment of General Codrington to the chief command of the British army in the Crimea, was followed within a short period by the death of Admiral Bruat, who had commanded the French fleet in the Black Sea. He was a much-esteemed and able officer. He died on the 19th of November, from the effects of rheumatic gout, which attacked his stomach, though his death was also attributed to cholera. He had just left Constantinople, after being *fêted* by the sultan, and congratulated by the ambassadors of the allies. So fleeting are the bright scenes of life! so brief the passage from glory to the grave! The *Moniteur* observed—"All France will join in the grief which pervades the navy; for she loses, in Admiral Bruat, one of the men who have raised highest the glory of her flag in all parts of the world." The admiral's death may be esteemed a happy one; for, in the language of Dryden—

"If we could choose the time, and choose aright,
'Tis best to die, our honour at the height."

We must now recall the attention of the reader, for a short time, to the Sea of Azoff. On the return of the allied squadron to Balaklava and Kamiesch,* after the destruction effected in this locality, a few vessels were left behind to preserve the ascendancy gained on that sea. They not only effected this, but extended the ravages recently committed there. On the 3rd of July, Lieutenant W. N. W. Hewett, commanding her majesty's ship *Beagle*, having arrived off the town of Genitchi, proceeded to examine minutely the communication or flying bridge between the town and Arabat Spit. This he found to consist of a ferry of two large flats and hawsers, which he at once determined to destroy, and thus cut off the supply of provisions from Russia to the Crimea in that direction.† He therefore dispatched his gig under Mr. John Hailes, acting-gunner of the *Beagle*, and his paddle-box

boat under Mr. Martin Tracey, midshipman of the *Vesuvius*, who succeeded in cutting the hawsers and casting the boats adrift. This they performed with great spirit, for the operation was by no means without danger, as the beach and the adjacent houses were lined with Russian riflemen, who kept up a heavy fire of musketry at about eighty yards' distance. The two boats were riddled with musket-balls, but only two men were wounded, and those not very seriously. This immunity was chiefly due to the effectual fire kept up from the boats during the operation, and the subsequent retreat of those engaged in it. Joseph Trewavas, a stout Cornish seaman, lent from the *Agamemnon*, was honourably mentioned in the despatch of Lieutenant Hewett as the man who cut the hawsers and set the floating bridge adrift. The destruction of this ferry gave hopes that the launches of the ships might be able to force the Strait and enter the Putrid Sea.

The flotilla remaining in the Sea of Azoff, consisted of five English bomb-vessels and two French steam-sloops. Of these, two remained off Genitchi, to prevent the Russians sending anything from the continent to the peninsula, while the others were constantly moving about, keeping a close watch along the Spit.

Sharp gales and a heavy sea obliged the squadron to take shelter for some days under Berutch Spit; though at every break in the weather the vessels were actively employed in destroying some extensive fisheries in that locality, as well as some guard-houses, barracks, and stores of forage and provisions. On the 13th of July the weather again permitted the squadron to venture out of shelter; and Captain Osborn, who commanded the English division of it, resolved to take a sweep round the Sea of Azoff. He, however, left the *Ardent*, *Weser*, and *Clinker*, under the orders of Lieutenant

and whirlpools usually formed on such occasions. Sir W. Codrington was probably struggling with the internal conviction that the attack was hopeless, and felt some hesitation in sacrificing more soldiers when he saw the failure of our assault and the confusion of the regiments swarming on the face of the salient as unsteadily and confusedly as a hive of bees; and it is possible that in that anxious moment he did not display that extreme coolness, internal resources, self-possession, and energy which every one had, with good reason—founded on his conduct at Alma and Inkermann, and during the winter campaign in the trenches—generally attributed to him. The revulsion of popular feeling, either in a nation or an army, is often unjust in proportion to its violence,

and there were very many indeed who thought 'it would be only fair to give Codrington another chance.' Now he has happily got it, and it is believed that he will use it nobly." The pacific tendency of events seems to have deprived him of this opportunity.

* See Chap. VII., pp. 144—156.

† See Map of the Crimea, accompanying this history. The Arabat Spit, or Tongue of Arabat, is the long and narrow strip of land dividing the Sea of Azoff from the Putrid Sea. A reference to the Map will show the reader the importance of this exploit of Lieutenant Hewett's, as the Russian government could supply its troops with provisions and ammunition over that strip of land, unless they were interrupted in that direction also.

Horton, to harass Genitchi and Arabat, as well as to cut off all communication along the Spit.

On the 15th, the allied squadron reached Berdiansk, where Captain Osborn and Captain de Cintré (the senior officer of the French squadron) resolved to burn the forage and corn-stacks upon the landward side of the hills overlooking the town. This they effected by firing shells over the town, and they soon beheld the stores of wheat and forage in flames. In the evening they moved into deeper waters; but from their distant anchorage they beheld the fires burning throughout the night. On the 16th the allied squadrons proceeded to Fort Petrovskoi, between Berdiansk and Mariopol. It had been much strengthened since the allies last visited it: a redan, covering the curtain which faced the sea, showed seven new embrasures. The squadron took up its station, and opened fire with great effect. The heavy nature of its ordnance crushed all attempts at resistance, and not only forced the garrison to retire from their trenches, but also kept the reserve force, consisting of three strong battalions of infantry and two squadrons of cavalry, at a respectful distance. The result of the fire from the allies was, that in a short time all the cantonments, gun-platforms, public buildings, corn and forage stores were in flames, and the embrasures of the earthworks considerably injured. The destruction of the fort and batteries was completed by a detachment of the light boats of the squadron, under Lieutenant Hubert Campion of the *Vesuvius*. This service was accomplished without the loss of a single man. Lieutenant Campion reported that the fort was quite as formidable as it appeared from the ships; but that although the platforms were laid ready, the guns either had not arrived, or had been withdrawn by the enemy. Leaving the *Swallow* to prevent the enemy from reoccupying the fort and extinguishing the fire until the destruction was complete, the squadron proceeded to destroy great quantities of forage and some extensive fisheries, situated about the White House Spit, and about the mouth of the river Berda. This was accomplished before dark, in spite of the presence of considerable numbers of Cossack horse, who vainly sought to protect it.

On the 17th of July, the *Beagle*, under Lieutenant Hewett, was sent back to Berdiansk, where the crew landed and destroyed

an extensive collection of fish stores, and two large granaries full of corn. On rejoining the squadron, Lieutenant Hewett reported that one of the Russian sunken vessels was blown up. On the same day (July 17th), Commander Osborn proceeded with the fleet to a town called Glofira, on the Asiatic coast, near Gheisk: this was in consequence of his having received information that extensive depôts of corn and forage existed there. On arriving, Commander Rowley Lambert was sent with the gun-boats *Fancy*, *Grinder*, *Boxer*, *Cracker*, *Jasper*, and *Wrangler*, to reconnoitre in force, and to destroy any stores of provisions or forage, if he found an opportunity of doing so. He found Glofira and its neighbourhood swarming with cavalry, and the town merely an open straggling village, with no appearance of corn or forage in it. He therefore spared the place, and confined his operations to Glofira Spit, where he found and destroyed some extensive corn and fish stores, in the face of the Russian cavalry, who dared not advance on account of the fire from the boats, which would have been instantly opened upon them.

At Glofira the English and French squadrons parted company; the former proceeding to the Crooked Spit, in the Gulf of Azoff; the latter, to harass the enemy in the neighbourhood of Kamisheva and Obi-totchna. Arrived at the Crooked Spit, Commander Osborn sent Captain Cranford, in the *Swallow*, supported by the gun-boats *Grinder*, *Boxer*, and *Cracker*, together with the boats of the *Vesuvius*, *Curlew*, and *Fancy*, to clear the Spit of the cavalry and Cossacks of the enemy, and then to land and destroy the great fishing establishments situated upon it. The country seemed actually swarming with Russian cavalry, but they were effectually driven off the Spit, and sent some distance inland. The boats then landed the crews, who set fire to some extensive government stores on the upper part of the Spit, including large fishing establishments, and a quantity of nets, haystacks, and other stores. A Russian fisherman informed them that the fish caught and cured there was sent immediately to Simpheropol, for the use of the army in the Crimea.

While this destructive work was being performed, Commander Osborn reconnoitred the mouth of the river Mious, fifteen miles west of Taganrog. There he discovered an earthwork of some extent, but not pierced for guns; and as nobody was to be seen

within it, and the shallow nature of the coast would not allow him to approach within a mile and three-quarters, he left it in peace. At Fort Temonos a collection of launches and a fishery were destroyed; a large body of Russians being kept at bay during the operation by a steady fire of Minié rifles. The Russian cavalry were evidently much harassed by riding hurriedly from point to point, wherever an attack was anticipated.

Commander Osborn then visited Taganrog, which he reconnoitred on the 19th of July, in the *Jasper* gun-boat. A new battery was being constructed on the heights near the hospital; but although two shots were thrown into it, it did not reply. Every part of the town still showed signs of the injuries it had received from the recent visitation under the late Captain Edmund Lyons. "I can assure you, sir," said Commander Osborn, in his report to Admiral Lyons, "that from Genitchi to Taganrog, and thence round to Kamiskeva, we have kept the coast in a state of constant alarm, and their troops incessantly moving. The total amount of provisions, corn, fisheries, forage, and boats destroyed has been something enormous."

Before the close of the year, the Russians experienced further losses in the Sea of Azoff. Captain Sherard Osborn, of the *Vesuvius*, accompanied by the *Curlew*, *Recruit*, *Weser*, and *Ardent*, commenced a cruise along the north coast of that sea on the 9th of October. They did considerable mischief in destroying launches and fisheries; one hundred and odd of the former being burnt on one Spit alone. On the night of the 10th of October, a boat with a small party was sent stealthily up the Salghir river, on the banks of which they discovered and destroyed about 400 tons of corn and forage ready stacked for removal. The little party, however, alarmed a body of Cossacks who were encamped in a village close by, and narrowly escaped being shot down or cut to pieces. When the small gun-boats were no longer required at Kinburn, Admiral Lyons sent them to Captain Sherard Osborn, in the Sea of Azoff, to afford that officer the means of destroying the harvest of the year, which he understood to be collecting in the neighbourhood of Gheisk-Liman, for the purpose of being transported, in the winter months, partly to the enemy's army in the Crimea, over the Gulf of Azoff, when frozen, and

partly to the army in the Caucasus by the military road.

Captain Osborn, in her majesty's steam-sloop *Vesuvius*, proceeded with the squadron under his command to Gheisk-Liman, off which he anchored after dark on the evening of the 3rd of November. He then made arrangements to operate the next day against the extensive collection of corn, forage, and fuel stacked along the shore, and also to distract the attention of the large force which was known to be in the neighbourhood. At daybreak, Captain Osborn, with the officers and men of the *Vesuvius*, the *Curlew*, the *Weser*, and the *Ardent*, embarked in the boats of those vessels, and were towed by the gun-boats *Recruit*, *Boxer*, *Cracker*, and *Clinker*, until they approached Vodina, three miles north of Glofira. They found large tiers of corn-stacks and quantities of fuel stored along the coast, and very shortly left it all in flames, in despite of a large Cossack guard which had been stationed near for its protection.

Glofira was next visited; and there corn-stacks, extending for some miles, were seen along its southern and eastern face. These were protected by large bodies of dismounted Cossacks, for whom an intrenchment had been cut along the head of the cliff commanding the Spit, and armed men showed in the rear of every house. A fire was speedily opened from the gun-boats on the intrenchments with Shrapnel shell, and on the corn-ricks with carcasses. Lieutenants Day and Campion also landed with a small force of marines, under a sharp fire of musketry. They succeeded in driving the enemy, with considerable loss, out of their trenchwork, and steadily forcing them back from store to store, until the whole of the vast quantity of corn, stacked ready for thrashing and transport, was in flames. A small brass piece was also captured; and the men all re-embarked, only one of them being wounded.

Lieutenant Ross then approached Gheisk with the vessels, and, as the enemy moved down large bodies of troops to resist his landing, he was compelled to fire on the town to dislodge them. Protected by this fire, a party under Commander Kennedy rowed to the shore, and set every store on fire, except one government building considerably in the rear. The stores burnt fiercely the whole night, the flames extending for a distance of two miles; but the

town of Glofira, except where the troops had used the houses against our men, remained untouched.

Early on the 6th, the expedition proceeded into the Liman, and steered towards Gheisk. The gun-boats were anchored within long gunshot of the east extreme of Gheisk, and the neighbouring steep, along the edge of which, for four miles, incredible quantities of corn and hay were stacked; in addition to which, timber-yards, fish stores, and boats, were accumulated in great numbers. Captain Osborn divided the attacking force into three parties, which pulled in and effected a landing at different places, about a mile distant from each other. The Russian troops, within light breastworks, were unable to prevent them from igniting the stacks; and, in a few minutes, the screen of flame and smoke which rolled from them towards the enemy, prevented the latter from seeing where or how to manœuvre, in order to cut off any of our small detachments. In a short time, corn-stacks, granaries, fish stores, materials for boat and ship-building, together with a quantity of cavalry camp gear, were destroyed, and all the parties safely re-embarked; the casualties only amounting to six men wounded.

Nothing remained but the stores of corn which had escaped on the previous day at Glofira; these were fired upon from the rocket-boats, until they also shared the fate of the rest, and the gun-boats then rejoined the *Vesuvius*. Captain Osborn, in relating these events to Admiral Lyons, observed—"I despair of being able to convey to you any idea of the extraordinary quantity of corn, rye, hay, wood, and other supplies, so necessary to the existence of Russian armies both in the Caucasus and the Crimea, which it has been our good fortune to destroy. That these vast stores should have been collected here, so close to the sea, while we were still in the neighbourhood, is only to be accounted for by their supposing, that they could not be reached by us; and judging by the position the squadron under the late Captain Edmund Lyons took up in May last, the Russians had established a camp, and fortified their town, only to meet a similar attack. During these proceedings, we had never more than 200 men engaged; the enemy had, from the concurrent testimony of Lieutenants Ross and Strode, and from my own observation, from three to four

thousand men in Gheisk alone. Where every officer exerted himself to the utmost, and did all, and more than I expected of them, it would be invidious for me to mention one more than another: it was their coolness, zeal, and example, that rendered steady many of the younger men who, for the first time, were under fire; and but for their general intelligence and zeal, the enemy would have easily frustrated our operations. The zeal, good conduct, and gallantry of the men were deserving of every praise."

Affairs were proceeding somewhat monotonously in the allied camp before Sebastopol, when, on the 15th of November, an appalling accident occurred. About three o'clock in the afternoon, both the camps were shaken by a terrific explosion, and every one startled, and for a few minutes deafened, by a roaring said to resemble the combined salvoes of a thousand parks of artillery. Extravagant as this observation may seem, it does not appear to exaggerate the results proceeding from the actual calamity. Mr. Russell observed—"The phenomena were so startling, that they took away one's breath. Neither pen nor pencil could describe them. The rush of fire, smoke, and iron attained a height I dare not estimate, in one great pillar, and then seemed to shoot out like a tree, which overshadowed half the camp on the right, and rained down missiles upon it. The colour of the pillar was dark gray, flushed with red, but it was pitted all over with white puffs of smoke, which marked the explosions of the shells. It retained the shape of a fir-tree for nearly a minute, and then the sides began to swell out and the overhanging canopy to expand and twist about in prodigious wreaths of smoke, which flew out to the right and left, and let drop, as it were from solution in its embrace, a precipitate of shells, carcasses, and iron projectiles. I clapped spurs to my horse, and rode off as hard as I could towards the spot as soon as my ears had recovered the shock. The noise was horrible; and when the shells began to explode, the din was like the opening crash of one of the great cannonades or bombardments of the siege. As I rode along I could see thousands hurrying away from the place, and thousands hastening to it. The smoke became black; the fire had caught the huts and tents. General Windham overtook me, riding from head-quarters

as hard as he could go. He was ignorant of the cause and locality of the explosion, and was under the impression that it was one of the French redoubts. Sir Richard Airey followed close after him, and General Codrington dashed on towards the fire in a few minutes subsequently. On arriving within half a mile of the place, I saw the ground torn up in all directions, the fragments of shell still smoking, and shells bursting around in most unpleasant proximity."

The cause of this convulsion was the ignition of a park of French artillery, called "park of the mill," near Inkermann. It contained an enormous amount of combustible material, comprising 30,000 kilogrammes of powder, 600,000 cartridges, 300 charged shells, and other projectiles. The explosion was attended with a fearful loss of life, and many a brave soldier who escaped from death was terribly lacerated or injured. The French were necessarily the greatest sufferers, and their loss from this calamity amounted to six officers killed and thirteen wounded; sixty-five men killed and 170 wounded—many of the latter so severely, that but little hope was entertained of their recovery. That of the English, who were encamped in their neighbourhood, was also very severe; and it was the more to be lamented, as the noble fellows who perished or were injured upon this occasion, suffered in vain. Struck by a blind unconscious agent, no friendly comrade could revenge their wounds upon the foe; nor had they the consolation of knowing that they perished while smiting the enemies of their country. Still they died at the post of duty, and France and England united in sympathy for their sad fate. Of the English, one officer and twenty non-commissioned officers were killed; four officers and 112 non-commissioned officers and men wounded. Besides these, seven were missing, though six of them were afterwards accounted for and found to be alive.

Terrible as the consequences of this sad accident were, they might have been enhanced tenfold. The explosion set fire to all the stores in the neighbourhood of the French siege train and to our neighbouring English park. At no great distance stood a mill, used by us as a powder magazine, said to contain the enormous quantity of about 180 tons of powder. This receptacle of deadly power was in the greatest danger of ignition; and if it had exploded, the

consequences must necessarily have been terribly awful. At one time, while the conflagration was fiercely raging, there was an alarm that the mill had caught fire. The news caused a brief panic, and men and horses tore like madmen through the camp of the second division. Happily the report was not true, though it was so near an approach to the truth, that the roof, doors, and windows of the mill were blown in, and the cases of powder exposed, and therefore liable to be ignited by any stray sparks which might fall upon them. Under these circumstances, General Straubenzee hurried up to the tents of the 7th fusiliers, and asked if any of the men would volunteer to mount the wall of the mill and cover the shattered roof with wet tarpaulins and blankets, as a protection against the flying sparks and burning fragments which the current of light air might carry in that direction. The proposed task was one of terrible danger. Should the powder ignite (and such an event was exceedingly probable), the men employed in covering the roof would be blown limb from limb, and hurled in blackened and bloody fragments into the lurid air. Wonderful is the effect of military discipline, and more than wonderful is the courage of our men. Lieutenant Hope and five-and-twenty men at once nobly responded to the general's appeal, and proceeded to the powder-crammed building. A sergeant and some men of the rifles, and a party of the 34th regiment, also consented to accompany them. In a short time these heroic fellows were on the walls of the death-filled mill, piling wet blankets over the exposed powder boxes; while others carried water, and threw it upon the blankets and bare rafters of the mill. The result of this devoted bravery was, that after half-an-hour's exertion, the vast accumulation of powder was as well protected from the thickly flying sparks and rockets as it could be, short of entire removal from the scene of the conflagration. Of course the danger was still great; for a shell might at any moment tear through the coverings, and by causing the explosion of the powder, scatter death and destruction around in every direction. The conduct of Lieutenant Hope was highly eulogised; and some organs of the London press declared, that he and his twenty-five gallant volunteers deserved a special notice and distinguished reward. The *Daily News* observed—"We learn that, at the moment of the explosion,

Lieutenant Hope, who was the only officer of his regiment left in camp at the time, with a degree of self-possession beyond his years, seized the bugle and sounded the assembly for the men to fall in and parade. The self-possession and promptitude of resource thus evinced, combined with his subsequent fearless and generous self-devotion, show that he is the true metal to make a leader of. His coolness and judicious conduct in such an awful and unforeseen emergency, is a far more real proof that he possesses the highest qualities of a soldier, than mere gallantry in action could be. The honour reflected on his family by Lord Hopetown, of Peninsular fame (Mr. Hope is the only son of the lord justice-clerk of Scotland), will be augmented yet by his young relative."

The cause of the accident was not certainly ascertained, and many conjectures were accordingly hazarded. Some attributed it to the secret agency of the Russians, though that idea was soon discredited as an impossibility. One account traced it to the careless curiosity of a French soldier, who, it is said, amused himself, with an insane thoughtlessness, by poking with his bayonet at the contents of a Russian 13-inch shell, and thus caused its explosion. Mr. Russell relates the following as the most general report of the cause of the disaster:—"Some French artillerymen were engaged in shifting powder from case to case in the park; and, as the operation is rather dangerous, every care was taken to prevent accidents. The powder was poured

from one case into the other through copper funnels, and no fire was allowed near the place where the men were so employed. As one of the soldiers was pouring the powder out of a case, he perceived a fragment of shell gliding out of it into the funnel, and not wishing to let it get into the other case, he jerked the funnel to one side; the piece of shell fell on the stones, which were covered with loose powder, and is supposed to have struck fire in its fall, for the explosion took place at once. Miraculous as it may appear, this artilleryman, who was, as it were, in the focus of the explosion, escaped alive, and is only slightly burnt and scorched. His comrade, who held the other case, was blown to atoms. Another strange incident was the death of the commandant of the artillery for the day. He was in or near the park at the time of the explosion, and as soon as he had set everything in order as far as possible, he went off to have a look at the French batteries in and about Sebastopol, on which the Russians had opened a heavy fire. As he rode along a cannon-shot struck off his head. Such is the story. The escapes that day were astounding;* clothes were torn off men's backs, the chairs or beds on which they sat, the tables at which they were eating, the earth where they stood, were broken and torn by shot, shell, rocket-irons, shrapnel, grape, canister, and musket-balls, which literally rained down upon them. It was fully two minutes ere the heavy volleys of bursting shells ceased, and then sullen explosions for an hour

* Some anecdotes of this kind are related by another writer from the camp, who says—"Some of the escapes were, as may be imagined, indeed hair-breadth; but that of Major Strange, who had only just stepped out of the door of his hut when two 13-inch shells dropped through the roof and exploded on the very chair he had been occupying, is one of the most remarkable. Every board of the little dwelling was sent flying into the air, as was the case with the hut next it, and yet out of this tornado of wooden splinters he escaped without a scratch. Another, which occurred in the 88th regiment, distant nearly half a mile from the spot, was scarcely less so. A shell passed through the roof of the canteen, knocked a bottle out of the hand of the canteen man's wife, and, rolling off a yard or two, burst and destroyed the whole concern, without seriously wounding any of the eight or ten people in the place at the time. To these I might add other instances, not a few, in which the escapes were hardly less marvellous. Of all the deaths, however, that of poor Mr. Yellon, of the commissary department, appears to have been attended with circumstances the most painful. This valuable and much-respected officer was standing in the yard of the

siege train with an artillery officer at the moment of the French blow-up, and was struck down at his companion's elbow by a splinter of a shell thrown from our allies' camp. The artilleryman of course obeyed the first instinct of nature, and fled, and next morning the charred remains of poor Yellon were found with every appearance of his having been at first only wounded, and afterwards burnt to death. A portion of his skull was burnt through, exposing the brain, as was the whole of his face and greater part of his body, whilst the hands were fixed as if in a clutching grasp at his breast, made under the spasmodic contractions of acute agony. Close by him a poor sergeant was found, of whom every particle of his legs were burnt off up to the trunk. It is needless, however, to multiply these harrowing cases of mutilation, of which I looked upon so many in the course of Thursday morning. I may just add, in explanation of the fewness of our own casualties, that, most providentially, at the time of the catastrophe, by far the majority of the men belonging to the brigade nearest the spot were absent from their camp on working parties; had they not been so, our casualties must have been at least double what they are."

afterwards warned the spectator from the scene. Some of the balls and pieces of shrapnel, which must have been projected a prodigious height into the air, did not fall to the ground for a minute and a-half after the last of the explosions. For two minutes, which seemed as many hours, the terrible shower endured, and descended on the camp. The distance to which fragments flew exceeds belief. It is difficult to explain it by mere names of localities. One piece of shell flew over Cathcart's-hill; another killed a horse in New Kadikoi. Some struck men and horses in the guards' camp. One flew over my hut; another struck the ground close to it; another went into the camp of the land transport corps behind it. Mrs. Seacole, who keeps a *restaurant* near the Col, avers that a piece of stone struck her door, which is three and a-half or four miles from the park. In the land transport corps of the light division, fourteen horses were killed and seventeen were wounded. Pieces struck and damaged the huts in New Kadikoi. Appalling as was the shock to those who were near, the effect was little diminished by distance. The roar and concussion were so great in Balaklava, that the ships in harbour and outside at anchor trembled and quivered, and the houses shook to their foundations. The ships at Kamiesch and Kasatch reeled and rolled from side to side. Mules and horses, seven and eight miles away, broke loose, and galloped across the country wild with fright. The noise peeled through the passes at Baidar like the loudest thunder. In fact, the effect resembled some great convulsion of nature. Many thought it was an earthquake; others fancied it was the outburst of a volcano; others, that the Russians had got hold of Lord Dundonald's invention, and that they had just given it a first trial. Indeed, one officer said to another, as soon as he recovered breath, and could speak—'I say, that's a nice sort of thing, is it not? The sooner we go after that the better.' He was persuaded the Russians had thrown some new and unheard-of instrument into the camp. The sense of hearing was quite deadened in many persons, and their nervous systems have not yet recovered the shock, so that any sudden noise startles them."

The following extremely interesting account of the accident, and of particulars incidental to it, is from the pen of the special correspondent of the *Daily News*:—

"It is impossible to give any distinct description of the effect of the first crash: it varied according to circumstances of position and distance. Those who escaped from the artillery tents and immediate vicinity of the siege depôts appeared utterly bewildered. The force of the blow from the impelled air, the stunning noise, the flashing of the fire, the suffocating smoke, arrested every reasoning faculty, and took away all sense, save the instinctive impulse to fly from the source of evil. These men ran on in all directions, heedless of the shells and grape which were falling around, without looking back at the scene of destruction they were leaving behind them, and never stopped till they reached or passed the tents of the neighbouring regiments. Among the regiments themselves of the light division, whether in tents or huts, a sudden sensation was felt as if of an upheaving of the ground, at the same time that a violent shock was experienced from the concussion of the air. Almost instantly followed the loud report of the explosion—not sounding as if a single charge or magazine had been fired, and without the ringing tone or decided character of a salvo of artillery, but seeming rather as if a number of magazines had been discharged, one after the other, so rapidly, that all the reports were blended into one. As the thunder of the first report subsided, its place was occupied by the sharp crackling sounds of shells bursting high in the air, the rush of fragments falling to the ground, and the loud bangs of shells which had been scattered, and were exploding on all sides. Simultaneous with these—almost from the very commencement—was the crushing of wooden huts, splitting of timbers, and noise of falling glass from the broken windows. The tents were violently agitated, and sometimes the cords or poles were snapped asunder. Then followed a continued succession of minor reports, and the roar of flames, and crackling of burning wood, as the fire advanced and increased among the huts and artillery stores of the siege train depôts. Those who rushed out of their tents immediately after the first shock, or who happened to be standing outside at the time, saw the air filled with shells, some bursting at an elevation such as they used to be seen in the siege operations, when propelled from mortars by the heaviest charges; some exploding on the ground. Grape and the small iron shot, about the size of bullets,

of which such great quantities were found in iron cases in some of the Russian magazines, were falling thickly on all sides. Every one sought the nearest shelter, crouching beneath the stone walls of the huts and buildings lately erected, or wherever any protection from the iron shower could be most readily discovered. The air became speedily darkened, as if by a mist, from the smoke which spread around; but this was soon dispersed.

"Those who were at a still further distance, approaching towards the front from the plain, say that they first saw a swelling column of smoke, out of which shot rays of light, ascending to a great elevation, and that these, curving and bursting with brilliant star-like centres of light, had precisely the appearance of a magnificent display of fireworks. The agitation of the ground, and the report of the explosion which followed, together with the direction, informed them of the serious nature of the occurrence. Their impression was, at first, as indeed it was among the greater number of persons in the camps near the catastrophe, that the great English powder magazine had exploded.

"It may well be excused if the majority of men and officers—subjected as they were to the double horrors of an earthquake and sudden bombardment—in the camps around the parks of the siege train were for a moment panic-stricken. But to the credit of all be it spoken, that the confusion of the first event had no sooner passed, than one laudable desire seemed to seize all ranks to be instrumental in saving the maimed and wounded, who were unable to escape from the neighbourhood of the fire, or who were lying around, struck by the fragments of shells or by other projectiles. Stretchers were got from the surrounding regimental hospitals, and the wounded (French and English) rapidly carried to them. Medical officers from other divisions, and from the general hospital, galloped over to render assistance. The staff of the light and second divisions were quickly at the scene of action, and not long afterwards General Codrington arrived with the head-quarter staff, many of whom were returning on their way from the artillery review in the plain near Balaklava. A train of ambulance waggons arrived quickly, and were of essential service. Many of the regimental hospitals, being in rear of their regiments, and therefore nearest to the place of the explosion, had been

very much shaken or injured by shot and shells; and as the danger of fire and further explosions had not ceased, the opportunity of removing the wounded rapidly to a greater distance was urgently required. Fortunately, the general hospital, in the rear of the third division, which, previous to the expectation of an attack on the part of the enemy, it had been intended to break up and convert into winter huts for the troops, was still vacant, and to this hospital many of the wounded were at once removed. There was great danger in approaching the fire from the constant explosions; and both men and officers had frequently to be recalled while searching for those who had been injured, or while attempting, by tearing down canvas or cutting down timber, to stop the communications of the fire. One young officer of artillery, of the name of Dawson, had his leg carried away by a shell bursting, and was conveyed to the general hospital. Brevet-major the Hon. H. Clifford, rifle brigade, who is acting as assistant quartermaster-general of the light division, in the absence of Colonel Airey, was particularly conspicuous in giving directions. It was known that in one part of the English siege train dépôt, towards which the fire was tending, there was a large collection of rockets and some shells, and it was found impossible to save these from combustion. As it was uncertain what havoc might be committed through their agency, whether in setting huts or tents on fire, or from the missiles with which they were loaded, it was thought prudent to remove the greater part of the troops to a distance. The regiments of the light division were therefore marched some way to the front of their camps: one brigade towards the Victoria redoubt; the other towards the picket-house on Frenchman's-hill. A guard of the second division had been brought down very soon after the first explosion, and a line of sentries was stretched across to prevent a nearer approach to the scene of danger than the lines of the 88th regiment. Fortunately, the rockets were packed in close bundles, and were without sticks, so that, when they exploded shortly before five o'clock, they burned almost as if they had been some combustible compound fixed in a single case. A powerful white light, rushing upwards with great force, and accompanied by showers of sparks and a loud whizzing noise, followed by numberless explosions of com-

paratively unimportant character—and this source of danger was at an end.

“One source of apprehension, it has been already mentioned, was the great English magazine of gunpowder. Most providentially, at the time of the first explosion there was scarcely any breeze, but what wind there was came from the north-west. This bent the flames towards the magazine, chiefly evident from the volumes of smoke driving in that direction. Every one was aware what dire consequences must have resulted if the magazine were once reached; and for some time the anxiety on this account was very intense. But the fire had hardly raged twenty minutes, when the smoke was observed to move in another direction. The current of air had changed, and was blowing from nearly due north. The force of the flame was therefore directed towards the ground in the rear, left vacant by the French regiments, which had not long since quitted it. This direction has been maintained since. Had the wind come from an opposite point, that is, from the south—a wind which a short time ago was prevailing,—the huts and tents of the 1st brigade of the light division, being so close to the siege trains, could scarcely have escaped. As it was, the large commissariat stores of forage and provisions, which have been accumulated for the winter consumption of the regiments of this brigade, and which were in great danger of being set fire to, wholly escaped. They were piled in rear of the regimental encampments, between them and the artillery camps. Great praise is due to the troops, who, while the fire was burning, covered the sides and roof of the magazine, where the English gunpowder was stored, with wet blankets and sheepskins.

“The source of the explosion is, and in all probability will ever be, involved in obscurity. The individual who, by his wicked negligence and want of caution, caused the irreparable mischief, as well as the witnesses of the act, must have met with instantaneous death. At first the most absurd statements were made as to its origin. The first impression—and a very general one—seemed to be, that a train had been laid and the depôt blown up by a Russian emissary. When it was discovered that the English magazine was safe—long a conspicuous object—and the difficulties of such an undertaking were considered, this idea was dispelled. Then it was said that a Zouave, excited at having received punishment, had

set fire to the siege ammunition. But even if the supposition of such a mad and fiendish act could be admitted, the well-known caution and strict rules of the French administration prevented it from being entertained. No one at any time was admitted into the French depôt without he was engaged there on duty, or was accompanied by a French officer. The more probable story is one that was told by a French artilleryman, that some live Russian shells were being emptied at the depôt, and the gunpowder contained in them collected for storage, and that the ignition of one of these must have led to the firing of the principal magazine. Smoking was forbidden within the precincts of the depôt, but some soldier may have been guilty of the act unobserved and a spark fallen in the gunpowder. A commission of inquiry will no doubt be appointed to investigate the subject.

“No idea can be formed at present of the number of men destroyed or injured. Some of the men who have been carried by, or picked up among the various camps, are greatly mutilated. The wounds are chiefly shell wounds. Some of the patients are badly scorched, some severely bruised by falling timbers. But among all the distressing objects around, none perhaps was more melancholy, more calculated to excite feelings of pity, than an artilleryman who had been, either by the concussion or by sudden alarm, rendered idiotic. He attracted general attention as he was led by, bare-headed, between two of his comrades, uttering silly exclamations, and quite lost to consciousness of all that was passing around him. He seemed to be possessed by a feeling that he was in England, for all his rambling remarks referred to home; while a smile on his face, vacant and unmeaning as was its expression, seemed to show that he had at least as much satisfaction as he was any longer capable of enjoying.

“Wonderful escapes are related on all sides. Perhaps none are more striking than the following:—A soldier was leading in the camp of the 23rd regiment a valuable charger belonging to Major Robert Bruce. A shell burst, disembowelling the horse and tearing him into nearly two parts, but the soldier escaped unhurt. Two of the large marquees occupied by the sick men of the regiment were torn by shells, and a round shot passed through one of the wooden huts, in which were several patients, finding its way out close to the head of one of them,

who was perfectly disabled from moving; yet none were injured. Some remarkable escapes were told at all the hospitals nearest to the siege train depôts; for after the regiments had been marched away for safety, many sick and wounded remained in the hospitals, attended by the surgeons. The very closeness of some of the camps seemed to be a source of safety; for the shells, which were projected slantingly, and afterwards fell and exploded on the ground, apparently fell more thickly at a considerable distance from the depôts than in the immediate neighbourhood. Many burst among the huts of the second division and in the Woronzoff ravine, and some fell as far even as the camp of the fourth division.

"There was a painful story spread about that the sick men in the English siege train hospital were all burned, from the hospital hut having been overthrown and preventing their escape. This turns out, happily, to be wholly untrue. The hospital hut was blown down by the force of the first explosion in the French dépôt; but not one of the patients, of whom there were eight or nine in the hut, was injured by the fall of the timbers. Their escape was almost miraculous. It is attributed chiefly to the men having crept under their iron bedsteads before the yielding timbers of the roof had fallen to the ground. The sick of the French camp were in the divisional ambulance on the opposite side of the ravine from the dépôt. The ambulance is reported to be very much injured. No man within the boundary of the French siege train could possibly have escaped without loss of life or most severe injury."

We mentioned that the explosion took place at three o'clock in the afternoon; the conflagration which followed it was extremely rapid; and about seven in the evening the flames were extinct, and smouldering embers alone remained. The Russians encamped on the north heights, and along the ridge overlooking the Tchernaya valley, assembled towards the edge of the Inkermann cliffs, in evident delight at the ruinous spectacle presented to them. The French, however, spoilt their amusement by opening a fire upon them from some batteries hitherto masked, and drove them hastily back, not, it was supposed, without having sustained some injury. Early the next morning, all the divisions to the right of the British camp were under arms before daylight, as General Codrington imagined, that if the enemy were likely to hazard an

attack, it would be under the circumstances that then existed. The day, however, passed off placidly, and the Muscovites seemed to have had enough of hand-to-hand fighting. Soon after the calamity, the Russian batteries beyond the ravine of the Tchernaya opened a brisk fire upon the French, by which eleven men perished, and about double that number were wounded.

General Codrington forwarded to Lord Panmure a despatch descriptive of this event, of which we append a copy.

Sebastopol, Nov. 17th.

My Lord,—On the 15th inst., about three p.m., a terrific explosion shook the camp or the army, and spread heavy destruction in the immediate neighbourhood of its force; even here, at head-quarters, two-and-a-half miles, perhaps, distant, it burst open and broke windows; all felt the power of it, and the high column of smoke, with shells bursting in the midst and around it, told too well the cause, and showed the danger of all within its reach. It was not long before we were on the spot; to the sudden burst had succeeded a continued and dark drift of smoke, which told its tale of continued fire and of danger; constant bursting of shells was going on, and the ground was covered with bits of wood, musket-balls, and splinters of shells from the first heavy explosion, which had strewed the ground with destruction, and killed and hurt very many people. One hundred thousand pounds of powder had exploded in the French siege train, set fire to all the stores there, and to our neighbouring English park, where all was fiercely burning, while the tendency of the light air at first threatened a second and as serious an accident, from powder not eighty yards off, for the roof of the building had been damaged, and the door blown in by the shock.

Some general officers had fallen in and marched part of their divisions down; others sent some in fatigue, some with stretchers for the wounded—all exerted themselves with the French with an energy and disregard of danger that was admirable; blankets were taken to the exposed store, placed and wetted on the roof by water being passed up in buckets; the doors were covered with wet blankets and sand-bags; and, in a short time, it was reported and looked safe, though the closeness of the fire and frequent explosions could not allow the feeling of security. Many detached though small fires were

burning, and the ground of both the French and English parks, a space of 150 yards across, was a mass of large fires, some of fuel, some of huts, some of gun-carriages, boxes, handspikes, and ropes. The fortunately light air had rather changed its direction, and by breaking up and dragging away things, a sort of lane was at last formed, the fires cut off, and gradually got under control, because confined to smaller though fierce fires, but manageable. I saw every one working well, and I know that French and English took live shells from the neighbourhood of danger to a more distant spot, and at a later period, parties threw what earth the rocky soil could give, upon the fires, and helped much to subdue them; all was safe about seven P.M., and a strong guard and working party posted for the night.

The army was under arms the following morning before daylight, and, everything being quiet, I ordered the divisions to turn in, and continue the working parties in the roads, which I had counter-ordered for that morning. The exploded powder store was situated in the ruins of some walls which had advantageously been made use of for the purpose of shelter; it had been the store of supply to the French attack on the Malakhoff front, and it contained the powder which had been brought back from their batteries. It is at the head of the ravine, which, as it gets towards Sebastopol, forms the steep and rocky valley of Ravin du Carénage. The light division was on the ground which it first took up in October, 1854; the rifles on the right; then the 7th, the 33rd, and 23rd; on their left, the 34th regiment, which subsequently joined, was on the right front in advance; and the vacating of a spot of ground by the sappers' camp enabled me, when commanding the division, to place the artillery and small-arm brigade on the immediate right of the rifles. The French subsequently brought their main siege train and store to the position it has now for some time occupied. Daylight showed the damage, of which I have given your lordship an outline in another letter. But the more important and sad part is the loss of life, and the wounded who have suffered. One officer and twenty non-commissioned officers and men killed; four officers and 112 non-commissioned officers and men wounded; with seven missing, show the sudden and fatal power of the shock, which not only destroyed in its immediate neigh-

bourhood, but wounded, by shell and splinters, some at a distance of three-quarters of a mile.

The loss of our allies is distressingly heavy.—I have, &c.,

W. J. CODRINGTON.

General Commanding.

The following extract from a letter by the surgeon of the 19th regiment to a friend in England, giving further particulars of the explosion, will be read with interest. It is dated November 17th:—

"You will have had ample reports of the facts connected with the great explosion of the 15th. But the sensations experienced by those who were subjected to its influence, who can describe them? Language has not yet arrived at such perfection, as to enable it to impart to others a veritable perception of either our moral or physical impressions. Imagine, therefore, as you best can, the utmost limit of startling effect which, without previous warning, the sudden outbreak of a volcano close by you would produce on yourself. But even this will not answer; for in the neighbourhood of an active volcanic mountain one must always anticipate to some extent the probability of some such an event as an eruption; while most of us, though living near the siege train depôts, regarded them as almost innocuous, from the precautions taken against accidents—and, even should an accident occur, as quite inadequate to furnish such a powerful, concentrated, and appalling explosion. Part of our camp is side by side with the English and French siege depôts, separated only by a ravine which is shallow, and not very broad. Our own right siege train was, however, between us and the French one, where the first explosion occurred. We were thus sufficiently near to feel the full force of the concussion: but in respect to the shells, those who were not so near fared worse. We received a shower of small case shot and grape, and the fragments of shells which, having been projected nearly perpendicularly upwards, burst while they were still in the air. The shells which came towards us, but with a more parabolic course, passed over our heads, and exploded in camps more distant. We had not one man killed in our regiment, while three were killed in the 77th, the second camp beyond us, by shells which fell and burst there. I was sitting in a small hut, by the side of the ravine, when the

crash occurred. It is not easy to collect and separate the mixed and confused sensations of the first shock. I remember well falling, with the camp stool on which I was sitting, to the ground, a small skylight from the low roof over my head being forced down upon me, while a report loud as thunder, mixed with crashing noises of every kind and character, bewildered me. My senses were stunned, but not so far as to deprive me for a moment of consciousness. Before reflection came, an idea rushed into my mind that the ground had been mined and we were being blown up. I fancy that I noticed an undulatory character in the first great report, as if a number of magazines had been fired in rapid succession. Almost immediately after the skylight was driven in, the hut was filled with smoke. I think this must have been from a shell bursting over and close to the roof. At any rate I found subsequently all the fragments of a shell about the hut, and one large piece struck the side of it. Providentially none fell on the slight roof. A piece went through the servant's tent close by, but no one was in it at the time. As soon as I scrambled up from my fall, I sought shelter beneath the arch of the doorway; this was built of stone, and thick enough to save me from ordinary projectiles or fragments falling; for I heard them bursting in the air and on all sides. Presently, when these noises had partially subsided, I went for a moment to the outer door, and looked towards Inkermann, to see what had happened. The air was thick with smoke, but at the siege train a strong body of flame was visible. I concluded the English gunpowder magazine had been blown up, and that the fire had now reached the siege train parks. Shells were still being projected, and bursting, so I again sought my place of shelter, bringing with me a man whom I found at the door, lost in consternation. After a very short time the various sounds subsided into the rushing noise of the flames, with the crackling of burning timbers, and an occasional explosion over at the siege dépôt, and I went out again. The fire was spreading rapidly. I went over to the hospital, and found some men wounded in the camp already arriving there. As soon as stretchers were procured, men from all sides volunteered to go for wounded from the neighbourhood where the fire was raging. Staff officers and others, with a number of the troops, exhibited the greatest

daring and zeal in seeking for these unfortunates and bringing them away. It was a service of no little danger; for explosions of shells or gunpowder were taking place every instant, and several times it was thought necessary to call away all who were near the spot. Some very serious cases of mutilation and injury were brought to the hospital, chiefly among artillerymen; but the ambulance waggons having arrived (and they were brought up with the greatest speed), it was thought better to send them off at once to the general hospital, near the third division. Fortunately, all our sick escaped without hurt; though one of the hospital huts and one of the tents were perforated by fragments of shell. A shell burst over the hospital kitchen, and the pieces tore through the roof; a small iron shot also went through the roof of the surgery with great force. All the windows were broken, and one of the hut roofs was lifted up by the concussion of the air. It is wonderful that so few casualties occurred. A poor fellow in the 77th hospital, already wounded and lying in bed, lost an eye from a fragment of shell; and another man within the hospital enclosure was killed by a shell bursting there. But the escapes were more wonderful in the other brigade; for the hospitals of the 7th fusiliers and the 33rd and 23rd regimental hospitals were in front of the scene of the explosion, and were greatly shattered.

"One source of especial anxiety to me was young Massey—Redan Massey, as his pluck and endurance at the assault on the Redan have led to his being called. Favoured by youth and a sound constitution, notwithstanding his dangerous wound, he has been progressing most favourably. It was a great object to me not to move him if I could avoid it. I was with him a long time after motives of proper precaution had led to the men of the regiment being marched away some distance from the camp; and, after deliberation, having made up my mind that the disadvantages and risk were less in his remaining where he was than in carrying him away, I determined to keep him in camp. I had heard from an artillery sergeant that there was a store of rockets, and some shells, still unexploded; and he considerably added that the former were all pointed in the direction of our camp. I observed, too, that all the ground between us and the fire had been cleared of troops, and that not even a

straggler remained. This I attributed to ordinary precaution; the rockets pointing at us I considered problematical. Presently an officer brought down an order that all servants who had remained in camp were to leave it. I thought, then, that the grounds for apprehension must be very serious. It was an anxious time; and as Massey heard the order given, he could not have been very easy either, although he placed himself with great coolness entirely at my disposal. He had already had enough to unnerve him; for, at the first explosion, the wooden hut in which he was lying was greatly strained, and some of the timbers split, and the knowledge of his own helplessness with a broken thigh was not calculated to reassure him respecting his safety. Just after the order for servants to leave was given, a staff officer rode by, and I consulted him on the amount of danger to which we were exposed. His reply was, that the fire was spreading towards a store of combustibles, some of which were not unlikely to fall and set fire to our camp. I reflected that the regiment was away; that the fire, if once established, must spread quickly, as none of the tents were struck, and that I was therefore no longer justified in keeping Massey where he was. I had previously made the necessary preparations in case of necessity—had knocked out some boards from a porch put up to shelter the entrance; had a stretcher at hand, and, having detained some men for the purpose, we carried him off to his cousin's, in the 95th, in the second division. As it turned out, he would not have been touched had he remained in his hut. The rockets exploded with a loud noise as we were going along, but, being without sticks, and packed closely together, their progressive force was neutralised, and they burst on the spot where they caught fire. Most fortunately, the move did as little harm to Massey as a journey of three-quarters of a mile, under such circumstances, could possibly do.

"I have heard nothing calculated to give a better idea of the power of this explosion than the following:—A party were shooting in the mountains some miles beyond Kamara. The noise of the explosion was so loud, that they concluded it must proceed from the Russians blowing up Fort Constantine or some large fort on the north side of Sebastopol. They then considered that the report and the concussion were so much greater than any perceived at the de-

struction of Sebastopol, although they were so much nearer then, that they abandoned the idea of the explosion being near the front of the camp at all, and could only find a solution in the supposition that some ship, freighted with gunpowder, had blown up at Balaklava."

The weather during this period presented a happy contrast to the storms and severities of that in the preceding year. "We are," said a writer from the camp, "enjoying a season of exceptional mildness. Storms have lowered over us, and passed away; dark skies have threatened us, and melted into floods of golden sunbeams." The health of the army, also, was satisfactory; the men were well fed and well clothed, and, consequently, cheerful and confident; and everything spoke of hope for a glorious future. It was, indeed, a contrast to the calamities and horrors that afflicted our troops in the terrible November of 1854. We have drawn heavily upon the vivid descriptions of Mr. Russell; but indeed that was unavoidable, unless we had made this work more meagre than would have been satisfactory to the majority of its readers. For the following glance at camp life during November, we are indebted to his graphic genius:—

"In respect of winter clothing, hutting, and feeding, our men are immeasurably better off than our allies, and it is not unusual to see the latter eating in the English camp of the excess of our soldiers' cooking kettles. Little friendships have sprung up in this way. 'Franceese' comes over with his spoon, a smile, an onion, and a bit of salt, or savoury condiment, to some sapper or grenadier, day after day, about dinner-time, indulges in pantomimic conversation, interlarded with many 'bonos,' and regales on good soup and broth, to the great delight of his entertainer. Thus both are satisfied—a true *entente cordiale* is established through the medium of the stomach, and no one is a loser. The reinforcements to our ally contain, like our own, many very young men, and I was particularly struck with the youthful appearance of the men of a regiment which arrived at Kamiesch on Monday. There is scarcely any use in keeping up an appearance of a diary, for one day is uncommonly like another. Preparations for the winter are evident on every side. December will be inaugurated with a steeple-chase of English dimensions in stakes, jumps, and fences. Theatricals are looking up, and nearly every division will have a theatre

open during the Christmas week, and some daring spirits are even talking of a pantomime, and of essaying a repetition of the bold experiment of an amateur performance in *Guy Faux, or a Match for a King*, with which it is hoped the author will not interfere by any question of copyright. Indeed, there would be some difficulty in raising it in the Crimea, unless the provost-marshal considered the matter came under his jurisdiction, which is very sharp, short, and decisive. Some useful examples have been made among the unruly in Balaklava, Kadikoi, and camp, and refractory navvies and canteenmen have been triced up and had a dozen or two before they knew who was doing it. The agent or representative of a celebrated military tailor in London was unfortunate enough to engage in a personal controversy with one of the provost-marshal's sergeants some nights ago in Balaklava, and, having been dining out, he was indiscreet and valorous enough to 'let fly with his left' on the official's frontispiece by way of bringing the affair to a satisfactory termination. He was at once seized and carried off to the main guard, where delinquents pass the night in fear and trembling till they are tied up for the attentions of the drummers in the morning. In vain did he entreat the presiding judge to send for various distinguished clients to speak to character or bail him out; in vain did he implore that Lord This or General That, whose intimate friend he was, might be summoned. No efforts could avert or delay his doom; he was tied up, when his turn came, like the rest, and received 'two dozen' on the back. The highlanders are about getting up a theatre also; but it would be a strain of the most ardent friendship to go up to Kamara to see an amateur performance, unless the players entertain the audience for the night; and the general camp axiom certainly is, 'where I dine I sleep, and where I sleep I breakfast.' Some people are talking of 'payment at the doors' to go to purchase comforts for the sick, but they really and truly are in want of nothing at present.

"The hospital kitchens are certainly worth seeing, and M. Soyer has, by the introduction of his stoves and of an improved system of *ménage*, contributed to render them efficient. His stove would be still more valuable if it roasted or baked as well as boiled; but at present the last is the only operation to which it is suited, and the old camp kettle always did that as well—always, however,

with a much greater consumption and waste of fuel. In economising the latter scarce and most expensive article by the introduction of his stove, M. Soyer has rendered a considerable service. No article presses more heavily on the resources of the commissariat department, is more bulky and difficult of transit, more scarce, and more expensive than wood for fuel.

"The use of the camp stoves is very limited; and, indeed, such improvements have been suggested by experience, and forced by necessity, upon officers and men, that in many instances the most accomplished *cordon bleu* could suggest nothing to be added or removed from the regimental kitchens, made or in course of construction. The spoils of Sebastopol have materially contributed to our comforts and efficiency in this respect. Kitchen ranges, boilers, iron bars, Stourbridge bricks—I have some in a chimney built into the side of my hut, and marked 'Harpers, Stourbridge'—ovens, brass, iron, and copper stoves, pots and pans, flues, kettles, and hundreds of similar articles, have been seized and utilized with wonderful tact. Fine well-built cookhouses are constructed from the cut stone of Sebastopol, which lies in large blocks around unfinished houses, or is taken from the ruined edifices and walls about the place. Mechanical ingenuity has been largely developed in the use of resources. One officer converts the funnel of a small steamer into a chimney—another uses one of the pipes of an engine as a hot-air apparatus to heat his hut—a third has arranged a portion of machinery so that he can communicate from his *salon*, sleeping-room, and dining-room (three single gentlemen rolled into one) with his cook in the adjacent kitchen, and dinner is handed through direct from the fire to the table, after the fashion of those mysterious apparatus which obey the behests of London waiters in the matter of roast meats, boiled beefs, and their satellites. Many officers have distinguished themselves by the trouble they have taken in showing the men how to make themselves comfortable. The number of those employed on the roads and in various other ways has rendered it difficult to get on with these works, and in many cases the officers are unable to complete their huts for want of wood and labour, and the unfinished walls stand in grim ruin here and there about the camp. Wood, canvas, little bits of glass, tar and pitch, and, above all, nails

and tacks, are eagerly sought after. At the head-quarters' sale, on General Simpson's departure the other day, a hammer, hatchet, and saw sold for £2 15s. A bag of nails was disposed of by auction the same week for 40s., and on counting the contents it was found there were only 130 nails in the bag. Friendly little felonies of planking and such things are not unheard-of, and the greatest favour you can do a friend is 'to let him have a piece of board about six feet long by a foot wide;' or, 'The captain says, sir, as how he'd be very grateful if you could give him a bit of glass about three inches square, sir, for his winder.' The heart soon grows hardened under such constant pressure, and one is obliged at last to refuse 'a couple of tenpenny nails,' or 'the loan of a hammer for an hour,' with the sternness of a Brutus. Pictures of saints, the erotic scripture pieces, in which the Muscovites delight, fat Potipher's wives and garmentless Josephs, very plump Sannahs and very withered elders and 'subjects' of the kind, as well as straight-backed uncomfortable arm-chairs of walnut, heavy tables, and chests of drawers are not uncommon in the officers' huts. Cats from Sebastopol abound in camp, and are very useful, inasmuch as the huts are overrun with rats and mice, not to speak of other small deer, now disappearing before the march of King Frost. Dogs have come in from the deserted city, and domesticate themselves whether you will or not. There are always an odd half-dozen about my hut and tent, which make night hideous with their quarrels—grayhounds, mastiffs, and sheep-dogs, and their descendants, of very mixed and indistinct types; and for two whole days our peace was menaced by a huge double-humped Bactrian camel, which took a fancy to the space before the door, and lay there constantly, so that our legs as we went out and in were within easy reach of his prodigious teeth. But he was a good-natured brute, and never attempted to bite unless one tried to mount him, when he disgorged his food, and spat it out at the assailant or snapped his jaws at him *in terrorem*. However, no one was sorry when he heard that the 'ship of the desert' had got under weigh in the night, and had sailed off on a piratical excursion against other infidel habitations. There are, however, thefts committed in camp more serious than those of planks or nails. Blankets are not safe these chilly nights on horses in out-

lying stables, and the regiments that came back from Kinburn found their huts broken into and robbed on their return. The officers' furniture and clothing were gone. The hospital of the 21st regiment was forced open, and their cookhouse rendered unfit for use by the application which had been made of it by the blackguards who had entered it. Indeed, there is a system of petty thieving going on in camp which is very discreditable; but I am inclined to think it is not the work of our soldiers, or if it be, that there are not more than two or three who do all the mischief. On three occasions this week my horses were turned loose, and on two they were deprived of their blankets and clothing; a spade and a hatchet were stolen from the outside of the hut, and last night the thieves entered the stables of the land transport corps of the division close at hand, turned some horses loose, and stole their blankets. Geese arrived at a fair state of obesity, turkeys, and fowls are not safe for a moment, and it is almost impossible to identify the robbers. However, the provost-sergeants are on the look-out, and it is their opinion that some of the canteenmen, or rather the sutlers' followers, are the guilty people."

The first really wintry day was the 21st of November, when there was a sharp frost, accompanied by snow and a biting north wind. Taught wisdom by the calamities of the preceding year, the authorities caused the winter clothing to be at once distributed. The winter kits given to the men were such as to render them tolerably independent of any weather that might be expected. Each man received an excellent tweed coat, lined throughout with rabbit or catskin, a larger and still warmer sheepskin coat, two pairs of thick worsted drawers, two Jerseys, one pair of worsted gloves, one worsted cholera-belt, one pair of long waterproof boots, one waterproof sheet, one pair of worsted stockings, one pair of socks of the same quality, and one sealskin cap to turn down and completely cover the ears and neck. As may readily be imagined the men were loud in their expressions of satisfaction.

Let us take a passing glance at Eupatoria. This town was garrisoned by 50,000 men, nearly half of whom were French, under the command of General d'Allonville. At about ten miles' distance nearly 70,000 Russians were encamped; but neither of the belligerents seemed inclined to attempt anything important in the way of hostilities. When,

in the month of October, our own light cavalry brigade, under Lord George Paget, was landed at this point, an impression prevailed that a movement was at once to be made in the direction of Simpheropol, to co-operate with the French divisions, who had advanced from Baidar and crossed the Upper Belbec at Albat; but it soon became evident that little was to be done, and that a few *reconnaissances*, or other equally fruitless demonstrations, would form the result of the winter's campaign in that direction. *Reconnaissances* were made by the English and French cavalry on the 22nd of October, on the 27th of the same month, and on the 2nd of November. On the latter occasion the result was a very profitable one. Some French spies brought information that a quantity of live stock were grazing in a sheltered valley about eight miles off, guarded only by some Cossacks. The report turned out to be perfectly correct; the Cossacks fled at the approach of the English and French dragons, and 3,000 sheep and nearly 1,500 bullocks were driven off in triumph, without any attempt at rescue by the Russian pickets within view. This seasonable prize was divided between ourselves and our allies, who each of them again shared with the neglected Turkish and Egyptian troops, to whom the taste of animal food had become nearly unknown.

The poor Turkish soldiers at Eupatoria were exposed to the most heartless and shameful neglect. Though tolerably well sheltered, they were without winter clothing, with the exception of the old tattered great-coats which had done duty all the year through; and, though at the beginning of a Crimean winter, two-thirds of them were actually barefooted. In addition to this, they were most miserably fed; and how they contrived to exist seemed a mystery to our men. The supplies that arrived for them were strangely inadequate for their proper support, and, with all their powers of endurance, many seemed to sicken from actual want. During illness, also, they were treated in a deplorable manner. Early in November, 500 of these poor creatures were shipped on board an English steamer in the service of the Porte, for transport to the Turkish hospital at Varna. They were actually without provisions, bedding, doctors, or anything whatever, except three bags of rice and as many barrels of brackish water. The result was, that in the four days during which the vessel was detained in the offing, fifty-two

of the wretched creatures died, and were thrown overboard. The captain then insisted that nearly half the survivors should be relanded, and by that means he checked the wholesale mortality, and got cleared out for his destination with the remainder.

Eupatoria at this period had all the appearance of being held entirely by the French. Since their arrival, Achmet Pasha and his troops, though numerically the strongest half of the garrison, sunk into comparative insignificance, and the entire police of the town was taken out of their hands. With very few exceptions, also, all the larger buildings of the place were taken possession of by the French, and the Turkish troops retired into the smaller houses in the back streets, which required a considerable amount of labour to render them habitable. At almost every point the sentries were French, and the streets had received French names. The visitor, on advancing about a hundred yards from the shore, found himself in the Boulevard des Chasseurs; from thence he turned into the Rue Jean Jacques, or the Place des Bohemians. Farther on he jostled his way through the Rue de France, the Rue Napoleon, or Rue de la Victoire, into the crowded bazaars, and returned by the Cour de la Poudrière, or the Place des Zouaves, and observed on nearly every second door or gate written notices of French occupation.

The presence of winter in the camps before Sebastopol soon became unmistakable. The frost to which we recently alluded was speedily followed by stormy winds and torrents of piercing rain, which filled the gullies and drains with slush, and turned the earth into that clayey, sticky mud, which had been such a source of discomfort in the preceding winter. Happily, roads and a railway were at hand to bring up supplies from Balaklava to the camp, and no fears were entertained of a repetition of the horrors of the winter of 1854-'55. The Russians, also, on the other side of the Tchernaya, had made good roads and other preparations for retaining the north side of Sebastopol with some degree of comfort; nor were they disposed to permit the allies to enjoy possession of the south side in a very easy manner. For this purpose they frequently kept up a long and heavy fire from across the bay. The whole strength of the Russian empire was devoted to the sustainment of its army in the Crimea, apparently in the hope that, in the spring of 1856, they could

throw such a force into the Crimea as would enable them to meet the allies on every assailable point.

We just observed that no fears were entertained of a repetition of the horrors of the preceding winter. There was, indeed, little cause for any apprehensions on that point; and, indeed, it will be seen from the following animated account of a tourist to the French and English camps, that the famish-smitten misery of the past had yielded to a species of rude luxury and social comfort which may be described as altogether new in an army encamped in the presence of a formidable enemy:—

“On the 19th of November we left Constantinople with a strong, foul wind, and a nasty cross sea; and, after a boisterous passage, arrived off Balaklava on the morning of the 23rd, the wind still blowing very fresh. Some ten large transports were cruising off the port, waiting for permission to enter; but a flag hoisted at Castle-hill denoted that such leave was refused, and inspired us with very disagreeable feelings. We attempted to enter the port, but a (blank) gun fired at us made us speedily put about, and we stood out between two merchant steamers unloading in the roads. However, we soon obtained permission to enter the crowded and very busy little harbour, and were speedily on shore, and making our way among the bustling crowd on its wharfs, obtained horses, and rode by Kadikoi to Kamiesch, which has become a pretty and well laid-out town, with nice shops, with well-dressed French women attending at the counters, and to all appearance bountifully supplied with all the necessaries of life. The bread was good and in great plenty, and there were very many butchers' shops, with abundance of meat. There were *cafés* beyond number, livery stables with saddle-horses and gigs to let (a saddle-horse £1 per day.) In the fish market, turbot, red mullet, oysters, &c., were exposed. Some of the shops were really prettily set off, and ornamented with all sorts of signs, principally taken from events of the present war. We saw several very nice clean-looking houses with apartments to let, beds three francs per night, ‘*nourriture*’ eight francs per day. We rode through the arsenal, among quantities of shot, guns, and every description of munitions of war; then through its mass of shipping round to Kasatch Bay, to the English port, where our men-of-war, trans-

ports, &c., are anchored, all looking in first-rate order. We passed through the very clean-looking and very orderly English naval arsenal, where all hands, particularly the engineers and blacksmiths, appeared hard and cheerfully at work, and where everything denoted the strictest order and discipline. Around are built a number of very pretty cottages, all having some patriotic name, and inhabited by the persons belonging to the arsenal. I landed at the Victoria pier, a well-built, substantial structure, which would do credit to any seaport, and infinitely superior to anything of the kind at Constantinople. A number of naval officers were in the vicinity, in full enjoyment of a game at football—everybody appearing very busy and very happy.

“24th.—Rode to head-quarters, then through the English and French camps; stopped and lunched with two friends; visited the place of the late fearful explosion, then on to the Mamelon and Malakhoff; was too late to enter Sebastopol; everywhere in both camps everybody appeared particularly busy and particularly happy, and all fully contented with their condition; in fact, I question if her majesty has so happy a set of subjects in any place as in the camp in the Crimea—all very hard at work, and all so very jolly and in such robust health, and from their occupations, evidently intending to make themselves comfortable for the winter. All are engaged building—officers, men, doctors, visitors, all building, and all boasting of their prizes from Sebastopol; one had a capital window-frame, another a door, some others a few beams or bricks; and with the limited means they have got, and hearty good-will, it is wonderful what very snug and comfortable houses they are building; fireplaces, cupboards, windows, and even scrapers for the doors. Officers and men all work with heart and soul at their houses, and seem as handy as if they had been brought up to hut-building from their infancy; and I very seriously question if they ever took as much delight in billiards, their clubs, or other modern enjoyments, as they now do in building for their own comfort. I really saw one enclosure, with stables, washhouse, oven, kitchen, poultry-house, &c., which would do credit to an English country house, the bricks, boilers, wood, window-frames, and glass, all brought from Sebastopol. Everybody busy, healthy, and hungry, and perfectly jolly. I had in

one a capital lunch, washed down with bottled ale. Some of the tents are very comfortable; in one I saw a large provision of coals for the winter, shelves crowded with bottles of wine, pickles, jams, &c.; a good sofa, easy chair, and guitar. Everywhere we saw camp followers, with all sorts of things for sale such as soldiers require. Plenty of meat, bread, vegetables, and fruit—dear, but procurable. It is wonderful how the effectiveness and comfort of the army have increased since last year; and how much better-tempered and accommodating to each other all have become. They all appear determined to make the best of everything and to make themselves happy. I rode back by Inkermann and the Tchernaya; took up my abode for the night at Kadikoi, and had a nice room, with a sofa on each side, matted and papered, with good stove and easy chairs. There were Turkey carpets beside the bed, curtains to the windows, and shelf with late Paris newspapers. At dinner we had good soup, stewed tongue, mashed potatoes, vegetables, and potted meats, with sherry and bottled ale. In the evening I went to another sutler's room divided from the store. It was sixteen feet by twelve; the sides were covered with oilcloth, and it was nicely furnished. Ten friends were there playing at loo. We had sweet biscuits, spirits, champagne, hot punch, and were all very gay and happy. I went to bed at eleven, and next morning started early by the Sardinian rail, through the cavalry camp, land transport, &c., and breakfasted at Mrs. Secoll's, who not only provides for the hungry, but attends to the sick. I had a capital breakfast, during which a number of sick came to be attended. The lady administered to all their wants, and while giving them physic, I observed she never lost an opportunity of giving them a short lecture in pretty homely and unmistakable language. She certainly is a most extraordinary woman, and has done much and good service to the sick and wounded in the Crimea, for which, I understand, the soldiers are now subscribing to give her a handsome testimonial. On the day of the taking of Sebastopol she was very busy attending the wounded soldiers. The next day she demanded and obtained admittance into Sebastopol, when even general officers were refused; but she came provided with baskets of provisions—cold hams, tongues, &c.—and gained immediate admittance, and

a hearty welcome from the hungry officers and soldiers. I walked subsequently to Kadikoi. Went to the *restaurant* of Mr. Cohens, where capital coffee, sponge-cake, custards, and Curaçoa were to be had, all good, and not dear. It was a blowing night, but we had plenty of wood on the fire, and the room was made snug.

"Sunday.—Blowing and raining. Was going to Sebastopol, but put it off. Very stormy. A party to breakfast—fish, steaks, cold tongue, butter, potted meats, marmalade, tea, chocolate, and wine. The tent leaked, so I helped, though it was Sunday, to mend it. We had hard work at carpentering and masonry for a couple of hours, when the leak was stopped and the tent made watertight. Many other tents, I think, were the same; for I saw and heard in most of them a noise of carpentering and repairs going on, which was for a time drowned by the screams of a man whom the provost-marshal was having flogged for some offence. The roads have become ankle-deep in mud, and so slippery as to render it almost impossible to walk without falling.

"Monday.—Rode to the front; fine day, but cold; road very heavy. My friend took me to Sebastopol. Everywhere numerous sentries, both French and English, guarding what no longer appeared worth guarding.

"It is wonderful to me how our soldiers work in collecting building materials; and the zest with which they work shows how heartily heart and soul they work at it. We rode back, after a very long ramble, occasionally stopped by French sentinels, by the Woronzoff-road and the Valley of Death, my companion, who had been through the whole siege, stopping to explain our approaches, and where any particular struggle had taken place, and I regret to say interlarded with 'Here we lost so many men;' 'Here poor so-and-so was killed.' He knew every inch of the ground and every incident that had taken place during the siege. We had a long and most interesting ride. Back at five P.M., and in his comfortable tent dined at six. Clean table-cloth, clean knives and plates; soups, Irish stew, excellent roast mutton, roast fowls, potatoes, cabbage, apple pudding, cheese, porter, sherry, port, cherry brandy, coffee, all well cooked, and by Jove we did full justice to it, being very hungry.

"I have sent you this to show how very

easily and economically it is possible to visit the camp and Sebastopol, and nothing that I know of will so well repay a visit; and a three hours' ride through the scenes of our brave troops' heroic struggles will carry convictions of what they have had to contend with much clearer than any description. The idlers of England can pay a week's visit to the Crimea at less expense in money, and with less to complain of in

comfort, than they can to many parts of Italy; and for hearty welcome and good fellowship it beats all the world. Let all come that can, and they will return proud of their army, proud of their name, and proud of the obstacles they have so victoriously overcome. None can comprehend the difficulties they have conquered but those that have witnessed them."

CHAPTER XVI.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE ALLIED SQUADRON IN THE WHITE SEA; THE ALLIED SQUADRON IN THE PACIFIC; THE RUSSIANS AT PETROPAULOVSKI ABANDON THE TOWN, EVADE OUR BLOCKADE, AND CARRY OFF THEIR SHIPPING TO A PLACE OF SECURITY.

A GREAT war between such powers as those engaged, necessarily involved contests in various parts of the world, and must, therefore, consist of many narratives of events which, though carried on in remote localities, arose from one common cause, and tended to one uniform result. We therefore direct our glance backward, and proceed to gather up the less important, but scarcely less interesting, threads of this history.

That the trade of Russia might be utterly destroyed, a squadron consisting of six vessels, under Captain Thomas Baillie, was sent this year, also, into the WHITE SEA, and from the 11th of June, a strict blockade was established in those remote quarters. The forts on both sides of Archangel, and those defending the channel leading to it, were all found to be in good condition, and lined with a formidable artillery. This year, the White Sea was free from ice before the end of May, a circumstance of which many neutral vessels took advantage to proceed to Archangel for trading purposes; and some had already taken in cargoes and left before the arrival of the blockading fleet. The others were permitted to withdraw, either in ballast, or with that portion of cargo they had shipped before the notification of the blockade.

The accounts of the proceedings of this expedition are extremely scanty. Some details addressed by the military governor

of Archangel (Admiral Khronstchoff) to his government, and published in the *Invalide Russe*, are evidently extravagant statements, penned with very little regard for the truth. They aver that on the 9th of July, four boats pushed off from an English steamer, and approached the village of Liamtsa, from which they were driven back by thirty-four of the inhabitants. On this, the steamer opened a fire of cannon-ball, grape, and rockets, against the village, and continued it for three hours. Two other boats were then sent; but the brave villagers repulsed these also. Then the steamer cannonaded the village during the whole night; but when the vessel left, the *place had suffered very little injury, and only one peasant was wounded*. We are not coldly sceptical on historical subjects; but we must decline placing any very implicit reliance on this touching little romance. According to another Russian account, detached vessels of the squadron cruised about and cannonaded the villages along the coast; most of which were, in a great measure, abandoned by their inhabitants.

The following communication from a person engaged in the expedition, and addressed to our leading London journal, will convey many interesting particulars, both of the locality and of the proceedings of the squadron. It is dated from Cross Island, July the 31st, and commences with a description of a cruise to the Gulf of Migen.

"Our trip lasted four days. We went to the bottom of the gulf without meeting anything except two fishing-boats. Leaving the ship about six miles from the mouth of the river, we took three boats, and about thirty men, and proceeded on a reconnoitring expedition up the river. The flood tide carried us at a rate of five miles an hour, and by half-past one p.m. we had run thirty miles, and were within two miles of the town of Migen. The river is from half a mile to a mile wide all the way up. The water is generally deep; but there are numbers of sandbanks, which are nearly dry at low water. The land on each side is covered with wood, the left bank nearly flat, but on the right side is a ridge, generally from thirty to sixty feet high. Inside the mouth of the river, on the left bank, we observed a village containing a pretty church, and about thirty houses. Thence to Migen we saw nothing but a few log huts, except at one place on the left bank, where there were a great number of horses feeding, which was evidently a breeding station. When we got about a mile and a-half from Migen, we landed on the opposite side of the river, and, from a high bank, had a good view of the place. It is a large town of at least 200 houses, with three churches, and about 1,500 inhabitants. We were satisfied that no vessels of any description were stowed away up the river; and, this being the object of our visit, we waited the turn of the tide, and then returned down the river again. During the half-hour we were on shore, the sun shone out quite fiercely, and the cloud of mosquitoes that attacked us was past all experience or bearing. We got down near the mouth of the river by eight p.m., when we decided on examining the village we had passed in the morning, and so, leaving the boats at anchor as near as they could get, we went ashore in the gig, but had to struggle through near a quarter of a mile of mud knee-deep before reaching hard ground. Here a lot of the men of the place met us without arms. There were a few piles of deals and a couple of saw-mills. Going on, we presently came to a narrow but deep little river, and there we found hauled up on the bank three vessels ready for sea, and one nearly ready for launching, the tonnage amounting altogether to 300 tons. Their lower masts were in, but the rigging and sails could not be found. All that could be made out from the natives was, that they

belonged to Migen. It was determined to burn them; and after rejoining the boats, and waiting till the tide rose high enough to reland with sufficient force, ten men were placed as a guard, and the rest soon had them all alight, and a good bonfire they made. The natives were quiet enough. All the women and children had gone into the woods, and the men sat down some distance from us, looking on. We did no harm to the village, the houses of which were clean and comfortable. The lower story was generally used for a stable, and the family lived upstairs. They had plenty of glass windows, but not much furniture. Having done what we landed for, an order was given for each man to catch a sheep and carry it down to the boat; and an amusing scene it was to see the fellows using their cutlasses, pistols, and muskets, among a flock to secure them. We also got a few fowls; and, had there been room in the boats, we might have captured a bullock or two. We shoved off, and reached the ship, after being away twenty-four hours. All hands were glad to get a little rest; but, except for the mosquitoes, we all enjoyed the trip excessively. We weighed and joined the *Meander* at Cross Island the following morning. The next day (July 10th) we started for Archangel, to keep company with the French frigate *Cleopatre*, one of her steamers having gone to Varda with letters, and the other being on a cruise with the *Phoenix* in the Gulf of Onega. Everything had continued here as when we left. Not a vessel of any sort had attempted to go in or come out of the river Dwina. The *Meander* returned to Archangel on the 9th, and on the 11th we were sent to relieve the *Phoenix*, with a sort of roving commission to cruise for ten days. We picked up the *Phoenix* on the 12th. She was at anchor in a pretty little bay on the south side of the island of Anzork, which is one of the group of Holy Islands, and contains two monasteries. One, standing on the highest point of land, had a striking appearance, and is a handsome building, with a tower and several minarets, the roof all painted blue, and the rest of the building whitewashed. The *Phoenix* had had nothing to do but cruise from island to island; they had sent a couple of boats to a village called Liamotz, to try and buy some stock, and when they got pretty close, the interpreter hailed some natives, and told them the object of their visit. These fellows told them to

come closer, and then one of them stood up and roared out in Russian, 'You may all go to hell.' At the same time a volley of musketry was fired, which luckily injured no one, although some of the balls hit the boat and oars. The boats were recalled, and the *Phoenix* fired a few shells and rockets into the village. They had captured some fishing-boats, but had seen nothing like a vessel, either ashore or afloat. The *Phoenix* started for Archangel the same evening, and the next morning we left our snug anchorage with the intention of visiting the island of Kio, which is the spot whence all the Onega trade is carried on. The navigation of this part of the world is decidedly intricate and unpleasant. One is always either on the top of a shoal, nearing a reef, or looking out for broken water. After having twice nearly got ashore, we anchored about four miles off Kio at half-past three A.M., on the 14th. We left the ship with three boats armed, fully expecting to find a military force on the island; in fact, the other ships had not visited the place, and had heard there was a battery there. We found the island in the sole possession of a few monks and about twenty inhabitants. More than half the island, which is a mile long, is covered with an enormous quantity of deals. Enough are stored here to fill from sixty to eighty vessels; but before we left England directions had been given not to destroy these, as they are the property of English merchants; but it seems deuced strange that the merchants don't send for them, especially as the island is unprotected. However, there stand the planks, and they are daily adding to them, as there were then several large flat-bottomed craft alongside the island discharging cargoes. There is also on the island a strongly built massive monastery. When we landed, the monks were down on the beach ready to receive us, which they did with profound respect. The monastery has lately suffered by an accidental fire. The church stands in the centre, and had a narrow escape. It was really worth seeing, the inside being covered with pictures of saints, with no end of relics and other holy articles. Our friend the abbot showed, by every wrinkle in his face, that he dreaded every moment our taking a fancy to some of his gear. After visiting the church, we came across a garden of radishes, which was a temptation not to be resisted. We made free with a few handfuls of them, and, after a most ceremonious parting with the brother-

hood, we took our departure. We contrived, however, to take off a boatload of the planks, which were wanted for the use of the ship. By noon we were on board, and immediately weighed and returned up the gulf, keeping this time as close on the west side as the innumerable islands and shoals would allow. We anchored about three next morning in the middle of a group of small islands, about twenty miles westward of Solovetskoi; we had been told some reindeer were to be found here; so, after the men had dined, leave was given to nearly all hands to land and have a chase; a few had muskets, and potted away at everything they saw. They managed to kill one reindeer, and some of us, keeping rather out of their way, got a couple more. All returned in the evening delighted with their run. On the 16th we steamed across to have a look at the celebrated monastery of Solovetskoi, which is really a fine and imposing building. They have about 150 soldiers, and a three-gun battery on each side of it. The soldiers were drawn up and the guns manned as we approached the place, but we did not anchor, and drifted quietly past. We took a sketch of it, and, having satisfied our curiosity, steamed away for the Gulf of Kandalak. The next day was foggy, with rain, so we went to have a look at the Bay of Sosnovia, which is on the northern shore, and at the entrance of the inner gulf. This is the best,—in fact, almost the only harbour we have seen in the White Sea where sailing vessels could resort with perfect safety. Leaving Sosnovia, we examined some deep creeks to the westward; and, sweeping the shore with our glasses, a flock of sheep were discovered on an island separated from the mainland by a narrow channel. As nothing was to be bought here, and our men were too well cared-for to lose such an opportunity of giving them some fresh mutton, two boats were sent off, which returned, after a hard chase, with twenty-five dead and fifteen live sheep. While thus innocently employed, three stupid Russians placed themselves under cover of a rock and fired away at the ship; but, as they were too far off to do any harm, they were not interrupted in their amusement. After hoisting the boats up we looked in at a small town called Umba, up a creek a little to the westward, but, there being no vessels of any sort to be seen, we pushed on up the Gulf of Kandalak. After passing divers shoals we arrived within eight miles of the head of the gulf by

three A.M. Here the navigation became very intricate. The *Brisk* last year got ashore three times without succeeding in getting nearer the town of Kandalak than we now were. As we approached the place we could see the inhabitants departing with their movables, and when we anchored not a living thing was to be seen anywhere. Feeling assured that every one had left the town, as they did when visited by Captain Ommanney last year, orders were given to the first-lieutenant that as soon as the men had breakfasted he was to land with two boats' crews, and see what was to be found, and whether there was anything like government stores in the place. While the boats were being manned, the officer of the watch observed several fellows with muskets in their hands dodging about among the houses; so three boats were ordered instead of two. They shoved off; but when about half-way to the shore, twenty or thirty soldiers ran out from the town, and at the same time a great lot of fellows with muskets ran out of the wood near the point; the first-lieutenant was told to pull-to, and all there, to the number of seventy or eighty, placed themselves under cover of a hill, and, as soon as the boats were within 400 yards, opened a sharp fire upon them. The boats were recalled, and sent to the opposite side of the river, where were about thirty houses, and where we could cover the landing from the boats with our muskets from the ship, which was anchored close in. As they approached, another party just showed their heads on this side and opened fire on both the boats and the ship. Our fellows soon landed, and ran up the bank, and the Russians cut back among the thick wood which covered the hill at their rear. A store and the houses on that side of the river were set on fire, and, as the fellows on both sides were now blazing away at us, keeping all the time too much under cover for us to do them any harm, the boats were again recalled. When they had returned the ship was weighed, and edged over to the other side of the river, nearer the town itself, into which a few shells and rockets were thrown to set it on fire; but, as that did not answer, and our friends behind the hill were potting at us, and their balls often striking the ship, the big boat was got out with sixty-five officers and men, and sent ashore, and a broadside blazed into the town as they drew near. A heavy fire was now opened on the boats by a lot of blackguards from the windows of a

large house and round the corners of some other houses. However, our fellows soon got ashore, and, running towards the house the Russians had fired from, killed or drove them out of the place. As the number of soldiers now under cover would have rendered a charge into the woods uncertain and dangerous, the signal was given to set fire to the town. This was soon done, and the whole place was in a tremendous blaze, the heat of which was felt on board the ship. Our men behaved very steadily, and kept well together, and, when the whole place was in flames, they all returned on board. But few Russians showed themselves from the woods after the town was on fire. By one P.M. the whole was destroyed except the principal church, which we were glad had escaped. Having nothing more to do, and the tide serving, we steamed out, and, after a couple of hours of very anxious navigation, we found ourselves in deep water again. We had three men badly wounded in this little affair, and felt lucky at losing no lives; but, even when wounded, we are hard to kill, as two of those who were hit were shot through the body, but are out of danger and fast recovering, and the third, who has a ball lodged in his thigh, declares he has felt no pain. The Russians evidently expected that the ship would not be able to reach the town, and were fully prepared to give a boat attack a most warm reception. Had they left us alone we should not have done them the least injury; as it is, they have to thank themselves for a pretty town, consisting of about a hundred houses, being reduced to ashes; besides, no doubt, the killing or wounding of some of our assailants, though we don't know to what extent. We could see no sign of any vessels up the gulf, but there are such innumerable deep creeks in all directions, that many may still lie concealed where we could not find them. We have the satisfaction, at any rate, of knowing that our presence in the White Sea puts an entire stop to all trade, except such as may be carried on by land or in little boats that pull close to the shore. We rejoined the *Meander* at Archangel on the 21st."

The allied squadron remained in the White Sea until the 9th of October, on which day they took their departure, as they considered that the winter was too far advanced to admit of any navigation after they had left. Since the commencement of the month, every day had brought with it a remarkable increase in the intensity of

the cold; and, for some time past, the shores had been covered with an abundant snowy mantle. On the day of leaving, the thermometer had fallen to seven degrees below zero, and great masses of ice floated continually past the ship. At the commencement of the cruise, the English and French commanders had laid down the rule that they should destroy all the coasting vessels, but suffer small craft that appeared to belong exclusively to immediate localities to pass unharmed. This generous rule was acted upon until it was ascertained that these small craft had been made use of for conveying 2,000 muskets to different parts of the coast. It was therefore resolved to prevent all traffic or movement on the part of boats, no matter how small they might be.

The coast of the White Sea is dotted with many villages, some of which carried on a considerable trade with the neighbouring state of Norway. The commanders of the squadron contemplated taking possession of some of the largest of these villages, as they considered that, by so doing, they could destroy some buildings in them which belonged to the Russian government. Having, however, received certain information that the numerous vessels they contained the year before had all been sent away up the river Dwina, previous to the arrival of the squadron, and that an attack on the villages would have no result beyond the destruction of a few private houses, the idea was abandoned;—the more so, as they possessed no possibility of offering a serious resistance, and lay entirely at the mercy of the invaders. Most of the villagers on the coast, though they had received a part of the muskets sent from Archangel, appeared at first but little disposed to use them. The allies had even entered into an agreement with some of the villagers for the purchase of cattle and fresh provisions, when some acts of great severity on the part of the Russian government, and threats of death or banishment to Siberia for all that should willingly have dealings with the enemies of their country, put an end to these friendly inclinations. The Russian authorities, besides having recourse to terror, also excited the religious fanaticism of the inhabitants against the allies, by describing the English and French as barbarous and impious nations, and by the vile fraud of distributing among the ignorant villagers medals, which, it was affirmed,

had the power of preserving them against all attacks of the allies. The peasants, also, were promised that they should be amply indemnified for any losses they might sustain from the acts of the English and French, provided they omitted no opportunity of firing upon them from ambuscades, or other places where they might do so with deadly effect. From that time, a decidedly hostile feeling was exhibited by the poor ignorant villagers towards the allies.

During the blockade, a few Russian boats made an attempt to proceed towards Norway, by taking advantage of the thick fogs so frequent in this locality, or of the autumn nights, which are sometimes very dark. Most of them were stopped and seized; as many as sixty falling into the hands of the allies. As it was not possible to bring these small vessels home in safety, they were all destroyed. Captain Guilbert, who commanded the French part of the blockading squadron, in a report addressed to the French minister of marine, observed—“While we remained in the White Sea, we had some relations with the town of Vardhuis, in Norway. We learned there, by private letters received from Archangel, how serious were the losses inflicted on Russian commerce by our blockade; and that the utter ruin of the first trading houses in the country was deemed inevitable. If we consider, in fact, that every single year there entered the White Sea at least 600 neutral ships, measuring on an average 200 tons each, we obtain at once 120,000 tons as the amount of the exports; to which we may add the traffic effected by an equal number of Russian and Norwegian coasters, which make regularly two trips a year, and convey 15,000 tons: which gives a total of 135,000 tons for the yearly exports. And if we suppose that the imports in neutral bottoms amount to only one-tenth of the exports, we shall here obtain the figure of 148,000 tons; the whole of which traffic must have been destroyed by our cruise. I have the profound conviction, Monsieur le Ministre, that a blockade of some duration, and conducted like that of last year, is the severest blow that can be struck at Russia in her northern provinces, which have for their products no other outlet than the White Sea, the commerce of which had been attaining, for some years past, an enormous development almost unknown in France.”

On leaving their bitter and inhospitable cruising-ground, the English and French seamen exchanged repeated hurrahs, as cheering tokens of the cordial and generous feeling that had existed between them during the time that their tedious duties had brought them together.

When the *Phoenix* arrived, on the 5th of November, at Sheerness, Commander Elliott reported that, while lying at Vardhuis on his return home, there were no less than twenty sail of merchant ships there—Americans, Bremsen, Danes, Hamburgers, and Norwegians, bound for Archangel, and waiting the arrival of the allied squadrons, that they might proceed on their business. At Hammerfest, about double that number of vessels were waiting with the same object. All these actually sailed from the above-named ports while the *Phoenix* was lying at Vardhuis, most of them making certain of discharging their cargoes, and of being laden and coming out again clear before the ice set in. This circumstance detracts singularly from the supposed efficiency of our blockade; for it is evident that we had rather injured their trade than annihilated it for the time being. Had the blockade been prolonged until the allied ships were driven from the White Sea by the ice, it is presumed that their safety would have been seriously endangered; yet desperate traders, bent only on making large profits, were found, who undertook this risk. It was even conjectured that some of these vessels contained contraband of war, under neutral flags, for the Russians. A London merchant observed, in comment upon that statement—“I believe a more groundless assertion never was hazarded, and I say this with a sufficient knowledge of the facts, since I have the names, and owners’ names, of the twenty-two vessels, chiefly very small, that have sailed from Bremen, &c., to Norway, in order to bring rye from Archangel, in case that port was open to neutrals; also I have the particulars of most, if not all, of the Norway coasters intending to do the same, and of the two or three Americans gone on the same voyage; and I venture to say that nothing can be more improbable than that any of these have on board a single article contraband of war. Nearly all were in ballast, and I am persuaded that nothing would have induced the owners or merchants concerned in them to have done what is alleged. To say nothing of the character of the parties, and of the peril of search by the allied

cruisers on the way, these vessels were all bound to the very ports in Norway where the allied squadron rendezvous and have their depôts, so that if the commanders had suspected any of these neutrals of having on board contraband of war, I presume they would not have neglected their duty in not searching and making prizes of them. Our men-of-war’s men knew their rights and their interests too well to neglect this; and had the *Phoenix* screw, found a ‘screw loose’ with any so-called neutral, of whatever flag, she would, doubtless, now be on her way home as a prize. The fact simply is, that rye, at Archangel, fetches 15s. per quarter, while at Bremen, and elsewhere on the continent, 55s. to 60s. is the price; and in Norway, both rye and meal are at famine prices. It is no wonder, therefore, that enterprising merchants will pay a high freight and insurance, and thus offer inducements to brave seamen to run the risk of ice and of the November fogs and darkness of the White Sea when the sun has gone, and when even our fleets have felt themselves compelled to quit. So it is, and so it will be; nor do I think that, with present corn prospects, the most strenuous advocates of war will regret the above transactions, based as they are upon the laws and enactments agreed to by our government, jointly with that of France, for the regulation of trade by and with neutrals.”

In our former volume* we gave an account of an attack made by an allied squadron in the autumn of 1854, in the PACIFIC, upon the Russian works at PETROPOLVSKI, in Kamtschatka. The unexpected and mysterious suicide of the British admiral on that occasion, and the treachery or blundering of an American guide, led to the repulse of the allies, and the consequent escape of the *Aurora* and the *Dwina*, two Russian ships of war which they desired to capture. This event gave rise to painful reflections, and considerable preparations were made in the following year (1855) by England and France, to prevent the recurrence of such a disappointment, and to avenge the losses their combined forces had sustained. It appears that, in the next attack to be made on Petropaulovski, this object was to be effected at any cost whatever.

It was reported that, if the attack on Petropaulovski, in September 1854, had been prolonged for another hour only, the

* Vol. I., p. 360.

Russians must have surrendered, as their ammunition was exhausted. It is plain that the persevering energy which is the general characteristic of our countrymen, was sadly wanting upon that occasion. A writer from San Francisco, California (where some of the vessels of the allied squadron went after the events we are about to describe), observed—"Recurring to the affair of last autumn, at Petropaulovski, we have now undoubted information that the Russians were reduced to a few pounds of powder; the two vessels *Aurora* and *Dwina*, which were moored across the entrance, and drawn up as batteries, having been reduced to just sufficient for *one* broadside, and the garrison to about the same extremity; that a train was laid under the vessels to blow them up, and a man in readiness with a fusee to apply it; and, finally, that the flag on the batteries would have been struck as soon as the vessels were destroyed, and the garrison would then have surrendered. All this would have been accomplished if the allied fleet had not unluckily hauled off a little too soon. Statements to this effect were freely surmised here months ago, and now the allied officers confirm their truth from information obtained on the cruise. These facts have called forth some severe censure from the officers now here. I refrain from mentioning a name, but feel justified in stating that the opinion is general in both squadrons that there was a lamentable lack of judgment, perseverance, and pluck." Since that attack the Russians had greatly strengthened Petropaulovski by the erection of additional works. The number of guns had been doubled, and the place put into such a state of defence as to have been capable of offering a very serious resistance. Admiral Bruce, who commanded the English part of the squadron of 1855, remarked—"I would observe that the enemy must have worked in an indefatigable manner after the departure of the allied squadron last year, as we found nine batteries, for fifty-four guns, had been constructed with much skill and labour, by means of fascines strongly bound together, twenty-five feet thick, staked and filled in with earth, and some of them ditched round with covered ways leading from one to the other, and trees planted in the rear."

The allied squadron intended for service in this remote locality in 1855, consisted of eight British vessels, mounting in all 190 guns; and four French vessels, mounting in

all 164 guns. The English vessels consisted of the screw steamer *Encounter*, of 14 guns, commanded by Captain O'Callaghan; the steamer *Barracouta*, 6 guns, Captain Parker (which had been detached from the squadron in the Chinese sea for the express purpose of watching the enemy, and intercepting the Russian vessels should they attempt to escape); the frigate *President*, 50 guns, Captain Burridge, with Admiral Bruce on board; the *Pique*, 40 guns, Captain Sir Frederick Nicholson; the *Trincmalee*, 24 guns, Captain Houston; the *Amphitrite*, 24 guns, Captain Frederick; the *Dido*, 18 guns, Captain Morshead; and the screw steamer *Brisk*, 14 guns, Captain Seymour. The vessels comprising the French part of the squadron were as follows:—The frigate *La Forte*, 60 guns, bearing the flag of Admiral Fourichon; the *Alceste*, 54 guns, Captain Penauros; the corvette *Eurydice*, 32 guns, Captain La Grandier; and the brig *Obligado*, 18 guns, Captain Rosencret. Surely such a force as this ought to have scattered the defences of Petropaulovski into dust, and to have carried away or destroyed every Russian vessel that was harboured there.

Admiral Bruce reached the appointed rendezvous on the 14th of May; but the *Encounter* and *Barracouta*, which had been ordered from the Chinese sea, had been there since the 14th of April. The captains of these two vessels seem to have acted with great negligence. We stated that they were sent there for the purpose of preventing the escape of the Russian vessels until the arrival of the main part of the squadron rendered an attack on Petropaulovski prudent. Yet they kept so inattentive a watch, that the Russians, on receiving from their government, through Siberia, an order to abandon the place, embarked their whole garrison, on the 17th of April, on board the *Aurora* and the *Dwina*, and four merchantmen, and taking with them their stores and ammunition, set sail for the Amoor river. They even passed near the two British vessels, but were not perceived on account of the haziness of the weather. Thus they escaped, and our expected prize had again eluded us. The escape of the Russian ships was regarded as almost miraculous, as, encumbered as they were with troops and *matériel*, they could have made but a very feeble resistance. The number of the fugitive garrison was estimated at about 1,200 men.

When the allied squadrons arrived off the port, the place was found to be completely evacuated. Not a ship, man, or gun was to be seen; nothing but empty embrasures and deserted houses. Over the silent town the American colours flapped idly, and added to the surprise of the baffled forces. On landing, the admirals found the town had been deserted by every person except three Americans, and a French cook who acted as their servant. After the escape of the garrison, the inhabitants had all fled to the village of Avatscha, some miles distant. The dreariness and solemn stillness of the place was only broken by the packs of lean Kamtschatka dogs who wandered through the deserted streets in search of food. The poor brutes followed the invaders about the town for bits of biscuit, and one of them was taken away by a French captain.

A Russian whaler of 400 tons, called the *Aian*, was afterwards found hidden in the Rakovia harbour, and destroyed. She also had been deserted, and deprived of her sails, boat, and anchors. The embrasures of the fortifications indicated that no less than fifty-one guns had been mounted, and that they were of the heaviest calibre; but not one of them was to be found. They had been either taken away by the Russians, or buried in some spot which escaped the observation of the allies; the latter circumstance being by far the most probable. From the Americans the allies learnt the particulars of the abandonment of the place, which was effected in consequence of orders sent from Siberia. The allies caused the forts, arsenals, magazines, and other public buildings to be burnt, but they scrupulously respected the private dwellings. Some satisfaction might be derived from the fact, that the efficacy of the place as a port of refuge or point of aggression, was destroyed for at least as long as the war lasted. All that was required to prevent its restoration was to send a ship of war occasionally to look at it—a matter which could be effected without danger. One of the Americans found in the town was sent to the deputy-governor of Siberia, who had retired to a village about four miles off, to offer to exchange three Russian prisoners, then on board the *Obligado*, for a French and an English seaman who had been captured by the Russians in the affair of the preceding autumn. They were surrendered, and stated that they had been treated with much kindness during the time they had

been in the hands of the enemy. Before leaving Petropaulovski, the allies erected a fence around the graves of Admiral Price and the English and French who fell in the attack on the town, after having been drawn into an ambuscade while marching upon one of the batteries by which the harbour was protected; as we have already related in a previous portion of this work. A large tablet, bearing a Russian inscription in commemoration of the fight, was erected; which, as it contained no nationality calculated to be offensive to the Russians, would most probably be respected by them on their return. The country, as viewed from the sea, is described as presenting a grand and even sublime picture. Though the cold was not severe, yet the lofty mountains, from their misty peaks down to the very shore, were clad in a dazzling mantle of snow. All looked gloomy, silent, and desolate.

Considerable dissatisfaction was expressed in England at the incompleteness of this affair. Petropaulovski was captured, but the prizes had escaped through the carelessness of a part of our squadron. The self-satisfied despatch of Rear-admiral Bruce, in which he gave a barren relation of these events, was ridiculed for the complacency it exhibited in claiming credit for the "zealous exertions" of Captains O'Callaghan and Sterling (of the *Encounter* and *Barracouta*), for the promptitude with which they sailed to the neighbourhood of Petropaulovski, though certainly they might as well have been absent when they got there. England would be more efficiently served if all her officers, naval or military, were brought in contact with a court-martial whenever they failed to execute the services which had been entrusted to them. In that case, their honour would remain unsullied if it was ascertained that they had done everything in their power to accomplish the task assigned them, while, on the other hand, they would be deservedly punished if the omission arose from any culpable negligence or want of spirit on their part.

After the destruction of the fortifications at Petropaulovski, the English frigates *Pique* and *Amphitrite* sailed for the Okhotsk Sea, and the remainder of the squadron, including the French, for Sitka. On their arrival there, the governor was informed that no harm was intended towards the town or the inhabitants, but that the allies intended to see if the *Aurora* or *Divina*

were in port, in which case it was their intention to cut them out. As no vessel of war was found in the harbour, the people were left unmolested, to pursue their ordinary avocations. Sitka is represented as finely situated close to a chain of lofty mountains, clothed at their base with dense forests of cedar and pine. The climate was quite agreeable at the time the place was visited by the allies, and, although rather foggy, is considered at all times salubrious. The chief business of the place is in the hands of a Russian-American company, who have their dépôt there. From Sitka part of the squadron proceeded to San Francisco, where it remained until the arrival of the next European mail. It was considered that the escaped Russian vessels

were secure from capture in the river Amoor. Across the mouth of that river is a natural bar, upon which the greatest depth of water is only thirteen feet. It is said that the Russians took out the guns, and discharged everything from their men-of-war; and then, thus lightened and empty, contrived, by extraordinary efforts, to float them over the bar into the deep water beyond. The vessels were then formed into a sort of battery, and their guns replaced. There it was presumed they were safe, as the large vessels of the allied squadrons could not pass the bar, and any smaller ones that attempted to do so, would run every risk of destruction from the united guns of the Russian vessels and the land batteries.

CHAPTER XVII.

SPEECH OF THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON AT THE CLOSING OF THE PARIS EXHIBITION; AUSTRIAN INSULT TO ENGLAND BY THE ARREST OF COLONEL TURR; VISIT OF GENERAL CANROBERT TO THE SCANDINAVIAN COURTS; DEFENSIVE TREATY BETWEEN KING OSCAR AND THE ALLIED POWERS; VICTOR EMMANUEL AT PARIS; ACCOUNT OF THE KING OF SARDINIA; HE ARRIVES IN ENGLAND; HIS ENTHUSIASTIC WELCOME; HE VISITS PORTSMOUTH DOCKYARD AND THE FLEET AT SPITHEAD; HIS VISIT TO THE CITY, AND RECEPTION OF ADDRESSES; TESTIMONIAL TO MISS NIGHTINGALE.

WHILE the storm of war and the work of carnage were being carried on in the Crimea, in Asia, and elsewhere, events of no small interest or significance, in connection with the great struggle, were taking place in several of the principal cities of Europe. To the most important of these we devote this chapter; for he who would gaze into the heart of this age, and understand its gigantic throbbings, must regard these events, and place them in the iron balance of history. Words are weapons, and blows are sometimes struck with other things than swords. Alliances are often more potent than embattled fortresses; and the amenities of nations better bulwarks than miles of massive earthworks bristling with cannon. Battles inevitably form the foreground in every word-picture of war; but the skill of the painter lies in the judicious management of the perspective. Many minor causes swell the broad current of events, and exercise an influence on nations both for war and peace.

The Universal Exhibition, or *Palais de l'Industrie* of Paris, was closed on the 15th of November by the Emperor Napoleon, with great state and magnificence. A cursory reader may inquire—what connection had that event with the war? We reply, it was related to it by the clear and perceptive speech, fraught with the wisdom of historical prescience, that was made on that occasion by the emperor of the iron hand—the ruler who held his sword-like sceptre with a firmer grasp than any sovereign of Europe, and whose sway, imperative yet just, was admitted even by French republicans to be a NECESSITY,—a bond of order, a safeguard to tranquillity.

Great excitement reigned that day in Paris; an immense crowd flowed on like a mighty stream towards the glittering building, though the approaches to it were kept free by detachments of military and bodies of police. Though cold, the weather was clear; and, although autumn was on the

wane, the sun shone sufficiently to give a cheering animation to the scene. The external *façade* of the palace was decorated with panoplies and *escocheons*, bearing the imperial arms, and surmounted by flags of all nations. In the interior the *coup d'œil* realised what may be called the solemnity of gorgeousness. Opposite to the grand entrance stood the imperial throne, under a lofty canopy of rich crimson velvet, supported by pillars on each side, with the eagle of France with outstretched wings on the top, which was surmounted by an imperial crown. Four *fauteuils* stood on a raised platform, the two central of which, higher than the others, were destined for the emperor and the empress. That on the right of the emperor was occupied by Prince Jerome; that on the left of the empress by the Duke of Cambridge. Grouped around the throne were men in all imaginable costumes,—bare-legged Highlanders, Greeks, Romans, Americans, and Hindoos. Amongst them was the red-stocking cardinal-legate of the pope, “looking,” said a spectator, “like a red-legged partridge in an eagle’s clutches!” It is needless here to recount the beauty, the bravery, the wisdom, learning, rank, and wealth of France that was assembled in that princely building. In addition to these a vast amphitheatre had been constructed under the galleries, and there sat no less than 30,000 of the citizens of Paris.

A salvo of artillery proclaimed the hour of twelve, and then the imperial *cortège* quitted the palace of the Tuileries; and at a quarter to one the rolling of the drums announced the arrival of their majesties at the grand entrance of the Exhibition. As the emperor advanced towards the platform on which the throne was placed, the vast assemblage stood up uncovered, and received him with the loudest acclamations: leading the empress to the throne, they both stood for some time to acknowledge the homage of that brilliant crowd of life, genius, rank, and beauty. As usual, Napoleon appeared in the costume of a general of division, over which was the cordon and star of the legion of honour. Eugénie was richly dressed, and on her pale brow—pale from recent illness—there sparkled a diadem of diamonds. “Never,” said a beholder, “has diadem sat upon a more queenly brow since the days of Cleopatra.” The appearance of their majesties was the signal to the vast orchestra, who instantly struck up the air of “*Vive*

l’Empereur,” and when the burst of acclamation from the multitude was hushed, the effect of the music from a vast body of performers (no less than 1,250), both vocal and instrumental, was of a nature to distance description. The music over, Prince Napoleon advanced to the foot of the throne, and read the report of the imperial commission on the progress and close of the Exhibition. Though this occupied about three-quarters of an hour, both the emperor and empress remained standing the whole time. At its conclusion Napoleon, in a voice which was audible throughout the building, replied as follows:—

“Gentlemen,—The Exhibition which is about to close offers a grand spectacle to the world. During a serious war, from all points of the universe the men most distinguished in sciences, arts, and industry have flocked to Paris to exhibit their productions. That concourse, under such circumstances, is owing, I trust, to that general conviction that the war thus undertaken only menaced those who had provoked it, that it was prosecuted in the interest of all, and that Europe, so far from seeing in it a danger for the future, considers it rather as a pledge of independence and security. Nevertheless, at the sight of so many wonders exposed before our eyes, the first impression felt is a desire for peace. Peace alone, in fact, can develop still more those remarkable productions of human intelligence. You must accordingly all desire, as I do, the speedy conclusion of a durable peace. But in order to be durable it must distinctly solve the question which caused the war to be undertaken. That it may be speedily concluded Europe must declare itself; for without the pressure of general opinion, struggles between great powers threaten to be prolonged; whilst, on the contrary, if Europe once determines on declaring who is right and who is wrong, it will be a great step made towards the solution. At the present period of civilisation, the successes of armies, however brilliant they may be, are only temporary, and it is definitively public opinion that always gains the last victory. You, then, who all believe that the progress of agriculture, industry, and commerce of one nation contributes to the welfare of all the others, and that the more mutual relations are multiplied, the more natural prejudices tend to disappear, tell your fellow-citizens, on your return to your country, that France has no hatred for any

nation, and that she sympathises with all those who wish, as she does, for the triumph of right and justice. *Tell them that, if they desire peace, they must openly express wishes either for or against us; for, amid a grave European conflict, indifference is a bad calculation, and silence an error.** As for us, who are allied for the triumph of a great cause, let us manufacture arms without any abatement of our industry or labour—let us be great by the arts of peace as we are by those of war—let us be strong by our union, and place our confidence in God, that we may overcome the difficulties of the present, and the chances of futurity.”

Such was the enthusiasm with which this address was received, that the cheers were renewed no less than five distinct times after the emperor had ceased speaking, and it was some time before the general outburst of feeling could be calmed down sufficiently to allow the business of the day to be proceeded with. After the address, medals or decorations were presented by the emperor to the commissioners and others who were considered to have merited them. A final inspection of the building concluded the ceremony; and the royal party returned to the Tuileries at half-past two. During the promenade through the Exhibition, shouts and acclamations hardly ceased for a moment; and the energetic English “hurrah” was constantly heard amongst them. As a mere local ceremony, the whole was most brilliant and satisfactory; but its political meaning was still paramount. It was indeed true that public opinion always gains the last victory; and it was rapidly becoming manifest that Russia could not hold out

even against the half-expressed public opinion of Europe. More than this, it was a gratifying thing to hear an imperial philosopher, speaking with authority in the name of France, cast aside the brilliant traditions of his house,—declare that that great military empire had no hatred for any nation, but that she sympathised with all who wished, as she did, for the triumph of right and justice. To that great saying England solemnly responds—Amen! It is said that on re-entering the Tuileries, the emperor said—“Thank God! my conscience tells me that I was right in the policy I have observed in the Eastern question. Since the commencement of this war against Russia, I have often asked myself if the splendour of the throne or the promptings of self-love did not hinder me from discerning at some decisive moments whether or no I was in the right path? But the echo which my words have awakened to-day, not only in the hearts of my own people, but amongst the representatives of all the nations of the world, assembled in the Crystal Palace, gives me the deepest conviction that our cause is a holy and righteous cause, the triumph of which I swear to fulfil.”

One of our leading journals observed, in reference to this event:—“There are, perhaps, those who had expected that the Emperor of the French would close the Paris Exhibition with a speech full of arts, science, and civilisation, and with scarcely a passing allusion to the war. That would, indeed, have been more in accordance with the anticipations of millennial peace in which we were all indulging at the close of the Exhibition in Hyde-park. But

* This expression excited so much sensation throughout the German and some other neutral states (the silence of which had been regarded as worse than error), that the emperor thought fit to have it explained by the following circular, addressed by Count Walewski to the French agents at foreign courts:—“Sir,—I am informed from different parts of Germany that the speech of the emperor at the closing of the Universal Exhibition has caused, as was to be expected, a deep impression. However, it is said not to have been appreciated everywhere in the same manner, and to have become the subject of different interpretations. There can, however, be but one, and the neutral states could not be mistaken on sentiments upon which they can only congratulate themselves. The emperor said that he desired a prompt and durable peace. I need not dwell upon that declaration; it explains itself, and needs no comment. In addressing himself to neutral states, calling upon them to express wishes in this sense, his imperial majesty sufficiently testified the price he attached to their opinion, and the value he gives to their in-

fluence in the course of events. Such, moreover, was his opinion respecting them from the very commencement of the diplomatic conflict which preceded hostilities. The emperor always thought that if they had then more forcibly expressed their judgment upon the point under discussion, they would have exercised a salutary action upon the resolutions of the power that provoked the war. Their position has undergone no change in the eyes of his imperial majesty, and they may now, by a firm and decided attitude, hasten the *dénouement* of a struggle which it is his conviction they might have prevented. It is with this view that the emperor asks them to declare openly how they are disposed towards the belligerent powers, and to place the weight of their opinion in the scales of the respective forces. This appeal, moreover, which was so well understood and so warmly received by an audience formed of the representatives of all nations, is simply a solemn act of homage rendered to the importance and efficiency of the task which devolves upon neutrals in the actual crisis.—WALEWSKI.”

it would have presented a tremendous discord with fact; it would have offered a hollow flattery to the heart of every thoughtful hearer; and it would have belied the emotions of the man who uttered the words. The sovereign who wields the whole force of a mighty empire against the most powerful antagonist that earth can supply to the lists of war, could not, on such an occasion, even pretend to forget the burden laid upon him. Called on to address the representatives of many nations, he could not but dwell upon those first duties which all nations owe to the world and to themselves, and without which they do not earn the sweet guerdons of peace. It is not merely that the terrible events of the day, in their majestic import, pale the pageantry of art and dwarf the festivals of civilisation; it is that no generous mind can abandon itself to lighter interests in the presence of the more heroic and painful struggle. Every pursuit of peace must yield to the preservation of that liberty and independence, without which peace itself is only the livery of bondage, and art only the craft of a slave. Greatly as we may appreciate the industry and skill that minister to the common wants of the body, or the high instincts of the soul, we feel that nothing is more precious than national honour. The two great Western Powers have been foremost in inviting the nations of Europe to the competitions of peace. They have also led the way in the nobler cause of European freedom. It is by no fortuitous coincidence, nor yet only of set purpose, that they have placed themselves in the van of two such different movements. It was their greater freedom and stronger self-dependence that placed them where they stand, at the head of commerce, manufacture, and art, and that prompted them to make their capitals the marts of the world. To the very same qualities they owe their prominence in another field. They are at once foremost in arts and arms, and lead in the one because they do also in the other. Thus it naturally comes to pass that the throne of an 'Exhibition' is the fittest place for appealing to the patriotism of nations, and the common honour of Europe. Indeed, why are the artists and manufacturers of Europe there at all—why, amid the crash of arms and the wide apprehension of evil, do they flock first to our insular metropolis, then to that other capital, which forty years ago was not safe from

hostile intrusion? We are safe, because we are forward, just, and free. We respect ourselves, and the earth respects us. Of two nations we will say what it might have been egotism to apply only to ourselves, and to our particular form of government. When other capitals have witnessed such assemblages, we shall then have better hopes of the freedom and peace of Europe."

It will be remembered that, in consequence of the unaccountable indifference of France and England, Austria had been allowed, in compliance with some transparently dishonest pretensions, to steal an army of occupation into the Danubian principalities, where her officers speedily made themselves far more obnoxious to the inhabitants than even the Russians had been. At this period, a piece of Austrian superciliousness towards England, almost threatened to jeopardise the hollow peace between the two countries, which our ministers had striven so much, even to the brink of degradation, to maintain.

Colonel Turr, an Hungarian officer in the service of her majesty (as he had been taken into the English service, and received a commission in the land transport corps), was charged by the director-general of that service in the Crimea, to proceed to Wallachia to purchase horses and carriages for the use of the English army. He had been employed some months in this duty (his head-quarters being at Rustchuk, on the Bulgarian bank of the Danube), when he visited Bucharest, where, on the 1st of November, he was arrested at his hotel by order of the Austrian general, Coronini, on the charge of being a deserter from the Austrian army in the year 1849. A guard consisting of three officers and sixteen men, with fixed bayonets, marched down to the hotel. One of the officers entered the colonel's apartment, and, after having drawn him into familiar conversation, made a signal from the window, which was followed by the entrance of two of the soldiers. Colonel Turr was then informed that he was arrested as a deserter, and ordered to strip off his British cavalry frock. As he refused to do so, it was torn from his back, and an Austrian capote thrust upon him. His gold-laced cap was also taken from him, and a light blue cap, such as is worn by the common soldiers in the Hungarian regiments, derisively put on his head, with the observation, that "It was fit he should wear the same clothes as those in which he

had deserted." He was then ordered into a carriage, and driven off to prison.

Information of this circumstance was speedily conveyed to Mr. Colquhoun, the English consul in the Wallachian capital, and he lost no time in proceeding to Count Coronini's residence, and, in a tone becoming his position, demanded the liberation of the prisoner, he being actually in the British service, wearing its uniform, on Turkish territory, and intrusted with a special commission on behalf of the British army in the Crimea. The Austrian, forgetting the respect due to the representative of the sovereign of England, put himself into a towering rage, and exclaimed—"I know no Colonel Turr, but one Turr, a deserter, whose name was posted upon the public gibbet at Funfkirchen for five weeks. Know you, sir, that I have the power to hang him?" "On your responsibility, your excellence!" replied Mr. Colquhoun. "A deserter," shouted the count; "I arrest my deserters wherever I find them; and if my government order me to surrender him I will break my sword." He afterwards moderated his tone a little, and exhibited some approach to politeness, but still refused to liberate the prisoner; and only consented to delay further measures until the receipt of instructions from Vienna. The sensation produced at Bucharest by

the conduct of the Austrians was immense. Well, also, might the English press, on learning the circumstance, inquire—Is Austria a friendly power? It appears that Colonel Turr was a political exile, a Hungarian by birth, who had served in the Austrian army, but passed over to the Piedmontese in 1849. Thus was a Hungarian political exile seized by the Austrians upon a neutral territory, for they possess no civil jurisdiction in the Danubian principalities, which are still regarded as part of the Ottoman empire. Thus the asylum granted by the sultan to Kossuth and other Hungarian exiles, was violated in the person of Colonel Turr, and the temptation to the outrage appears to have been the opportunity it afforded Count Coronini of insulting England, by disdainfully tearing its uniform from the back of the man whom he had arrested. By the same principle on which Colonel Turr was arrested, the Austrians might have seized the illustrious general Omar Pasha himself, had they been strong enough; he being an Austrian, and having thrown up the service of his country in disgust, and entered that of the Porte.

Kossuth, in an article upon this violation of international law, observes—"Let us, for the sake of argument, suppose Colonel Turr to fall within the category of deserters,* the

* We subjoin the account given by Kossuth of his countryman:—"I have to offer some remarks both as to the deserter and the pretended right. Stephen Turr, now English colonel in an Austrian dungeon, was an officer in a Hungarian regiment stationed in Italy, at the time of the struggle for Italian independence in 1848-'49. This was not a war between two governments, it was the rising of a nation for the revindication of its inprescriptible right from foreign usurpation. The joining of Carlo-Alberto of Piedmont in the war did not change the character of it. When (to the misfortune of Italy) he declared his participation, Austria was already defeated both at Venice and in Lombardy. Zichy had signed a capitulation at Venice, and Radetzky at Milan; the whole regiment of Albrecht and a battalion of Cecopieri at Cremona, a large portion of the regiment Haugwitz at Brescia, in all upwards of 8,000 officers and men of the Austrian army, faithful to national duty, took their stand with Italy against Austria. Will you call deserters those 8,000? If you do, then you must brand with the name of deserters the memory of many a hero likewise, who shed his blood for your own freedom, when Cromwell rose a glorious star on England's canopy. In the course of events the Hapsburgs, the joint serpent head of whom we could have crushed at Vienna with a tread of our heel, but whom with foolish magnanimity we spared—the Hapsburgs, in reward of our generosity, by one of those foul crimes as only Hapsburgs know how to commit, assailed Hungary. The nation thus trea-

cherously assailed charged me and my colleagues to provide for the defence of the country. We called the nation to arms, and with the authority of our people's sovereign will we ordered every Hungarian soldier stationed in foreign countries either to hasten home, to defend their native land against the treacherous aggression by Austria; or should, to any of them, circumstances render the fulfilment of this duty impossible, to join there where they happen to be, those who are up in arms against the aggressor of our country, and fight there where they happen to be against the common enemy, under the penalty of being considered traitors to their fatherland. Many a gallant patriot answered our first appeal. History has recorded deeds, bordering on the ancient fables of miraculous heroism—deeds of brave patriots who, sword in hand, cut their way across hostile armies and foreign lands, and either died in the attempt, or arrived home with the words, 'Here we are, obedient to our country's call.' Colonel (then lieutenant) Turr was less fortunately circumstanced. The then position of Italy explains the impossibility of his making his way home; but as a good citizen he did what he could in obedience to his nation's sovereign command; he drew his sword against the aggressor of his country where he found himself, and sided with the Italian nation against our common enemy. Soldier is a noble name; it means defender of one's own country. His natural oath is that he will bravely combat every enemy of his country wherever he be ordered to do so, by sea or

fact for Englishmen to consider is—1st, Whether Coronini can claim the right of seizing deserters not belonging to his own army of occupation, wherever he happens to find them? 2ndly, Whether England, without forfeiting the position of an independent power, is allowed to submit to this pretended right in the person of her own officers? It is indisputable that the right of seizure is a territorial right, restricted to one's own territory. Wallachia is no Austrian territory. Though by the most fatal of errors (I should not exaggerate were I to call it a crime), England had connived to play over Wallachia into the keeping of Austria: she is not a sovereign there; and, apart from the authority of providing for the security, order, and maintenance of the army of occupation, she can claim absolutely no power, no jurisdiction there, beyond the terms conceded to her by the fatal convention of June 14, 1854; and, lamentable as the act of that convention may be, there is not a word, either in its letter or its spirit, that could, I will not say justify, but in any way extenuate, the criminal arrogance of the perpetrated insult.

* * * As to the second question—the right of arresting, under the pretext of desertion, a British officer; stripping him of his English uniform, and throwing him into prison, while he is on special service, in a country where England has at least just as much right, nay, unquestionably a better right than false Austria has to station troops, to purchase stores and military instruments, and to undertake any military movement whatever, without having to ask the permission of Francis Joseph, or of his myrmidon—why, the act is so monstrously insulting, that if England, besides the personal reparation

by land. Turr was faithful to this duty, as old with every citizen as his life, and lasting while his life lasts. Honour and glory to him for it. Will you call him a 'deserter?' Then you have to give the like name to those thousands of Hungarian heroes who, faithful to patriotic duty, exchanged the yellow black of treacherous Austria for the national tricolour, and shared in the glory of hurling the faithless tyrant to the footstool of your enemy the czar, there to mendicate aid against the justice of God, revealed in the victory of right. They, all of them, and gallant Turr amongst the number, would deserve the ignominious title of 'deserters' had they not answered their country's call, had they remained in the ranks of Austria and raised their parricidal hands for the enemy. But if, such as they were, they are to be called 'deserters,' then, from this day, the name 'deserter' will be a title of honour, like as the cross, once the mark of ignominy, has become an emblem of honour. M. Turr did not desert the

due to Colonel Turr, would content herself with anything less for satisfaction than the immediate evacuation of the principalities by Austria, history would not fail to pass the judgment, that England did not deserve the name, and shall have forfeited the position, of an independent nation."

It is a subject of humiliation to Englishmen, that our government, always unpleasantly if not suspiciously deferential to that of Austria, evinced an unworthy desire to shirk this subject, and by the abandonment of Colonel Turr, submit passively to the insult offered to it. The *Times* and the *Globe* also attempted to disguise this baseness by blackening the character of Colonel Turr, and by the assumption of a haughty indifference. The latter course was contemptible and ridiculous, and reminds us of the fellow in the old comedy, who, having been well kicked by his opponent, declares that the insult was of so vulgar a character, that he should not condescend to take any notice of it. However, the liberal press of the country kept the case of the Hungarian colonel prominently before the public. The government appear to have been driven reluctantly into some sort of remonstrance, and on the 30th of January, 1856, it was announced at Vienna that "the emperor, as a mark of consideration for his illustrious ally, Queen Victoria, has granted a pardon to Colonel Turr." A *pardon!* The time has been, when England would have exacted—not a pardon, but an apology.

Considerable excitement was created amongst politicians, at this period, in consequence of General Canrobert being sent by the Emperor Napoleon on a diplomatic mission to the King of Sweden. General

Austrian service for the Piedmontese service; he obeyed the command of the national government of Hungary by siding with the Italian patriots against the enemy of his own country. He gave a convincing proof of this principle of his action by the fact that, when the battle of freedom was unluckily over in Lombardy, he did not accept Piedmontese service, but offered his arm to the cause of popular liberty in Baden, where he did good service, and was promoted to a colonelcy. After the catastrophe in Baden, having honourably provided for the passage to America of his comrades who served under him, he went to exile, a homeless wanderer like myself, until, in an evil hour, he claimed and was granted the honour of a commission in the service of England, which, it would appear, stands in so little estimation with Austria, that it does not protect him from being stripped of his uniform and carried off to prison when on duty by command on the territory of England's ally."

Canrobert arrived at Stockholm on the 5th of November; and on the 7th he had the honour of an interview with the Swedish sovereign. The general was received with the most marked consideration, and conveyed from his hotel to the royal residence in a state carriage of the court, drawn by eight white horses, preceded by several outriders and runners, and surrounded by servants of the royal house. As the general passed along, he was saluted with shouts—"Vive Canrobert!" "Vive la France!" At the gate of the palace he was received by the marshal of the kingdom, who conducted him into the presence of the sovereign of Sweden.

Many conjectures existed as to the nature of the general's mission to the Swedish court. Some politicians affirmed that he was sent with the object of inducing Sweden to enter into a defensive and offensive alliance with France and England; while others declared that his only object was to present to King Oscar the grand cross of the legion of honour, and to further the cultivation of those amicable terms which already existed between the two nations.

From Stockholm General Canrobert proceeded to Copenhagen, the capital of Denmark. There also he was received with great enthusiasm, and had a private audience with the king. At a banquet, given on the day of the general's arrival (December the 2nd), he was seated next the king, who, in the course of the repast, proposed the health of the Emperor Napoleon. The general returned to Paris on the evening of the 2nd of December.

Time, the revealer of all things, set the minds of politicians at rest respecting the object of the French general in visiting the Scandinavian courts. Something more than compliment was not only intended, but performed. King Oscar of Sweden and Norway entered into a defensive treaty with the allied powers, with the object of building up a barrier in the north against the encroachments of Russia. It was signed at Stockholm on the 21st of November; and the ratifications of the treaty were exchanged, at the same city, on the 17th of December. The treaty was a generous one on the part of the allies. Recognising the danger to which Sweden would be exposed if she entered into an offensive league against so powerful a neighbour as Russia, they bound themselves to assist her if necessary; but required no active assistance from

her in the war. They were content that she should remain neutral in *act* so long as she preserved her independence, and did not surrender any privilege or territory to Russia. In return, they bound themselves to assist Sweden and Norway with both naval and military forces, if Russia should at any time endeavour to enforce any unjust claim against the territories of King Oscar.

We subjoin a translation of this important treaty:—

"Her majesty the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, his majesty the Emperor of the French, and his majesty the King of Sweden and Norway, being anxious to avert any complication which might disturb the existing balance of power in Europe, have resolved to come to an understanding with a view to secure the integrity of the united kingdoms of Sweden and Norway, and have named as their plenipotentiaries to conclude a treaty for that purpose, that is to say—her majesty the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Arthur Charles Mageniz, Esq., her envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to his majesty the King of Sweden and Norway; his majesty the Emperor of the French, the Sieur Charles Victor Lobstein, officer of the imperial order of the Legion of Honour, grand cross of the royal order of the Polar Star of Sweden, commander of the order of Christ, and knight of that of the Conception of Portugal, his envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to his majesty the King of Sweden and Norway; and his majesty the King of Sweden and Norway, the Sieur Gustave Nicholas Algernon Adolphus Baron de Stierneld, his minister of state and for foreign affairs, knight and commander of his orders, grand cross of his order of St. Olaf of Norway, &c.; who, after having communicated to each other their respective full powers, found in good and due form, have agreed as follows:—

"Article 1. His majesty the King of Sweden and Norway engages not to cede to nor to exchange with Russia, nor to permit her to occupy, any part of the territories belonging to the crowns of Sweden and Norway. His majesty the King of Sweden and Norway engages, further, not to cede to Russia any right of pasturage, of fishery, or of any other nature whatsoever, either on the said territories or upon the coast of Sweden and Norway, and to resist any pretension which may be put forward by Russia

with a view to establish the existence of any of the rights aforesaid.

"Article 2. In case Russia should make to his majesty the King of Sweden and Norway any proposal or demand, having for its object to obtain either the cession or the exchange of any part whatsoever of the territories belonging to the crowns of Sweden and Norway, or the power of occupying certain points of the said territories, or the cession of rights of fishery, of pasturage, or of any other right upon the said territories and upon the coasts of Sweden and Norway, his majesty the King of Sweden and Norway engages forthwith to communicate such proposal or demand to her Britannic majesty and his majesty the Emperor of the French; and their said majesties, on their part, engage to furnish to his majesty the King of Sweden and Norway sufficient naval and military forces to co-operate with the naval and military forces of his said majesty for the purpose of resisting the pretensions or aggressions of Russia. The description, number, and destination of such forces shall, if occasion should arise, be determined by common agreement between the three powers.

"Article 3. The present treaty shall be ratified, and the ratifications shall be exchanged at Stockholm as soon as possible.

"In witness whereof the respective plenipotentiaries have signed the same, and have affixed thereto the seal of their arms.

"Done at Stockholm, the 21st of November, in the year of our Lord 1855.

"ARTHUR C. MAGENIS.

"V. LOBSTEIN.

"STIERNELD."

It was urged by some that the advantages of this treaty were entirely on the side of King Oscar; but it was not altogether so. A political writer of the day observed—"While the White Sea and the coasts of that district of Lapland which belongs to Russia are encumbered with ice before mid-autumn, that portion of Norway which is within the Polar Circle, is, by a curious caprice of nature, free from ice during the whole of the year. The immense depth of the long fiords which cleave the coast of this wild region, is, doubtless, one cause of the phenomenon. The influence of the gulf stream, the waters of which do not wholly lose their tropical warmth after communicating to the western side of the British isles a temperature so perceptibly higher than that of the eastern, is undoubt-

edly another. Be the cause what it may, it happens that while Archangel is locked up for eight months of the year in thick-ribbed ice, and the ports of the Sea of Okhotsk are for the same period inaccessible, the town of Hammerfest, situated within the Polar Circle, has an open harbour all the year round; and the inhabitants, instead of yielding to the lazy influences of an arctic winter, employ the long night in fishing and in hunting. The harbours of this region are enormous. Compared with them the mighty bay of Sebastopol itself is a paltry creek; a long barrier of islands protects the navigation to the south, and a voyage—we are afraid to say of how few days—might transport a fleet from these vast harbours to the shores of the British islands. It is wonderful that Russia, while devoting such enormous expense to the formation of an arsenal and fortress in the south, should have submitted so long to be cooped up within the narrow and shallow waters of the Baltic, and to suffer a blockade in which ice relieves the efforts of a hostile fleet. Of late years Russia has awoken to the full importance of this oversight; all that the most dexterous intrigues, the most cautious overtures, all that threats and blandishments could effect, has been tried on the united kingdoms of Sweden and Norway, to induce them to cede only so much apparently worthless territory as would bring Russia within reach of this precious strip of coast. A fishing station on the Bay of Veranger was all her modest desire. The Bay of Veranger is forty miles long by six miles wide, and protected by the island of Skogeso, where a few batteries could defy a numerous enemy. It has two outlets; is only fifty miles from the present Russian boundary; there is depth from five to fifteen fathoms; it abounds in fish; and affords on its southern side a secure anchorage for any number of vessels. It is easy to imagine how soon the mere fishing station, which Russia so modestly demands, would grow into a naval station, the naval station into a fortified harbour, the fortified harbour into a fortress of the first class, and the fortress of the first class into a military and naval arsenal, calculated to overcome Norway, and to menace the shores of Western Europe."

In England, preparations were being made for the reception of Victor Emmanuel, King of Sardinia, who was expected to

arrive on a visit to her majesty the Queen.* His Sardinian majesty left Turin for Genoa on the 20th of November. From thence he proceeded to Marseilles, where he arrived, in the *Carlo-Alberto* frigate, on Thursday, the 22nd. Having exchanged salutes with the cannon of the fort, he landed, dressed in a hussar uniform, and entered the town, accompanied by a numerous staff. He was received by the prefect and general in command, and loudly cheered by a great crowd, who had assembled to witness his arrival. All the Sardinians resident at Marseilles also thronged around the carriage of their king. The vessels in the port were gaily decorated, as well as many of the houses in the streets through which the *cortège* had to pass. Victor Emmanuel left the same day for Paris.

He arrived at the French capital on the 23rd, by the railway from Lyons. Paris poured out her population to meet him, and the line through which he was to pass was decorated with flags, displaying the national colours of France, England, Sardinia, and Turkey. At the railway, detachments of foot chasseurs and of the line kept the ground; and the guards of honour within the court were selected from the grenadiers and Voltigeurs of the imperial guard. A canopy of crimson velvet, fringed with gold, hung over the door of the waiting-room, which had been transformed into an elegant saloon. Its walls were hung with red velvet, and around them were clusters of the flags of the allied nations, with the name of Victor Emmanuel, and shields with his royal arms. A rich carpet extended from the door to the pathway, on which the king was to step from the carriage; and galleries, to the right and left, were prepared for those who were specially invited. A detachment of the Cent-guards and Guides were drawn up on

both sides of the entrance to the waiting-room, and seven of the imperial carriages awaited his majesty and suite.

Shortly after one the royal train arrived, decked with the Sardinian colours. Instantly the drums beat to arms, and the band of the Guides struck up the "*Marche de Savoie*." Victor Emmanuel was received by Prince Napoleon, whose hand he shook warmly; and, after a few ceremonies, the *cortège* proceeded to the palace of the Tuileries, amidst the acclamations of the citizens. The appearance of the royal visitor was regarded as very military and *distingué*; and the prodigious size and peculiar cut of his moustachios created quite a sensation amongst the ladies. He had only recently recovered from a long and severe illness, of which he still bore traces; but he seemed in excellent spirits. At the foot of the grand staircase of the palace he was received by the Emperor Napoleon, who embraced him and conducted him to the empress, who, with her ladies, was at the top of the staircase. After the presentation, the emperor led his distinguished guest to the apartments which had been prepared for him in the Pavilion Marsan. Victor Emmanuel remained at Paris for six days, during which time many entertainments were got up in his honour; the chief of them being a grand review at the Champ de Mars. On the evening of the 29th he left for London, amidst the hearty cheers of the Parisians, who rightly regarded their distinguished visitor as one who, by right of intellect and daring, took a high rank among the princes of Europe. While at Paris, Victor Emmanuel visited the tomb of the Emperor Napoleon I., at the Hotel des Invalides. In the infirmary of the building, an incident took place which made a considerable impression upon all who witnessed

* A Sardinian journal, the *Piemonte*, made the following truthful observations respecting this visit:—"The journey of King Victor Emmanuel to Paris and London has an important political signification, which must be obvious to everybody. Supposing even that not a word is to be exchanged on the momentous affairs which England, France, and Piedmont are now treating together, that journey cannot but be attended with most important moral results. There is no potentate in Europe, however great he may be, who, in his visit to those two powerful nations, could excite the same sympathy and enthusiasm as Victor Emmanuel, for no monarch can boast like him of having reconciled elements which everywhere else are constantly at variance—order and liberty, dynasty and nationality. If the principle of nationality should ultimately prevail, as we trust it will, and become the basis and pivot of

general policy, we may safely affirm that no prince in Europe represents better than Victor Emmanuel¹ faith and confidence in futurity. He is the military chief of a military people, which, having scarcely emerged from a ruinous war, in which it maintained its dignity and independence against all kinds of enemies and perils, resolutely took arms and entered the field at the opening of a gigantic war likely to change the destinies of the world, when the greatest states in Europe remained silent and trembling. His soldiers have proved that they were worthy of the cause they had espoused, and of sharing the glory of their allies. The heart and wishes of the Piedmontese nation will accompany Victor Emmanuel in his journey. The honours and acclamations bestowed on him belong to us, and Italy and her future destinies will be solemnly honoured in his person in the face of all Europe."

it. An old Sardinian soldier, who had deserted from the service of his country and entered the foreign legion, had been admitted into the hotel in consequence of a severe wound which rendered the amputation of his arm necessary. On beholding his sovereign, the memory of his native land made so powerful an impression upon him, that he threw himself at the feet of his king, and implored his pardon. It was immediately granted; and the poor soldier thus obtained the liberty of returning to his family, if he no longer wished to take advantage of the hospitality he had experienced in the country of his adoption.

Several anecdotes were circulated in Paris concerning the King of Sardinia, during his stay there. It is said that, wishing to escape for awhile the formalities of the court, he left the Tuileries one evening in the garb of a private gentleman, and, in the company of one of his suite, walked through the streets of Paris. He had not gone far before he discovered that he was followed by two individuals. At length, one of the latter approached and asked the king, who was smoking, for a light. The king lent him his cigar with a good grace; and then turning to his companion, said, in the Piedmontese *patois*, "These are spies; if they continue to follow us I shall knock one of them down." The two individuals immediately disappeared.

Before relating the reception experienced by Victor Emmanuel in this country, we propose to give a brief biographical account of him and his antecedents. Carlo-Alberto, his father, was a man of feeble character and equivocal principles. Exiled in infancy from his native land, he seemed to inherit nothing but the traditions and misfortunes of his house. Taken to Paris when not two years old, he had reached his sixteenth year before Piedmont had ceased to be a French province. In his youth he adopted revolutionary principles, became a member of the celebrated society of the Carbonari, and sought to impart an insurrectionary movement to the whole Italian population. But the patriotism of princes is usually of an evanescent nature. In 1830, Carlo-Alberto was called to the throne of his native land; and then he abandoned the principles of his youth, the professions he had made, the friends he had gained, and the generous prospects he had hoped to realise in Italy. Worse than this, he even pursued and persecuted those who still

honourably held the opinions he had dishonourably abandoned. He had married an Austrian princess, Maria Theresa, daughter of Ferdinand, Grand-duke of Tuscany: the evil shadow of the house of Hapsburg was upon him; and he whose purest aspirations had been uttered before the shrine of liberty, sunk into being the crowned agent of a trembling despotism. Still further to strengthen this unhappy alliance, he, in after years, selected a wife for his son from the same imperial family; and, in 1842, Victor Emmanuel married the daughter of the Grand-duke Renier, and thus appeared to give a pledge that he would endeavour to uphold in Piedmont the policy of the house of Hapsburg; or, in other words, aid those who were the systematic oppressors of Italy.

Who shall decide dogmatically upon the future of his own existence? What a crowd of undeveloped motives may turn a man from the path which his fortunes seemed to indicate for him—which he had even earnestly resolved to follow. When great events beckon to us, to advance becomes our destiny. The struggle with old feelings and opinions may be severe, but to the earnest man the result is inevitable, and he must go forward. Time gave a different colour to the predilections of Victor Emmanuel. Revolution was ripening in Northern Italy. Secret societies laboured unremittingly to propagate liberal opinions in politics and religion: the pope, cardinals, and clergy had reaped the dislike, and too often the detestation of the people, and democratic ideas spread throughout the land. Victor Emmanuel, then Duke of Savoy, felt a generous sympathy with this movement; and in spite of his connection with Austria, and the temper and opinions of his father, he seems only to have waited for a favourable opportunity to declare himself the champion of revolution. In 1848, Pio Nino believed that he saw—what no pontiff before him had ever been able to discern—the practicability of uniting the Roman catholic religion with the liberal principles of the 19th century, and he placed himself enthusiastically at the head of the revolutionary movement which then shook monarchical Europe to its base. France had driven the plotting despot, Louis Philippe, into exile, and proclaimed a republic; and Germany and Italy were inspired by the great example. The triumph of the new doctrines was announced by the roar of

cannon in nearly every great capital of Europe, and the monarchical system on the continent narrowly escaped destruction.

Italy was peculiarly distinguished by her republican energy. In Lombardy the people rose against the Austrians, and drove them from Milan. The storm also swept over Rome, Naples, and Florence, though with different results. Piedmont, however, preserved a doubtful attitude. Carlo-Alberto was paralysed by his natural irresolution, and his connexion with the house of Hapsburg. In addition to this he was the slave of the corrupt priesthood, by which his kingdom was overrun; and, therefore, although he entertained a desire to extend his dominions, and many among the Young Italy party looked up to him as one who might perhaps become a leader and a deliverer, yet he had not the strength of intellect to act with decision.

It is not our object in these pages to trace the history of that war which rendered Austria again supreme in Italy. After the fatal battle of Novara, Carlo-Alberto returned to his capital, abdicated his crown in favour of his son, and then went into a sorrowful exile, where, by an obscure and premature death, he atoned for the crime of which he had been guilty against Italian independence. "Carlo-Alberto," says the author to whom we have been indebted for the particulars of this memoir, "had long rocked himself in the flattering delusions which had been spread before his mind by others that he should be the saviour of Italy, and be rewarded for his efforts with universal sovereignty over his native country. In this persuasion he took up arms against Austria; in this persuasion he fought; in this persuasion he dealt insincerely, we may say treacherously, with the republicans; and in this persuasion he sustained that terrible defeat which consigned him at once to exile and to death. There are those who affect to believe that the agonies of his last hours have atoned amply for the errors of his life. To Heaven they may, but not to Italy. By his weak if not by his criminal policy, he had, for the time at least, wrecked her chances of deliverance from the galling and ignominious yoke of Austria. He had played fast and loose with the Venetians, had bewildered and mystified General Pepe; had hung back with his army when he should have advanced; had advanced when he should have remained in his position; and, in one word, by his incapacity, if not by his

perfidy, had compromised the cause of liberty beyond the Alps. Though we sympathise with the suffering man, we cannot affect to entertain any pity for the fallen king. He richly deserved his misfortunes; but it must be added, bore them like a hero. Let that be his praise. He knew he deserved to die an exile from his country, and when death overtook him, met it with fortitude and resignation."

Victor Emmanuel had escaped from the battle-field of Novara with his father, and on the abdication of the latter he ascended the Sardinian throne. Born on the 14th of March, 1820, he was consequently in his twenty-ninth year. The young king was not in a condition to resist the demands of the veteran Marshal Radetzky; a peace was concluded, and the Austrian armies withdrawn from the Piedmontese frontier. Throughout Sardinia the question was debated, whether the new monarch would prove a truer man and better prince than his father? Doubts were entertained on this point, and unfavourable rumours prevailed as to the liberal character of the young monarch. He was described as silent, reserved, and morose. Unreasonable exceptions were taken against his personal and manly bearing. His secluded studies were objected to, and even his habit of early rising was considered unprincely. Slight natural defects were ungenerously exaggerated into offences, and many people augured unfavourably of him from the huskiness of his voice, the severe expression of his countenance, and from his indifference to those pleasures which are regarded as natural to, and becoming in, youth. It is difficult at once to refute any ill opinion that may be entertained of you, but the calm and resolute will eventually disprove it by their acts—make their proceedings a silent refutation of prejudice and calumny, and *live it down*. This is the wisest course, and Victor Emmanuel successfully followed it.

As soon as the new sovereign was in the full and undisputed possession of the sceptre, he began to show that he could hold it with a resolute grasp. His intellect and energy were displayed in carrying into effect a number of reforms which have won for him the love of his people, and the esteem of some of the great powers of Europe. Though born and educated a catholic, he appears to have blended so much of a liberal and progressive spirit with his religious views, that they bear more affinity to protestantism

than to catholicism. Piedmont groaned beneath the heavy hand of papal influence, and the industry of the land was consumed by crowds of bishops, priests, and monks, in utter disproportion to its population. To what strange extent this disproportion existed, will be best seen from the following statistical information which we extract from Signor Gallenga's recent *History of Piedmont* :—

"It results from the latest returns that the kingdom of Sardinia numbers 23,000 ecclesiastics, exclusive of pupils in seminaries, novices, and others not in orders—a number allowing one clergyman for every 214 inhabitants. The proportion in Belgium is one for 600, in Austria one for 610. It is also by no means the same in the various parts of the Sardinian States, for in Savoy it is one for 420, in Piedmont one for 227, in the island of Sardinia one for 127; so that by reducing the whole country to the ratio of Savoy, the number of ecclesiastics would be diminished by 10,000; by adopting the measure of Belgium or Austria, by 14,000. The church revenue in Piedmont amounts to more than seventeen millions of francs; it is four times larger than the sum allowed by Belgium for public worship—little less than half the sum allowed by France, though Belgium has nearly the same population as Piedmont, France eight times the population of Piedmont. Piedmont has seven archbishops, thirty-four bishops, seventeen abbeys and priories, 1,417 canonries. Its forty-one prelates enjoy a revenue of 1,012,742 francs, nearly equal to the stipend of all the prelacy of France; ten times as large as that of all the Belgian prelacy. There are Piedmontese bishops whose revenue is above 100,000 francs; that is, double the stipend allowed to the French or Belgian primate, and equal to that of all the Belgian prelates put together. The revenue of cathedral and collegiate chapters in Piedmont is 1,692,155 francs; it exceeds nearly by one-half that of France, and is sixteen times larger than that of all the chapters of Belgium. Piedmont has, besides, seventy-one monastic orders, 604 religious houses, 8,563 monks and nuns, with an acknowledged revenue of 2,282,851 francs. The Piedmontese parishes are 4,431; their income 4,888,347 francs; considerably larger in proportion than that of France. Some of the parish priests have a revenue of above 12,000 francs,—larger, that is, than the stipend of a French bishop;

whilst, however, there are in Piedmont 2,540 parish priests, with a revenue below 500 francs. Such formidable numbers and such exorbitant wealth must, under all circumstances, have made Piedmont a very 'paradise of priests.' It must have given the clergy an influence which, backed by all the exertions of the lay authorities in its behalf, had evidently the means, as it was its interest, to crush all public spirit."

The evil was a most serious one, and could not be encountered without both difficulty and danger. In earlier days a contest with the priesthood had cost many a prince his crown. The Sardinian monarch was, however, equal to the emergency, and made up his mind to a course of action.

The plan adopted by Victor Emmanuel was resolute and effectual. When one of the bishops died, his place was not supplied. By this means six bishoprics have already been destroyed; and if the process is continued, the number of these ecclesiastical despots will be brought within reasonable limits. The purification of the church was not yet complete; and it was found that to deprive it of its power for evil, it must be deprived of its wealth, or rather, submit to a redistribution of that wealth. A bill, therefore, was brought before the Piedmontese parliament for the suppression of monasteries, and the sale of certain church lands. The monasteries to be suppressed were such as should be considered of no practical advantage to the civil society. To prevent the destitution which might have followed any too sudden change of this nature, the monks were each allowed a small pension during their lives, so as to bring about their suppression by gradual extinction. The church property acquired by the non-appointment of bishops, in the case of the death of one of them, was not devoted to secular purposes, but turned to the support of the poorer parish priests, and other exclusively ecclesiastical objects. The plan created great excitement and indignation among the cardinals, bishops, clergy, and monks, and the young king was threatened with the anger of Heaven. Priestly anathemas were uttered in vain; and Victor Emmanuel remained unmoved. Defeated at first, he returned to the contest, and at length enjoyed the satisfaction of utterly defeating the sacerdotal party, and thus securing to his people the best guarantee possible for the restoration of their national greatness. His victory pro-

cured for the young king the sentence of excommunication* from the pope; for Pio Nino had abandoned his liberal notions, and fallen back upon the traditional principles of the Roman church. He had taken a dangerous step, and he retraced it. The traditional policy of the Roman church is the only one consistent with its safety. It is necessarily the most conservative institution in the world; and for it, advancement is dissolution. In a worldly sense, Pio Nino was wise in shrinking back from the progressive doctrines which he might promote, but could not control. Safety for the catholic church was only to be found in adhering to the steps of its preceding pontiffs. "It is impossible," says Mr. Macaulay, "to deny that the policy of the church

of Rome, is the very masterpiece of human wisdom. In truth, nothing but such a polity could, against such assaults, have borne up such doctrines. The experience of twelve hundred eventful years, the ingenuity and patient care of forty generations of statesmen, have improved that polity to such perfection, that among the contrivances which have been devised for deceiving and oppressing mankind, it occupies the highest place. The stronger our conviction that reason and scripture were decidedly on the side of protestantism, the greater is the reluctant admiration with which we regard that system of tactics against which reason and scripture were employed in vain."†

Victor Emmanuel was not yet content to

* It has been denied that sentence of excommunication was *especially* pronounced against Victor Emmanuel. Excommunication is of two kinds, major and minor. The latter appears to be only of the nature of a papal censure, and that was pronounced by the Holy See against the advisers of the Sardinian king. Who does not see that this is a mere equivocation? The pope went as far as he considered prudent in the matter; for it would not be well to let all Europe see that the thunders of the Vatican are perfectly harmless to those who have the good sense to disregard them. Pio Nino himself must feel that the age is past when excommunications could make a monarch tremble and throw a people into mourning. Therefore he wisely left himself a door by which to escape, if his fulmination was taken no notice of. In that case the pious adherents of the Romish church were to understand that he had not pronounced an excommunication—only an ecclesiastical censure.

† The profound wisdom of the policy of the Roman church is traced by Mr. Macaulay with much acuteness and eloquence in his critical essay on *Ranké's History of the Popes*:—"We will advert to only one important part of the policy of the church of Rome. She thoroughly understands, what no other church has ever understood, how to deal with enthusiasts. In some sects, particularly in infant sects, enthusiasm is suffered to be rampant. In other sects, particularly in sects long established and richly endowed, it is regarded with aversion. The catholic church neither submits to enthusiasm nor proscribes it, but uses it. She considers it as a great moving force, which in itself, like the muscular power of a fine horse, is neither good nor evil, but which may be so directed as to produce great good or great evil; and she assumes the direction to herself. It would be absurd to run down a horse like a wolf. It would be still more absurd to let him run wild, breaking fences and trampling down passengers. The rational course is to subjugate his will without impairing his vigour; to teach him to obey the rein, and then to urge him to full speed. When once he knows his master, he is valuable in proportion to his strength and spirit. Just such has been the system of the church of Rome with regard to enthusiasts. She knows that, when religious feelings have obtained the complete empire of the

mind, they impart a strange energy; that they raise men above the dominion of pain and pleasure; that obloquy becomes glory; that death itself is contemplated only as the beginning of a higher and happier life. She knows that a person in this state is no object of contempt. He may be vulgar, ignorant, visionary, extravagant; but he will do and suffer things which it is for her interest that somebody should do and suffer, yet from which calm and sober-minded men would shrink. She accordingly enlists him in her service; assigns to him some forlorn hope, in which intrepidity and impetuosity are more wanted than judgment and self-command, and sends him forth with her benedictions and her applause. In England it not unfrequently happens that a tinker or coalheaver hears a sermon, or falls in with a tract, which alarms him about the state of his soul. If he be a man of excitable nerves and strong imagination, he thinks himself given over to the evil power. He doubts whether he has not committed the unpardonable sin. He imputes every wild fancy that springs up in his mind to the whisper of a fiend. His sleep is broken by dreams of the great judgment-seat, the open books, and the unquenchable fire. If, in order to escape from these vexing thoughts, he flies to amusements, or to licentious indulgence, the delusive relief only makes his misery darker and more hopeless. At length a turn takes place. He is reconciled to his offended Maker. To borrow the fine imagery of one who had himself been thus tried, he emerges from the Valley of the Shadow of Death,—from the dark land of gins and snares, of quagmires and precipices, of evil spirits and ravenous beasts. The sunshine is on his path: he ascends the Delectable Mountains, and catches from their summit a distant view of the shining city, which is the end of his pilgrimage. Then arises in his mind a natural, and surely not a censurable, desire, to impart to others the thoughts of which his own heart is full; to warn the careless; to comfort those who are troubled in spirit. The impulse which urges him to devote his whole life to the teaching of religion is a strong passion in the guise of a duty. He exhorts his neighbours; and, if he be a man of strong parts, he often does so with great effect. He pleads as if he were pleading for his life, with tears, and pathetic gestures, and burning words; and he soon finds with delight, not perhaps wholly un-

pause in his career of ecclesiastical reform. He proclaimed the doctrine of toleration, and gave it the sanction of the legislature. The Bible is printed and distributed throughout his dominions; free churches have sprung up; and the established religion of the land, though certainly not protestant, cannot properly be described as Roman catholic. Events like these prove that the young monarch of Sardinia possesses courage, resolution, and energy. In dwelling upon his career, we are prepared for the next great act of his life—his alliance with England and France against the gigantic power of Russia. Austria and Prussia stood aloof in prudence or terror; but Sardinia rose to action, and took her place

mixed with the alloy of human infirmity, that his rude eloquence rouses and melts hearers who sleep very composedly while the rector preaches on the apostolical succession. Zeal for God, love for his fellow-creatures, pleasure in the exercise of his newly-discovered powers, impel him to become a preacher. He has no quarrel with the establishment, no objection to its formularies, its government, or its vestments. He would gladly be admitted among its humblest ministers; but, admitted or rejected, he feels that his vocation is determined. His orders have come down to him, not through a long and doubtful series of Arian and popish bishops, but direct from on high. His commission is the same that on the Mountain of Ascension was given to the eleven. Nor will he, for lack of human credentials, spare to deliver the glorious message with which he is charged by the true head of the church. For a man thus minded, there is within the pale of the establishment no place. He has been at no college: he cannot construe a Greek author, or write a Latin theme; and he is told that, if he remains in the communion of the church, he must do so as a hearer; and that, if he is resolved to be a teacher, he must begin by being a schismatic. His choice is soon made. He harangues on Tower-hill, or in Smithfield. A congregation is formed. A license is obtained. A plain brick building, with a desk and benches, is run up, and named Ebenezer or Bethel. In a few weeks the church has lost for ever a hundred families, not one of which entertained the least scruple about her articles, her liturgy, her government, or her ceremonies. Far different is the policy of Rome. The ignorant enthusiast whom the Anglican church makes an enemy, and—whatever the polite and learned may think—a dangerous enemy, the catholic church makes a champion. She bids him nurse his beard, covers him with a gown and hood of coarse dark stuff, ties a rope round his waist, and sends him forth to teach in her name. He costs her nothing. He takes not a ducat away from the revenues of her beneficed clergy. He lives by the alms of those who respect his spiritual character, and are grateful for his instructions. He preaches, not exactly in the style of Massillon, but in a way which moves the passions of uneducated hearers; and all his influence is employed to strengthen the church of which he is a minister. To that church he becomes as strongly attached as any of the cardinals whose scarlet carriages and

with the great powers of Europe. Let us hope that Austria, that patchwork empire,—that aggregate, not union, of crushed and discordant nationalities—that tottering military despotism, and reeking hotbed of oppressive insolence—that last home of bigotry and spiritual darkness,—may decline; and that the kingdom of Sardinia, renewing its youth, may found a great and purer empire upon its ruins! Such an event is more than a possibility. When Victor Emmanuel joined the allies, was not his gaze turned towards Lombardy, in the hope that if a reconstruction of the map of Europe took place, it should be added to his kingdom?

Victor Emmanuel, though the father of two sons (one born in 1844, and the other in

liveries crowd the entrance of the palace on the Quirinal. In this way the church of Rome unites in herself all the strength of establishment, and all the strength of dissent. With the utmost pomp of a dominant hierarchy above, she has all the energy of the voluntary system below. It would be easy to mention very recent instances in which the hearts of hundreds of thousands, estranged from her by the selfishness, sloth, and cowardice of the beneficed clergy, have been brought back by the zeal of the begging friars. Even for female agency there is a place in her system. To devout women she assigns spiritual functions, dignities, and magistracies. In our country, if a noble lady is moved by more than ordinary zeal for the propagation of religion, the chance is that, though she may disapprove of no doctrine or ceremony of the established church, she will end by giving her name to a new schism. If a pious and benevolent woman enters the cells of a prison to pray with the most unhappy and degraded of her own sex, she does so without any authority from the church. No line of action is traced out for her; and it is well if the ordinary does not complain of her intrusion, and if the bishop does not shake his head at such irregular benevolence. At Rome, the Countess of Huntingdon would have a place in the calendar as St. Selina, and Mrs. Fry would be foundress and first superior of the blessed order of Sisters of the gaols. Place Ignatius Loyola at Oxford. He is certain to become the head of a formidable secession. Place John Wesley at Rome. He is certain to be the first general of a new society devoted to the interests and honour of the church. Place St. Theresa in London. Her restless enthusiasm ferments into madness, not untinctured with craft. She becomes the prophetess, the mother of the faithful,—holds disputations with the devil, issues sealed pardons to her adorers, and lies-in of the Shiloh. Place Joanna Southcote at Rome. She founds an order of barefooted Carmelites, every one of whom is ready to suffer martyrdom for the church; a solemn service is consecrated to her memory; and her statue, placed over the holy water, strikes the eye of every stranger who enters St. Peter's. We have dwelt long upon this subject, because we believe that of the many causes to which the church of Rome owed her safety and her triumph at the close of the sixteenth century, the chief was the profound policy with which she used the fanaticism of such persons as St. Ignatius and St. Theresa."

1845), is a widower. His private life has been darkened by clouds and chequered with sorrows. Within a very few months he laid his mother, his brother, and his wife in the grave. The profound grief that he felt for this triple loss gave rise to a serious illness, and indeed brought him almost within the shadow of death. For some time it was feared that he would not recover; but, happily for his country and for the cause of progress, he did so, and almost immediately afterwards became the honoured guest of France and England.

"Harsh school was thine—tho' grief, toil, death,
Thy glorious purpose could not mar;
In pain thou first drew freedom's breath,
Sore troubled 'neath her dubious star.

"No flowery paths were thine to power :
Thou saw'st thy sire to exile driven
From all he loved—soothed the last hour
Of those he left—to thee and Heaven."

We mentioned that Victor Emmanuel left Paris on the evening of the 29th of November. After a brief rest at Calais, he embarked the next morning on board her majesty's steamer *Vivid*, which, together with her yachts the *Firefly* and *Osborne*, had been placed at his service. He was accompanied by Count Cavour, president of the council, and the following personages forming his suite:—The Duke Pasqua, prefect of the palace; Baron Nigra, superintendent of the king's household; Major-general Count Morozzo de la Rocca, first aide-de-camp of the king; Major-general Marquis d'Angrogna, aide-de-camp of the king; Major-general Chevalier Carderina, aide-de-camp of the king; Count Cigala, colonel of cavalry; the Chevalier Persano, captain of the navy, commander of the port of Genoa; Count de Robillant, captain of artillery, officer of ordnance of the king; Count Valperga Barone, officer of ordnance of the king; and Professor Riberi, first physician of the king.

At the early hour of half-past seven, the royal squadron reached Dover harbour, where it was received by a royal salute from the *Blenheim* line-of-battle ship stationed in the roads, and also by a salvo of artillery from the Drop redoubt on the heights. All the troops in garrison were paraded to receive his majesty, and amongst them were the Swiss legion and the North Lincolnshire militia. General Grey, and several other members of the queen's household, were in waiting at the point of disembarkation to welcome his majesty, and they proceeded on board for that purpose. The Sardinian

minister, with his secretary and principal *attachés*, Baron Marochetti (the celebrated sculptor), Lord Byron, Lord Chelsea, Mr. Rice, M.P., the naval and military authorities of the port, the mayor, and other officials, were also in attendance, and cordially greeted the king, who proceeded without delay to the Ship hotel, welcomed along the route by the cheers of the inhabitants. After he had attended to his toilet and taken breakfast, he was waited upon by the mayor and corporation of Dover. Mr. Bodkin, the recorder, advancing from these gentlemen, then read the following address:—

"To his most excellent Majesty Victor Emmanuel, King of Sardinia, Cyprus, and Jerusalem, Duke of Savoy and of Genoa, Prince of Piedmont, &c.

"May it please your Majesty,—We, the mayor, aldermen, and burgesses of Dover, hasten to greet your majesty with a warm and hearty welcome to these shores. The devoted loyalty and affection with which we are animated towards our beloved sovereign make us hail with delight the visit to her majesty of one of her most august and valued allies, the king of a brave, free, and enlightened people, whose arms are linked with those of England and France in a war, not of ambition, but of justice, undertaken with no other object than to protect the weak against the strong, and curb that aggressive power which threatened the independence of surrounding nations. We hope your majesty will graciously condescend to receive our enthusiastic congratulations upon the glory with which (true to their traditional bravery) your majesty's forces have so nobly covered themselves, by their achievements in the East. We fervently pray that the alliance happily existing between your majesty and the sovereigns of this country and France, may be crowned with new victories, and that the united efforts and sacrifices of the allied nations may speedily result in an honourable peace, and restore to Europe a lasting tranquillity.

"May God long preserve your majesty in health and happiness for the good of your people, and the maintenance of the great principles of civil and religious liberty, with which your name is inseparably connected.

"Given under our corporate seal at Dover, this 29th day of November, 1855."

His majesty bowed and accepted the address, and, through his excellency the Sardinian minister, returned the following gracious reply:—

"Gentlemen,—You are the first who have offered to me, on landing on the hospitable soil of England, words of congratulation and of welcome. Those words are more highly appreciated by me on that account; and I am most happy to receive through you the first marks of sympathy at the moment I am realising a wish long entertained by me of visiting the sovereign of this great country. The expressions you have adopted in pronouncing a eulogium on the Sardinian army in the Crimea are most grateful to my ears, and I am sure the approbation of the countrymen of those who combated so well at Alma and Inkermann will be highly valued by our soldiers. I accept the expression of your good wishes as a happy omen of my journey, and I beg that you will convey to your fellow-citizens, whom you represent, my most sincere sentiments of gratitude."

At ten o'clock the king and his suite proceeded in carriages to the railway station, and reached the Bricklayers' Arms, at London, shortly after twelve. There he was received by Prince Albert and a military escort. As his majesty stepped out of the carriage, the prince shook hands with him very heartily, and conducted him, amidst loud and prolonged cheering, to the ante-room, where many military officers, together with the lord mayor and sheriffs of London, were presented to him. The king, his suite, and the prince then entered the carriages appointed to carry them to Paddington. The morning was extremely cold, and Prince Albert politely pressed his majesty to sit covered (the carriage being an open one), and literally forced upon him a fur coat.

From one of the daily papers we take the following account of the journey of the distinguished visitor through London:—"It is greatly to be regretted that our illustrious guests from foreign lands who now visit us (thanks to railways and steam-boats) in such quick succession, should be forced to obtain their first impressions of our great metropolis from the point of view least favourable to the production of those sensations of wonder and admiration which its vastness, its wealth, its populousness, and, above all, its pervading energy and vitality, are so well calculated to create. They manage these things better in France, and, if there be one moment in the life of an independent Briton in which he can bestow a thought of approval on despotic systems it

must be when he sees what a hospitable despot can do on short notice in the way of making suitable preparations for the reception of an honoured visitor. When her majesty the Queen of England was expected in Paris, unsightly houses were knocked down without ceremony, or the intervention of any of those legal preliminaries which generally make the removal of a London nuisance the work of two or three generations; boulevards were improvised, and even large trees were made to sprout up in a night where trees had never been seen before. Her majesty was thus enabled to get her first view of Paris, as Paris likes to be seen, *en grande toilette*; the people had a splendid holiday, and the parties who owned the tumbled-down houses made out and looked after their compensation claims at their leisure. But in London, at the entrance of every blind alley, at the corner of every fusty, frowsy, narrow, malodorous street, brooding over every mephitic drain, and guarding every cluster of unsightly, prematurely old, rickety, lath-and-plaster houses, sits a hag called 'vested interest,' who defies sanitary commissioners, doctors, and improving architects, while she does not care twopence for all the royal or imperial visitors in the world. She has a valiant army of 20,000 lawyers to take her part whenever assailed, and she has the sympathies of a people who would rather endure discomfort, pestilence, and, worst of all, the ridicule of the *virtuosi* of all foreign nations, than that a hair of her venerable head should be touched.

"Reflections something like these forced themselves on the spectator, who at about twelve o'clock yesterday stood amongst a rather sparse group of sight-seekers, at the well known Elephant and Castle, watching for the approach of the King of Sardinia and his illustrious host. What had been his majesty's sensations on landing in the sober, workhouse-like, eminently bricky, Bricklayers' Arms station? What was his private opinion of the Kent-road, with its long faded rows of suburban lodging-houses on the one hand, and its marine stores, cheap butchers, old clothes' shops, mangles, low oyster-shops, crockery stores, and furniture brokers on the other? Had he met a venerable omnibus of the Nelson line, and from it drawn his inferences as to the progress the great people he had come to visit had made in vehicular construction; or, worst of all, had he witnessed the piteous spectacle of

rival conductors tearing a venerable lady, who wanted to go to Westminster-bridge, to pieces between them while they informed her in vehement accents that her shortest route lay through Greenwich-park? To what foregone conclusion had he arrived with respect to the far-famed 'Elephant' itself? Had he settled that it was a vast Gothic pile, or a veritable Chaucerian hostelry, round the doors of which a group of Canterbury pilgrims might be looked for *en route* for the shrine; or had any faint expectations crossed his mind that the Elephant would be in waiting to pay his respects? We felt for our wonderful city, and wished that commissioners of sewers and improvement commissioners, and all the other bodies that so sedulously obstruct every chance of metropolitan progress, would at last sink exhausted by their struggles, and leave us some chance of erecting approaches to town worthy of the first city in the world, and of the visitors who come such long journeys to visit us, and who have formed such wonderful expectations of what they are about to see. The crowd about the Elephant was little more than a sprinkle; for it was Friday, a most important day of the workman's week. Besides, the day was cold, and the preparations were of a private unostentatious character, not calculated to excite a very feverish curiosity. There were merely a few policemen, who kept the centre of the road clear, and smote their breasts with that peculiar gesture so popular in London at this season of the year. Towards one o'clock, however, the groups perceptibly thickened and blackened; and when at last a trooper of the Blues, in full panoply of war, rode briskly past, attention began to be awakened, and people loosened their hats on their heads, and cleared their throats, in order that they might be ready to give the genuine English cheer, which, like London porter, is entirely beyond the possibility of imitation. At length a venerable personage in red livery, the very patriarch of royal footmen, rode slowly up, escorted by two gigantic Blues, and looking, as compared to them, like the meat in the Vauxhall sandwich: shortly after came a squadron of this magnificent cavalry, and then the royal carriage, containing the king, prince, the Chevalier d'Azeglio, and Count Cavour, followed by a long train of carriages containing the royal suite, and the civic notabilities who had accompanied the

lord mayor to bid the royal guest welcome. The people were much pleased with his majesty's appearance, which is frank and soldier-like, and thought his moustache a very decided success. The cheering was loud and hearty, and such exclamations as 'Well, he's a fine honest-looking fellow,' were exceedingly frequent. The king bowed repeatedly, smiled pleasantly, and made observations to Prince Albert after each hurrah. We fancied we saw a shade pass over the royal countenance as the carriages passed the waste ground where once stood the fishmongers' almshouses, the old curiosity shops, and the innumerable greengrocers' stalls that now studded the line of the procession, and indulged in a mental wish that some of the new vestrymen were present, and took a note that it was time something should be done to render this approach to London something less mean and detestable than it now is. It will not do to have emperors and kings, and sultans perhaps, marched, when they come to see us, through two or three miles of 'Stag's-gardens' before they get to the decent and good-looking portion of the metropolis. Bethlehem hospital exhibited the Sardinian tricolour, and from thenceforward things began to look cleaner and better, and the looks of the occupiers of the royal carriages to brighten a little. The Westminster-road was densely crowded, the windows all filled with ladies, and every demonstration of welcome offered in profusion. As the *cortège* moved on, the crowd increased in density, so that by the time all parties had reached the foot of the bridge, they were obliged to pause long enough to allow his majesty to comprehend the full hideousness of that time-honoured and frequently repaired structure. At last we could see the steel cuirasses of the Blues gleaming over the crest of the bridge; the procession moved on, and soon the noise of royal salutes announced that his majesty had arrived in princely Whitehall. From thence there was nothing we need be ashamed of. On the one side was the fine *façade* of the Board of Trade, on the other the well-grown trees of Whitehall-gardens. Then Inigo Jones's famous chapel, stately mansions, fine shops, government offices brilliantly *pavoisée*, bands on the housetops playing Sardinian hymns and '*Partant pour la Syrie*,' people offering incredible sums for chairs and stools to view the procession, and tumbling the moment they ascended their rickety elevation, every one

shouting welcome, and the troubadours of the nineteenth century singing—

“ ‘Cheer up, cheer up, and let us bring
A welcome to Sardinia’s king!’ ”

—an effusion that had an immense sale, and was pronounced to be a wonderful effort of lyric genius. From Charing-cross onward everything improved still further. The houses were handsomely decorated, the windows were filled with fair ladies, the club-houses were covered with flags, and their vestibules with *flaneurs*; the crowd was numerous, merry, and well-dressed; the welcome was unmistakeable, and a repetition of similar scenes carried Prince Albert and his royal guest through Piccadilly, St. James’s-street, and all the other fine avenues of western London, that at last terminate at the Paddington station.”

The journey from Paddington to Windsor was soon performed. Her majesty received her illustrious guest at the grand entrance of the castle. After the ceremonies usual on such occasions, Victor Emmanuel was conducted to his apartments. In the course of the afternoon he accompanied her majesty and the prince on a visit to her royal highness the Duchess of Kent, at her residence, Frogmore. At half-past four, the lord mayor and sheriffs of London arrived at the castle, to ask on what day his majesty would receive an address of congratulation from the lord mayor, aldermen, and commons of the city. They also invited him to partake of an entertainment on the day the address was presented. The king appointed the following Thursday for the reception of the address, and accepted the invitation of the corporation. In the evening, her majesty gave a dinner party to her royal guest and a distinguished company, in St. George’s Hall.

The following day (Saturday) Victor Emmanuel went to see the workshops of the arsenal at Woolwich, and to witness a review of artillery on the common. On Sunday, his Sardinian majesty attended divine service at the royal Sardinian chapel, Lincoln’s-inn-fields. At the entrance of the building he was received by Cardinal Wiseman, who addressed him in Italian, to the effect that if the building was but poor, none the less fervent would be the prayers offered up in it to implore the Almighty to enrich the king with abundant mercies and heavenly graces.

On Monday, December the 3rd, the King

of Sardinia, accompanied by Prince Albert, the Duke of Cambridge, and a numerous suite, proceeded by the South-western Railway to Portsmouth, for the purpose of inspecting the dockyard and the fleet at Spithead. A body of 600 of the royal marines, who had returned from the Crimea on the preceding Saturday, first attracted their notice. The royal party manifested a lively interest in these poor fellows, who with their war-worn looks, long beards, and threadbare uniforms, looked as if they had come fresh from the trenches. The king and his companions then embarked on board the *Fairy*, and steamed towards the fleet, which consisted of sixteen men-of-war. The vessels fired a royal salute, and the crews manned yards and cheered. Our royal visitor was doubtless much impressed by the spectacle, as he probably never before witnessed such a naval display. On returning to the harbour, his majesty went on board the *Victory*, where he was shown the spot on which Nelson fell, and the cabin where our great naval hero breathed his last. Landing at the dockyard, his majesty witnessed the launching of Mr. Clarkson’s patent life-boat from the yard into the harbour, from a perpendicular height of at least fifteen feet, the boat being manned at the time by a full crew. The launch was highly successful, the boat righting itself immediately. The distinguished visitors next inspected the ships on the stocks, amongst which were the timbers of a screw ship of 120 guns. The block-making factory and the new smiths’ workshop also attracted notice. In the latter, the extraordinary powers of the great Nasmyth hammer were exhibited to the king, who appeared surprised at its capabilities. A piece of iron, weighing about a ton and a-half, having been heated almost to whiteness, was placed beneath the hammer and welded into shape with perfect ease in a few minutes, the process causing thousands of brilliant sparks to fly around at each blow. After the power of this ponderous hammer had been shown, the extreme delicacy with which it could be managed was exhibited. A common nut having been placed beneath it on a piece of wood, the hammer was made to descend so gently, as to crack the nut without touching the kernel. Although the power of the hammer is two-and-a-half tons, yet it can be controlled with this extraordinary nicety.

The new screw 91-gun ship *Repulse*, was then visited and examined; and, on leaving

it, Prince Albert informed Sir Charles Wood that it was her majesty's pleasure that this splendid ship should receive the name of "Victor Emmanuel II." The royal party then proceeded to the *Great Marlborough*, of 131 guns, a screw ship, and the largest three-decker in the world. The king and his suite appeared much struck with the dimensions of this fine ship, and the dock was made clear, so that the entire length from stem to stern was taken in at a glance. After partaking of an elegant *déjeuner* at the residence of the commander-in-chief, Vice-admiral Sir Thomas Cochrane, the mayor of Portsmouth was received by the King of Sardinia, to whom, on behalf of himself and his fellow-townsmen, he presented the following address:—

"Most gracious Sovereign,—We, the mayor, aldermen, and burgesses of the borough of Portsmouth, in council assembled, beg to offer your majesty our most hearty welcome to the British shores, and to this great naval port and borough. It is with more than ordinary satisfaction that we hail your majesty's visit to our august and beloved sovereign, bringing evidence, as it does, of an enlightened policy and an assurance of earnest alliance and co-operation with the great Western Powers of Europe, for the overthrow of unprovoked aggression and ambitious aggrandisement. We believe that, inasmuch as no selfish advantage is sought by the allied powers in restricting the inroads of Russia, but only the maintenance of the rights of nations, and the defence of the weak against the strong, we may safely ask and hope for God's blessing on our efforts, and that He will crown, as He has hitherto done, our arms with victory and success. Much as we deprecate the horrors of war, and earnestly as we desire the restoration of peace, yet we trust the latter will not be purchased at the shrine of national honour, or the former be relaxed till a safe peace, founded on a lasting basis, can be secured. We look with undoubted satisfaction on your majesty's alliance, when we reflect on the want of dignity which has been manifested by other nations greater in territory than that which has the happiness of your majesty's rule, although far lower in the scale of decision, courage, and moral rectitude. We trust the union thus happily formed between your majesty and the other great European powers may, so soon as the blessings of peace shall be restored to us, be more

strongly cemented for the noble and more exalted objects of spreading the benefits of civilisation throughout the world, and carrying out those designs which have so signally characterised the enlightened nations of the present age. We entreat your majesty to accept our unfeigned assurance of the admiration with which we regard your attachment to the cause of right and justice; and we earnestly pray that your majesty's life and health may be long preserved, and that, guided by wisdom and sound policy, your majesty may enjoy a happy and peaceful reign; and that your majesty's subjects, under the advantages resulting from enlightened legislation and good government, may experience all the blessings of internal prosperity."

His majesty having replied, through the medium of his minister, the royal party returned by special train to Windsor. The inhabitants of Norwich, Manchester, Leicester, York, and many other of our large provincial towns, also sent addresses to Victor Emmanuel.

The most interesting incident that occurred during the stay of the young monarch in the English capital, was his visit to the citizens of London. Leaving Windsor early on the morning of the 4th, he arrived shortly after ten at Buckingham Palace, where he received many deputations, who attended with addresses of congratulation. One was from the lord provost of Edinburgh, another from the bankers, merchants, and traders of London; another from the religious societies of Great Britain, and yet another from the protestant dissenting deputies of the three denominations. The last had more variety, and was less in the beaten track of productions of this kind than the rest. We append a copy of it:—

"We, the committee of the deputies of the three denominations of protestant dissenters—Presbyterian, Independent, and Baptist—appointed to protect their civil rights, beg most respectfully to approach your majesty, and to congratulate your majesty upon your arrival in this country (as the guest of our beloved queen), where all will appreciate the efforts which your majesty has made, notwithstanding opposition, to secure to all your majesty's subjects the benefits of civil and religious liberty. The protestant dissenters, whose opinions we express, were first voluntarily organised as a representative body about a hundred years ago, in order to promote

the removal of restraints over civil liberty on religious grounds, which restraints existed in the statute-book as remnants of unwise, partial, and unjust legislation. The spirit of religious liberty has happily so flourished among us that nearly all the barriers to civil equality on religious grounds have been removed, and those which remain we trust will speedily disappear. Now every man among us may worship God when, where, and how he pleases. Every congregation of worshippers may procure for themselves special security against disturbance by simply registering their place of meeting. Every preacher and teacher of religion is free to expound the Bible to others, and every person is allowed to exercise the right of private judgment. We have observed, that in proportion as inequalities on religious grounds have been removed from among us by the legislature, so has the nation become more firmly united in itself. Nor has inconvenience arisen to the crown, to parliament, or to the people, by the increase of religious liberty. Our experience proves that freedom in the teaching and profession of religion is safer for the civil governor, more conducive to the peace and happiness of the people, and more favourable to the development of a nation intellectually, socially, and religiously, than either persecution or patronage on account of religion. As we feel that we owe so much, under the blessing of God, to the civil and especially to the religious freedom which this nation enjoys; and as we attribute to the same cause much of the devoted and unanimous attachment which all hearts bear towards our beloved queen (whom may God Almighty in His good pleasure long preserve to us); so we humbly pray that your majesty may long be upheld and supported by the King of Kings, and may be honoured to give yet further to your people the blessed privileges of civil and religious liberty, and of witnessing its fruits as they ripen into concord and prosperity within, respect and strength without, and into a unanimity of love and loyalty to your majesty's person."

The address presented by the lord provost of Edinburgh was regarded not only as being extremely *mal apropos*, but as a specimen of bad taste and sectarian feeling. We are glad to say that it was not an expression of the feelings of the citizens of Edinburgh, but was adopted at a public meeting consisting only of about three or

four hundred people, mostly the supporters of anti-papal demonstrations. After a little preliminary flourish in the way of welcome, the address proceeded thus:—

"In common with the enlightened millions of Europe and of the civilised world, we have contemplated with admiration the magnanimous efforts made by your majesty to establish the great blessings of civil and religious liberty in your own dominions. In particular, as Scotchmen, we cannot fail to regard with peculiar interest and satisfaction the freedom of worship so fully accorded to our brethren of the Waldensian church—a freedom which we fondly trust will be extended to all your majesty's subjects; and we are convinced that the blessings thus extended to them will be returned a thousand-fold in the increasing temporal and spiritual prosperity of your majesty's dominions. From the past history of the world, we were quite prepared for the kind of resistance to which your majesty's enlightened efforts would be exposed; and the mimic thunders of the Vatican did not in the least take us by surprise. But, holding as we do, that every kingdom is entitled to the exclusive management of its own internal affairs, and to repudiate all interference from without, we could not contemplate without admiration the merited contempt with which your majesty treated an uncalled-for effort to arrest the progress of improvement on the part of a power whose right to dictate in such a matter is not only unfounded but preposterous. Your majesty may find abundant encouragement to pursue your noble course in the approval of your own conscience—in the support of a brave people—in the enlightened public opinion of Europe—and in the certainty that 'the curse, causeless, shall not come.'

"Your majesty is now cordially welcomed to a land whose rulers and inhabitants have passed through precisely similar struggles to those in which Sardinia is now engaged, and which has prospered just in proportion as those struggles have been successful. Great Britain has risen from comparative insignificance to occupy the foremost rank amongst the nations of the earth, in consequence of the blessing of the Most High upon the energy of our ancestors in throwing off the yoke of ignorance and superstition—establishing civil and religious liberty—introducing an open Bible, and the universal preaching of the glorious Gospel of the grace of God. All this has been done

also in opposition to the strenuous resistance and hearty denunciations of the same papal power. Our monarchs, too, have been excommunicated, and those excommunications have never been withdrawn. But ample experience has proved, not only that they are utterly powerless for evil, but that the blessing of God has descended upon Britain just in proportion as, by her fidelity to truth and liberty, she has been found worthy of the curses of the pope.

"We earnestly trust that our own rulers will learn an important lesson, in reference to the unaltered intolerance of the papal system, by the presence of your majesty among them; and that the measures of improvement, so happily introduced into Italy under your majesty's prosperous reign, may not only be maintained and extended, but may spread until the whole Italian peninsula has been restored to the possession of the same privileges in which your majesty's subjects so happily rejoice.

"Signed in name, and by appointment of this meeting, this 3rd day of December, 1855, by

"JOHN MELVILLE, Lord Provost."

Had Victor Emmanuel received this ill-timed address approvingly, it would have tended to embroil him still further with the Sardinian clergy, and probably have given much pain to many of his subjects, who, it must be remembered, are still Romanists, though adverse to the oppressions of the Roman priesthood. Time must be the teacher of the Piedmontese. It is possible that it may eventually lead them to protestantism; but national progress in matters of religion is ever slow, and indeed must be slow to be durable. A nation cannot change its religion as a man can his garment. The forms of a national church, whether Romanist or protestant, are too closely interwoven with the social life of a people to admit of a sudden disruption. The impatient reformer in such high things is a fanatic, and fanaticism ever walks blindfold and with excited steps on the sharp precipice of persecution. The Sardinian monarch was displeased with the address presented to him by the zealots of Edinburgh; and through his ambassador, returned them the following reply, or, more correctly speaking, rebuke. It will be seen that he rather sarcastically reminds them that in Sardinia not only protestants of every denomination, but also Jews, enjoy *equal* civil and religious rights; a state of things which the reply

inferred, though its author was too polite to say, had not yet obtained in England.

"Gentlemen,—The king could not but be very happy to learn, by the address which you have sent to him, the wishes that you entertain for the prosperity of his reign, and his alliance with England and France for the defence of European liberties. His majesty could not but feel deeply gratified by the manner in which you have praised the Sardinian troops who share in the Crimea the common dangers of the allies, and happily also the laurels which are their reward. I cannot, however, dissemble that it is with extreme regret his majesty has learned the expressions of contempt with which your address stigmatises the court of Rome. The king, like his ancestors, has considered it a duty to maintain in his hands intact the civil power. He has deeply deplored the line of conduct which the Holy See has believed it its duty to adopt these last years towards him. But, the descendant of a long line of catholic princes, the sovereign of subjects almost entirely Roman catholics, he cannot admit words of reprobation so severe, and especially so hurtful to the chief of that church upon earth. He cannot share in those sentiments of contempt, which not only could never find an entrance into his heart, but, above all, could never find their place in a reply such as that which I have the honour to address to you. Your address expresses further the hope that his majesty may extend to his subjects of every creed the same privileges conceded to the Vaudois. I am happy to inform you that your wishes are already accomplished. The king, Charles Albert, in emancipating the Vaudois, wished to extend this measure, not only to the protestants of all denominations, but even to the Jews, who, in the States, enjoy in common the same civil and religious rights. In rehearsing thus the well-known sentiments of the king, I do not doubt that I have secured to him a further title to your esteem; for, a Roman catholic sovereign, he has proved that in his eyes religion was the symbol of tolerance, of union, and of freedom, and that one of the principles which formed the basis of his government was liberty of conscience.

"Accept, gentlemen, the assurance of my high consideration.

"MARQUIS V. E. D'AZEGLIO."

After the presentation of the addresses, Victor Emmanuel held a diplomatic *levée*; and, at a quarter past twelve, left the palace

for Guildhall. He and his suite were conveyed in four of her majesty's state carriages, and escorted by the horse-guards. His progress may be described as one continued ovation, and at every point he was cheered with hearty enthusiasm. Great preparations had been made for his reception at Guildhall, and that building presented a holiday and elegant appearance. The throne intended for the regal visitor had been placed as near as possible in the centre of the hall, that the guests at either extremity might see and hear as well as the circumstances permitted. The space opposite the throne was occupied by the members of the corporation standing, the aldermen and committee of management having the foremost places. with the lord mayor, sheriffs, and recorder at their head. The throne, overshadowed by an elegant canopy supported by gilt Caryatides, stood on a *dais*, raised four steps high, and covered with rich blue velvet, with the Sardinian knot and the initials "F. E. R. T." (*Fortitudo Ejus Rhodum Tenet*)* embroidered on it after the manner of the imperial bee in France. The initials "V. E.," in gold, surrounded by a wreath of laurels, had been wrought into the chair of state, which was surmounted by a crown. The west end of the hall was decorated with portraits of the four allied sovereigns, surmounted by national flags. Above them were seen soldiers of each nation, with weapons of war and flags. The whole being surmounted by a large allegorical representation, consisting of a burning altar, over which the angel of peace hovered, and at which England and France, Sardinia and Turkey, seemed to pledge themselves to the motto inscribed beneath:—

"Concordes superare potest vis nulla, nec ullus
Disrumpet fidæ fœdus amicitie:"

which, translated into English, reads—"No power can overcome those who are firmly agreed, nor any one break the covenant of faithful friendship." Under this inscription, the indestructibility of unity was represented by the homely emblem of the bundle of sticks, easily broken separately, but resisting

every effort when united. The hall also contained many portraits of the most illustrious members of the royal house of Piedmont.

Many of the ambassadors were loudly cheered on entering the hall; so also were the Duke of Cambridge, Lord Palmerston, Lord Panmure, Sir Charles Napier, and the Lord Mayor. At length the booming of guns announced the arrival of the guest of the day. On his entrance the company rose *en masse*; the hall resounded with enthusiastic cheers, which lasted for some time after the lord mayor had conducted Victor Emmanuel to the throne prepared for him. He seemed much struck by the scene, and glancing quickly from side to side, gave every now and then a brisk soldierly bow, in return for the continued cheering and the waving of handkerchiefs. Never before, probably, had he been brought so fully within the influence of great masses of the people, or approached so closely to those mighty springs whence the power of constitutional monarchs is derived.

On the restoration of silence, the recorder advanced to the steps of the throne and read the address, which ran thus:—

"May it please your Majesty,—We, the lord mayor, aldermen, and commons of the city of London, in common council assembled, desire to offer to your majesty our heartfelt congratulations on your majesty's arrival in this country as the honoured guest of our beloved and most gracious queen; and on behalf of our fellow-citizens and for ourselves, we humbly tender to your majesty the warmest expression of our gratitude for the welcome visit to our city with which you have deigned to honour us this day. We hail the arrival of your majesty as a happy proof of the extension of those friendly and intimate relations which it is the wish of this people to cultivate with all nations, and which are daily drawn closer by the cordial intercourse of sovereigns, the interchange of mutual courtesies, and the progress of unrestricted commerce. We see in your majesty the representative

coins belonging to his majesty the King of Sardinia is a golden doubloon, struck under the reign of Victor Amadeus I., on one side of which appears his effigy, and on the other four love-knots, placed in the form of a cross, in the centre of which is a shield of Savoy. They are alternate with four groups of hands interlaced, and surrounded by this motto—'*Fidere et religione tenemur.*' Is not this the right interpretation of these well-known and much-fought-about letters?"

* Some doubt attaches to the actual meaning of the initials "F. E. R. T." in the Sardinian arms; a point which created infinite occupation for the antiquaries. A correspondent of the daily journals observed—"Now this interpretation of the 'F. E. R. T.' (*Fortitudo Ejus Rhodum Tenet*) is M. Pericaud's, and refers to the part taken by Savoy in the succour of Rhodes; but, as the letters were common to the princes of that illustrious house before that event, I do not think it the correct one. In the collection of

of a long line of illustrious sovereigns, and rejoice to find their throne filled by one who in the present momentous epoch has joined his arms to those of France, Turkey, and England, and who has not only avowed his desire to participate in the triumph of the high principles for which the allied powers are now resolutely contending, but, animated by the generous sentiments of the sub-Alpine people, his subjects, and the traditions of the house of Savoy, has heroically thrown himself into the cause of justice and civilisation, and with the resolution to persevere until a durable peace, guaranteeing to every nation its legitimate rights, shall be obtained. It is with solemn gratitude to the Almighty Disposer of events that we reflect upon the unbroken success which has proved the superior power and bravery of the allied armies and fleets, supported, as they have been, under almost incredible labours and privations, by a lofty sense of the righteous cause in which they are engaged, in which the arms of Sardinia have borne so glorious a part. Our most gracious sovereign and her illustrious allies, undazzled by the splendour of repeated triumphs and the continued progress of victory, seek no more than to vindicate the rights of nations and secure a lasting and honourable peace. In the contest for this high purpose our beloved queen, acting in concert with her allies, may firmly rely on the strongest and most cheerful efforts of the loyal citizens of London and all her people, united as they are in duty and affection to her majesty's person and government, and in determination to defend the cause of national independence and of civil and religious liberty. With feelings of deep respect it is our earnest prayer that life and health may, by the blessing of Divine Providence, be vouchsafed to your majesty for many succeeding years in the government of a free, brave, and enlightened people."

A brief pause followed, and then the king stood forward and read a reply with a voice of such manly power, that it vibrated through the immense hall. The reply was in Italian, but it will be more convenient to the majority of our readers if we present it in an English dress:—

"My Lord Mayor,—I offer my heartfelt thanks to you, to the aldermen, and to the commons of the city of London, for the cordial congratulations which you present to me on the occasion of my visit to her

majesty the queen and to the British nation. The reception that I meet with in this ancient land of constitutional liberty, of which your address is a confirmation, is to me a proof of the sympathy inspired by the policy I have hitherto pursued—a policy in which it is my intention constantly to persevere. The close alliance existing between the two most powerful nations of the earth is honourable alike to the wisdom of the sovereigns who govern them and to the character of their people. They have understood how preferable is a mutually advantageous friendship to ancient and ill-defined rivalry. This alliance is a new fact in history, and is the triumph of civilisation. Notwithstanding the misfortunes which have weighed upon my kingdom, I have entered into this alliance, because the house of Savoy ever deemed it to be its duty to draw the sword when the combat was for justice and for independence. If the forces which I bring to the allies are those of a state not vast, I bring with them, nevertheless, the influence of a loyalty never doubted, and supported by the valour of an army always faithful to the banners of its kings. We cannot lay down our arms until an honourable and therefore durable peace has been secured. This we shall accomplish by seeking unanimously the triumph of true right and the just desires of each nation. I thank you for the good wishes you this day express for my future happiness and for that of my kingdom. While you thus express yourselves with respect to the future, it gives me pleasure to speak of the present, and to congratulate you on the high position attained by Great Britain. This is to be attributed to the free and noble character of the nation, and also to the virtues of your queen."

This business over, Victor Emmanuel and the most distinguished of the company, amounting to seventy-six in number, withdrew to the council chamber, which had been elegantly fitted up as a refreshment saloon, and partook of a luncheon, which, for luxury and elegance, was fully worthy of the occasion. The appearance of the room was exceedingly artistic; the massive candelabra, the finely executed groups in silver, the arrangements of the *cuisine*, and the varied hues of groups of exotic flowers, formed a very effective *tableau*. The bill of fare would have delighted the most extravagant epicure; and the wines were the oldest, rarest, and most costly that

could be procured. Three toasts only were given during the entertainment—"The Queen;" "The King of Sardinia;" and "The Emperor of the French." The distinguished party broke up, and the king took his departure shortly after two o'clock. On his way back to Buckingham Palace, he was again greeted with the enthusiastic cheers of the people.

The following day (December the 5th), her majesty invested the King of Sardinia with the order of the Garter; but we have so recently described the particulars of this ceremony, that it is needless to dwell upon them here.

After something less than a week's stay in England, Victor Emmanuel left our shores on the morning of the 6th. He chose the unpleasantly early hour of five for his departure from Windsor. Her majesty paid no small tribute of respect to her illustrious guest, by rising in time to take leave of him. Then, in the cold, clear starlight, he left his royal hostess, accompanied by Prince Albert, the Duke of Cambridge, and the numerous suite whom his Sardinian majesty had brought to England with him. On this occasion, he chose the short route to Paris by Boulogne, which was selected in preference to that by Dover and Calais. About half-past eight the royal train arrived at Folkestone, where the windows were crowded with eager admirers. The king, his suite, and the prince, breakfasted at the Pavilion hotel, and there also his majesty received an address from the mayor and corporation. Both ceremonies were speedily dispatched, and the king embarked on board the *Vivid*, which lay alongside the quay, with her steam up ready for departure. Prince Albert and the Duke of Cambridge accompanied the king to the gangway, where, after exchanging cordial farewells, they parted. The band of the militia struck up the Sardinian national hymn, the batteries from the shore thundered, the bells of the old church rang out, the spectators cheered heartily, and the *Vivid* glided out of the harbour, quickly followed by the *Fire-Queen*. So long as the sturdy figure and weather-bronzed countenance of Victor Emmanuel could be seen, he was observed to remain on deck, and occasionally wave a farewell to the friends he had left.

The honours lavished upon the king, soldier, statesman, and reformer, were nobly won and generously rendered. It is seldom

that we see so many capabilities united in one man; least of all in a sovereign. Had each of the distinguished potentates of Europe possessed the decision and courage of Victor Emmanuel, this war had not been. Perhaps, however, notwithstanding all the blood and treasure which have been poured out during its progress, it is better that this great crash of arms took place. The eyes of Europe have been opened, the mist has melted away from before the sight of the nations, and Russia is no longer regarded with undefinable dread as an unsailable power, which could commit wrong and defy retribution, and whose colossal steps of aggression were not to be arrested by the might of man.

Just before the arrival of the King of Sardinia in England, a highly interesting meeting was held, with the object of giving utterance to the national feeling of grateful admiration with which the noble services of Miss Nightingale, in the hospitals of the East, were regarded. It was held at Willis's rooms on the 29th of November, and attended by an audience distinguished by the high rank of some of its members, and the talents and reputation of others. The Duke of Cambridge, who occupied the chair, was regarded as the representative of royalty on that occasion; while the liberal nobility were represented by the venerable Marquis of Lansdowne and the young and gifted Lord Stanley.

The Duke of Cambridge is a better soldier than orator. Gentlemen of his rank in life are almost necessarily denied any very brilliant success in this noble and power-creative accomplishment. The man who passes through life without having to trample down its difficulties, and to meet with frequent opposition and rigid criticism, cannot be expected to awe with the grandeur of his language, or win with the irresistible seductions of his reasoning. At all times difficulties are the best teachers of the strong or aspiring mind, and he who is born independent of them must be content to forego the honours of personal distinction. The duke made a gentlemanly but very diffident sort of speech, in which he strove, while sufficiently praising the exertions of Miss Nightingale, to avoid censuring the shortcomings and misdeeds of those who had created the necessity for them. At the time Miss Nightingale went out to the East, he remarked that the army

hospitals there "were not in so satisfactory a condition as we could have desired." This is a very mild and rose-tinted mode of alluding to those fearful horrors which arose from gross and cruel mismanagement, and the very barest relation of which caused the strong to shudder and the weak to weep. The duke stated that the object of the meeting was to consider how Miss Nightingale's services could be best acknowledged, and how that honour, which was her due, could be paid in the manner most acceptable to her, and most useful to the public. "We have heard," said he, "of testimonials being given at various times in various ways; by raising statues, erecting buildings, and I know not what; but I am disposed to think that Miss Nightingale herself would not wish that we should honour her by any testimonial which would not at the same time be really useful to those fellow-subjects of her's in this country whose sufferings she may wish to aid in alleviating when this war is at an end. If the public at large are of this opinion, it would be well to raise a subscription with the view of establishing a system of nurses under her immediate control; the nurses thus educated to be sent forth from her establishment to the various hospitals of the country at large."

The venerable Marquis of Lansdowne observed—"All must feel that every sort of adversity had its uses and taught its lessons; but if this was true with regard to the ordinary adversities of private as well as public life, how much more was it so in the case of the greatest of all adversities—the adversity of war? But it might be said, the greater the adversity the greater and the more lasting the lesson to be learnt from it; and he felt certain that one of the most useful lessons to be derived from this war would be the improvement, the permanent improvement in the duty of attending the sick and wounded soldiers, as the part taken by the ladies of this country in organising and inspiring that improvement would be among its most glorious reminiscences." The noble marquis concluded by moving—"That the noble exertions of Miss Nightingale and her associates in the hospitals of the East, and the invaluable services rendered by them to the sick and wounded of the British forces, demand the grateful recognition of the British people."

This resolution having been seconded by Sir W. Heathcote, was put to the meeting,

and carried with enthusiastic unanimity. Sir James Packington then moved—"That it is desirable to perpetuate the memory of Miss Nightingale's signal devotion, and to record the gratitude of the nation by a testimonial of a substantial character; and that, as she has expressed her unwillingness to accept any tribute designed for her own personal advantage, funds be raised to enable her to establish an institution for the training, sustenance, and protection of nurses and hospital attendants." Sir James Clark, in seconding the motion, said that, from a personal acquaintance of many years with Miss Nightingale, he could bear testimony to the zealotness of her services in the cause of the poor. It was carried unanimously.

The next proposition was spoken to by Lord Stanley, of whose admirable speech we will give a condensed report. He said—"A resolution had been placed in his hands, worded in the following manner:—'That to accomplish this object on a scale worthy of the nation, and honourable to Miss Nightingale, all classes be invited to contribute.' That resolution followed so obviously from those which had already been carried, that it needed but little eloquence to recommend it to the adoption of the meeting. They were met to do honour to Miss Nightingale; not as if one who had projected and carried through an undertaking like her's could be elevated in public estimation, or even in any considerable degree influenced or affected by the judgments which ordinary men and women might form of her character and services, but they were there to do her honour as a great public and national benefactress; they were there because gratitude for public services rendered was as imperative a duty in a community as gratitude for private benefits was binding on an individual. They had heard it stated by the noble chairman—and, indeed, all England in some degree knew it already—what those services were which Miss Nightingale had rendered. In the case of the soldier himself, it often happened in all wars that the enemy in his front was the least of his dangers. The risk, the personal risk incurred in an engagement, was frequently less formidable and less feared than that which the soldier was exposed to from pestilence and disease. That worst of dangers from which the brave man quailed and shrank had been encountered by a young and delicate woman. Again, the soldier

was impelled to his duty by discipline, by the fame of his success if he should succeed, by the laurels which awaited him, by the praises of his commander, and the encouragements of the comrades who might be spectators of his gallantry. But none of these inspiring motives could influence a woman—and a woman, too, who was making a new, and in some respects a painful experiment. There were no splendid excitements, no laurels, nothing of what the world called ‘glory,’ in the path which she had tracked out for herself. Nor had she any comrades to encourage her, except those whom by the force of her personal character she had induced to accompany her. Moreover, he feared that there was but too much reason to believe that by many to whom her personal character was unknown it was at first suspected that the project on which she was engaged was rather a visionary enterprise than one that was likely to be attended with any practical result. Her task, then, was very arduous. The only question that remained to be decided was, what form the expression of their gratitude ought to take? With good taste and sound sense the public mind had unanimously determined that anything in the way of a merely personal honour or a pecuniary recompense would not be worthy either of the donors or the recipient; but Miss Nightingale had, through her friends in this country, relieved them of their embarrassment, and pointed out a manner in which the hopes and wishes of all the parties would be most agreeably and most effectively accomplished. What Miss Nightingale said was, in effect, this—‘If you value my services, show your appreciation of them in a practical manner, by enabling me to do more than I have heretofore had it in my power to achieve.’ That was what they were now endeavouring to effect. They were making themselves familiar with the general idea of their enterprise, leaving the precise form in which it should be carried out for future consideration. The object of Miss Nightingale’s mission was in part to substitute a voluntary attendance, prompted by charity and softened by refinement, for the services, sometimes no doubt valuable, but not always satisfactory, of hired nurses; and for that purpose it was proposed to train and educate benevolent ladies, of whatever

rank, by means of an institution the general object of which was sufficiently clear, but the specific form of which was left uncertain, partly as a personal tribute to the lady in whose honour it was to be founded, and partly because they deferred to her as herself the best authority on the subject. The remark was often made, that in any department of human exertion they seldom got much good out of amateur efforts. He admitted that there was some truth in the observation; and he would frankly admit that, if there were any reason to apprehend that this new system of hospital nursing would simply degenerate into a new excitement, or become a fashionable pastime, or an interesting yet meaningless occupation to those who, unfortunately for themselves, had no higher object in life than to contrive how they should fill up their vacant time, he for one would have nothing to do with the project; but he had no apprehensions of this kind; for he believed that the nature of the duties would preclude the possibility of any such evils. Those duties were distasteful, perilous, painful, not unfrequently revolting, and they would not be undertaken by any one who was not thoroughly in earnest in the work. He regarded the institution, therefore, as earnestly practical; he was persuaded that it would be productive of the happiest results; and it only remained to consider how it might be carried out in a manner and on a scale worthy alike of its object and its author.”

This resolution was seconded by Mr. Monckton Milnes, and afterwards carried amidst general acclamation.

The fourth resolution was moved by the Lord Mayor, and ran thus:—“That the sums so collected be vested in trustees to be appointed by the committee, and applied for the purpose expressed in the second resolution, in such manner and under such regulations as Miss Nightingale shall from time to time approve; the subscribers having entire confidence in her experience, energy, and judgment.” The resolution, after having been seconded by Mr. Sidney Herbert, and further spoken to by Mr. Bracebridge, was also carried unanimously. The rest of the business merely referred to details not possessing general interest; and the meeting separated, well pleased with the result of its proceedings.





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